Liberty

MARCH 25, 1944

10c

BOOK:

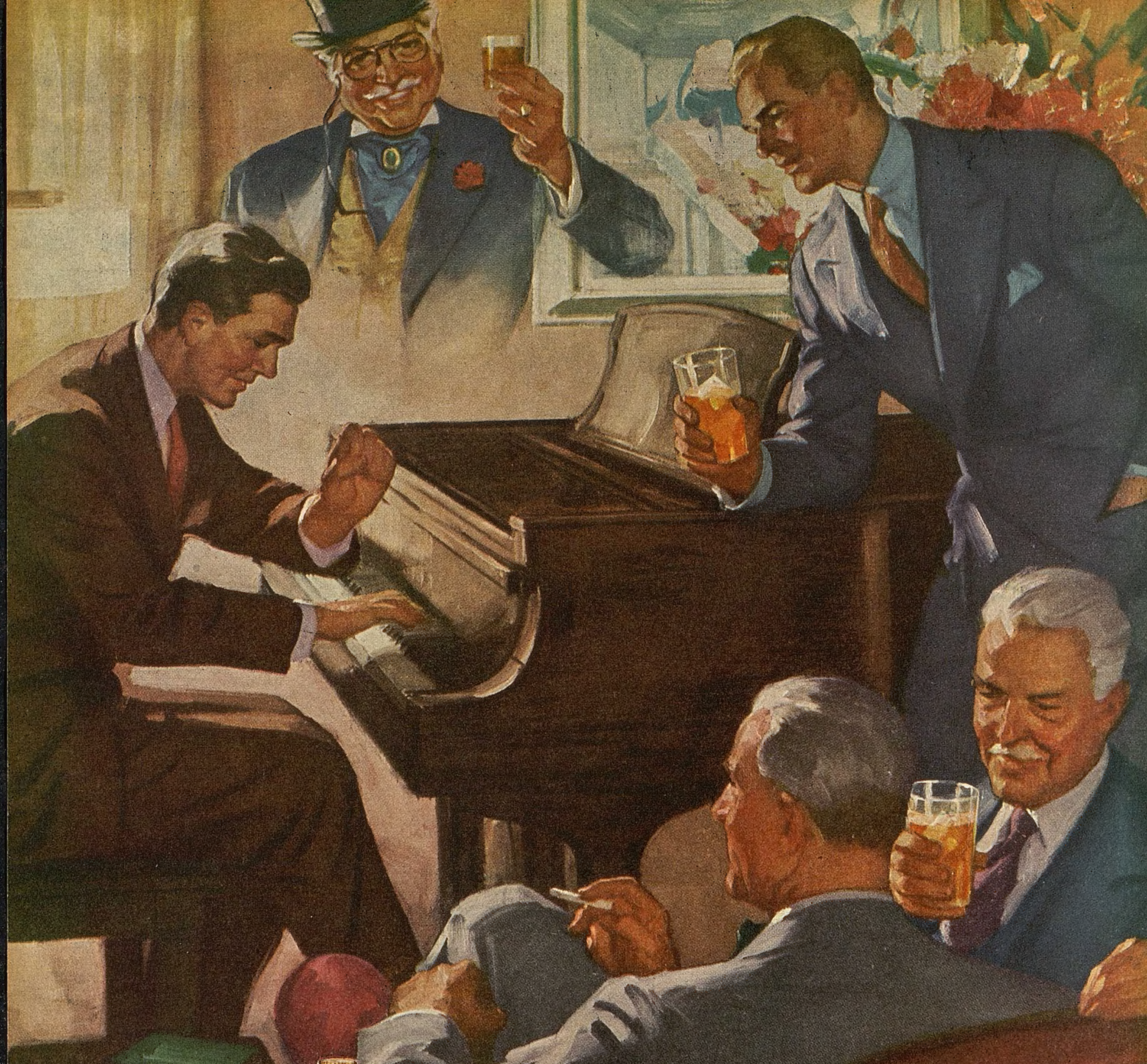
THE WHITE BRIGADE

Story of Underground Belgium

CHICAGO'S COLONEL McCORMICK

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

MP
US
VERNON GRANT



THE GAY NINETIES SOUND A NOTE . . . FOR REAL ENJOYMENT TODAY

Stirring Sousa marches and the delicate nuances of Richard Strauss vied for favor in the Gay Nineties. Famed for robust entertainment, good hosts also complimented the taste of guests with whiskey as light as their meals were rich and hearty. Kinsey whiskey was produced especially for this purpose. Today it comes to you with the same enjoyable smoothness, for the original distiller, Mr. J. G. Kinsey, still personally supervises the blending. Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pennsylvania.

KINSEY
50 YEARS
PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION FOR A HALF CENTURY
J. G. Kinsey
SINCE 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY KINSEY DISTILLING CORP. Linfield, Pennsylvania

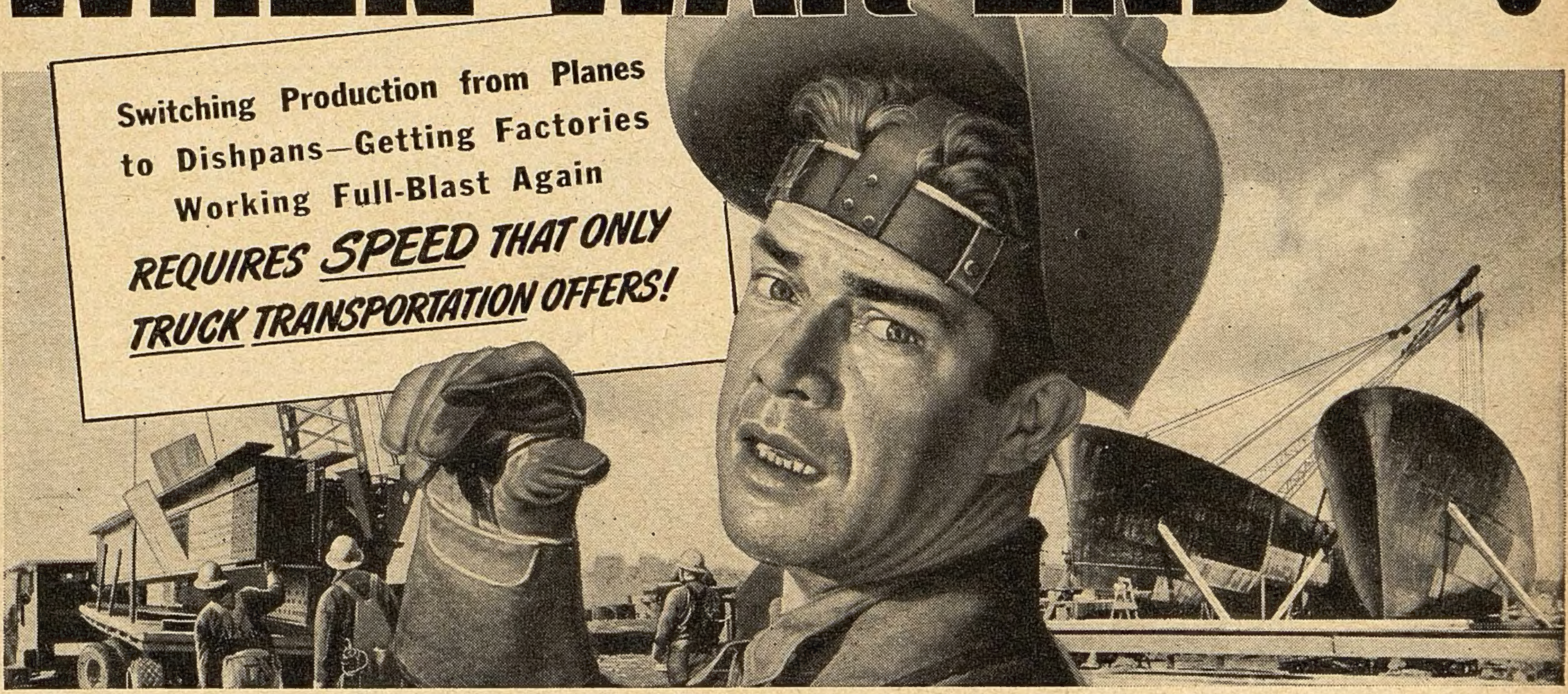
"Enjoy this Distinguished Whiskey, Sir"...Now as in 1892

86.8 Proof
65% Grain Neutral Spirits

KINSEY BLENDED WHISKEY

HASTEN VICTORY . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS

WHERE'S YOUR JOB WHEN WAR ENDS ?


Switching Production from Planes
to Dishpans—Getting Factories
Working Full-Blast Again
REQUIRES SPEED THAT ONLY
TRUCK TRANSPORTATION OFFERS!

AMERICA'S TRUCK LINES CAN CUT "CHANGE-OVER" DELAYS THE WAY THEY SMASH PRODUCTION BOTTLENECKS ON WAR PLANES, TANKS, GUNS, SHIPS—BY SLICING DELIVERY TIME IN HALF!

Look mister: "Post-war" is TODAY, *not* tomorrow! Cancellations of war contracts are closing factories *now*. Sure, jobs are still easy to get . . . but when Victory clamps the lid down, what happens to you? Weeks of unemployment until industry reconverts to peace-time production?

No plant, even the biggest, is self-sufficient. For example, one company making bomber wings with 3621 parts must truck in 1530 parts from subcontractors. Industry needs the flexibility and delivery speed of trucks to get production up *fast* . . . and keep it at top efficiency.

As factories change over to radios, refrigerators, motor cars, and everything the public wants, fast truck transportation is vital.

But lay-offs may be needlessly prolonged unless freedom of the highways is assured—quick!

Bottlenecks must be cut to avoid unemployment. Motor transportation can do it, but restrictions on trucks . . . legislative restrictions as well as materials and manpower restrictions . . . must be lifted.

Efficient highway transportation and fast conversion to full peacetime production demands quick revision of petty regulations . . . a fair code of laws...and good roads. Let's assure these now!

HERE'S ONE MAP THAT STILL NEEDS CHANGING! These walls, before Pearl Harbor, were conflicting size, length, weight and tax laws that blocked off whole sections of U. S. highways. These laws, still on the books, must be revised. Also needed are better roads. Roads can provide vast employment. Special taxes on trucks exceed 1⅓ MILLION DOLLARS A DAY--help pay for post war roads now.

AFTER THE WAR—fast, flexible truck transportation will cut your living costs—on everything you eat, wear, use. Even today, on top of rush shipments for War Plants, and armed forces, Trucks carry 62% of all meat, 42% of fruits and vegetables, 100% of milk for 34 large cities, most bread, butter, cream and eggs.

THE *AMERICAN TRUCKING* INDUSTRY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Sonora
Bob Stanley his Orchestra

NOW ON SONORA RECORDS

Waltz

WITH

BOB STANLEY

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Eight Romantic Waltzes
Song of Love; Let Me Call You Sweetheart; Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time; Alice Blue Gown; Missouri Waltz; Beautiful Ohio; Shadow Waltz; Jeannine, I Dream Of Lilac Time.

Here's the perfect combination —one of those Albums you dream about. Bob Stanley and his orchestra imparting his magic style to eight of America's best loved waltzes, and recorded with all the bell-like brilliancy, the lustre and clarity of tone that only SONORA Records achieve.

Bob Stanley gives a melodic and colorful interpretation, in graceful, danceable tempo to favorites that stir old memories and kindle new romance.

This new SONORA Album of "Melodies That Will Live Forever" is simply a *must* for your Record library.

Sonora Records
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MELODIES THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER

SONORA PRODUCTS, INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Cover: Maiden on a Military Mission
Painted by Vernon Grant

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Liberty, March 25, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 13. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you.

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Free TWO GREAT BOOKS *BOTH NOW GREAT MOVIES!*

To New Members of "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"

The Song of Bernadette

The MIRACLE BOOK of Our Time! Over 500,000 Copies Sold

NOW you may have, FREE, this magnificent novel which has now been made into one of the greatest motion pictures of our age! You will be thrilled to the depths by its story of the shy, frightened peasant girl who—of all humans on earth—actually *saw* The Lady of Lourdes!

Had Bernadette REALLY been singled out to witness a miracle? Or was she merely a strange child "seeing things"? Her school teacher put a dunce cap on the girl's head—and later collapsed, sobbing, at her feet! The Prosecutor tortured her with his merciless questions—only to fall a victim to his own torture!

The Greatest Search Since "Gone With the Wind"

Here is a *tremendous* story. Not since the furore over casting Scarlett O'Hara had the *one* right person for a starring movie role been so eagerly sought. At last "Bernadette" was found! And now the superb 20th Century-Fox production of THE SONG OF BERNADETTE is sweeping over the country, following its smash-hit premiere in New York.

Readers from coast to coast call this book "A living thing" . . . "No matter what your faith, what your belief—this is a great experience!" We invite *you* to share this great experience now, by accepting THE SONG OF BERNADETTE *free*.

Jennifer Jones as Bernadette in the new 20th Century-Fox MOTION PICTURE "The Song of Bernadette"

The Song of Bernadette
FRANZ WERFEL
The Song of Bernadette
JANE EYRE
BRONTË

Like the hundreds of thousands of other Americans who have felt the great upsurge of spirit in this book—you, too, will thrill at witnessing the most moving wonder of our times. You will participate in an exciting struggle between doubt and simple faith—you will win with Bernadette Soubirous a triumph more sweeping, more everlasting than the victories of men in battle!

—and ALSO FREE JANE EYRE

—Now the Tremendous New Feature Movie!

Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine in the new 20th Century-Fox MOTION PICTURE "Jane Eyre"

THE *other* free book given to you is JANE EYRE, by Charlotte Bronte—one of the greatest stories of passion, hate, romance and mystery ever written, and now a great motion picture starring Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine!

Here is the full, unabridged text of the most banned book of the 19th Century—the haunting, unearthly beautiful novel that left London speechless. JANE EYRE is the story of a married man, with an illegitimate child, who spent his life seeking the one woman he could really love. His wife was driven insane by her own excesses. He danced a mad whirl with a French girl, a Viennese milliner, a Neapolitan countess—and when at last he found the one woman he adored, she was torn from his arms by the most terrible secret that ever cursed a man's love!

Here is a book you will *feel* to the very depths of your heart, and remember as long as you live. And it is now yours FREE!

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Please send me—FREE—THE SONG OF BERNADETTE (Retail price in the publisher's edition, $3.00) and JANE EYRE. Within 5 days I may return them if I care to, without cost or obligation. Otherwise I will keep them as a gift and continue to receive forthcoming monthly double-selections for a year—at only $1.39, plus few cents postage, for BOTH books.

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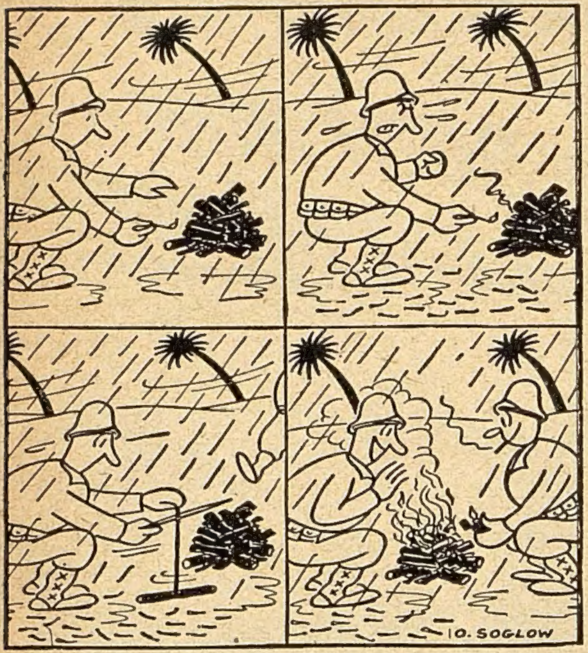
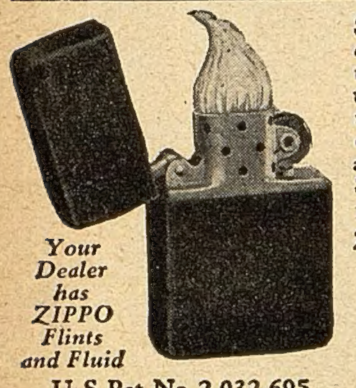
IF IT'S A ZIPPO IT'S WATERPROOF





Sorry, no individual orders just yet—entire output drafted by the government for the use of our boys on the fighting fronts and on the seven seas. So take good care of *your* ZIPPO.

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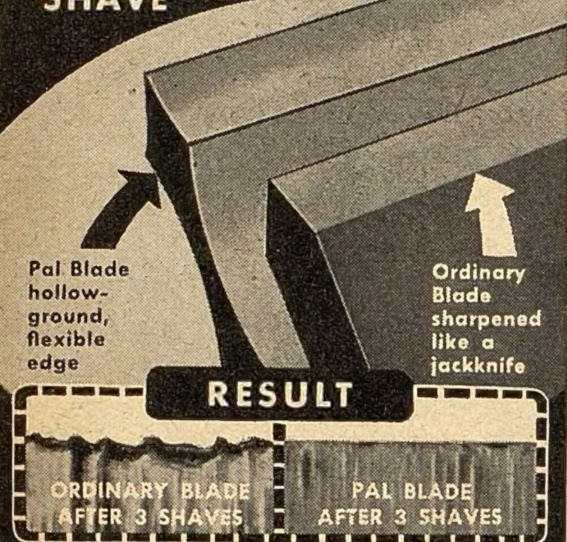
ZIPPO *Windproof* **LIGHTER**

See the Difference
...YOU'LL FEEL IT WITH YOUR VERY FIRST SHAVE


Pal Blade hollow-ground, flexible edge
Ordinary Blade sharpened like a jackknife
RESULT
ORDINARY BLADE AFTER 3 SHAVES
PAL BLADE AFTER 3 SHAVES

Pal Blades last longer because they're Flexible in razor. You shave with just a "Feather Touch". No "bearing down" to ruin delicate edges prematurely.

PAL *hollow-ground* **RAZOR BLADES**
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PAL U.S.A. HOLLOW GROUND
HOLLOW PAL
DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE

Fit all regular razors perfectly

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

North Tonawanda, N. Y.—Gretta Palmer's article on Hollywood (February 19 Liberty) gave me a pain in a well known region.

We Americans are all ardent moviegoers and we appreciate the work and efforts of Hollywood, or the picture industry would have flopped long ago. But we also read the newspapers and magazines and know that if what they printed about a lot of the people in Hollywood weren't true those same people could make fortunes suing for libel and clear their names at the same time. And I don't mean about hanging famous paintings in elevators, either.

OUCH!
Liberty HOLLYWOOD
FC

Miss Palmer tries to hand us a rosy dream of Hollywood's modesty and goodness which even a child can plainly see is true only in part.—*Mary E. Misner.*

LETTER FROM A FIGHTER

Beaumont, Tex.—I wish to thank your editor, Paul Hunter, for his editorial Our Merchant Sailors Are Heroes, Too! (February 12 Liberty.)

We merchant seamen make no claims for glory. We go into hotly contested war zones on a three-, four-, or six-months trip, with gasoline, ammunition, and supplies, and call it "doing a job." We make less money than the average defense worker ashore. We work long, hard hours, and give the Naval Armed Guard crew a hand in fighting off attackers in our spare time. When we return from a long trip and go ashore to view the "bright lights" for a few hours, we are called "draft dodgers" or "4-F." As I said before, we want no glory, but please give us credit for doing a real job in this man's war.—*C. L. Hendrix, Ensign, U. S. Maritime Service.*

SOLDIER VOTE

Fort Benning, Ga.—I have been keeping up with this Soldier Voting Bill (Liberty's February 19 editorial) in Congress, and I don't like the way they are doing things at all. I am a soldier, a sergeant in the U. S. Army, to be exact, and I vote every time there is an election, for my vote is just as good as the next one, and it isn't bought either.

I think it's a darn shame that the big-dog politicians can sit back at home and try to prevent soldiers from voting with the argument that states' rights and millions of different ballots are to blame for the controversy over the Soldier Voting Bill.

It doesn't matter what a man may be, Democrat, Republican, or what have you, he is entitled to his rights, and if the soldiers are not entitled to them, then God alone knows who is.

It is true that lots of the men who will vote this time (provided, of course, that Congress passes a sensible bill) won't vote again, for they will be dead—killed, on foreign soil, for what they believe is right. If they fight for rights and get killed for them, who thinks he is big enough to stand in the way and keep something from him that he is fighting and dying for? Dammit, if a man wants to vote, let him vote, regardless for whom! How about it, fellow soldiers?

Let's have some more of your ideas and see if you are as American as I.—*Sgt. A. L. B.*

CALL OFF THE DOGS

Camp Peary, Va.—Orchids to Edith M. Stern for her telling article Youth Has Flamed Before (February 19 Liberty). It is heart-warming to know there are some people left who don't think our younger generation has completely gone to the dogs as yet.—*Ellis M. Lavoy, SK2/c.*

FINLAND—DIVIDED

Alhambra, Calif.—Thanks for your article Why Finland Keeps Fighting (February 12 Liberty). It surely explains the situation which has been puzzling to many of us.—(*Mrs.*) *Helen Kellogg.*

Liberty FIN-LAND
FC

Mass, Mich.—Your article on Finland may have been cabled from Stockholm, but it smells strongly of having been originated in, or at least financed by, Moscow. Yours indignantly—*Wilhart Niemi.*

COMMUNITY EFFORT

Fond du Lac, Wis.—We of Voiture 738 of the Forty & Eight wish to express our appreciation for the convenient way in which Liberty is inserting a complete book in each magazine.

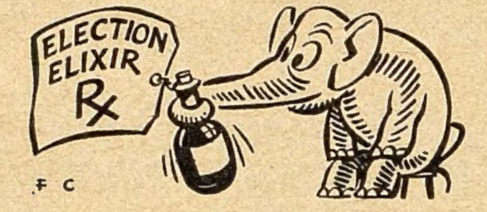
Through local newspaper advertising, we are collecting all Liberty magazines possible and rebinding the complete books in folders of four or five books, which we ship in quantity to any local boys who are stationed overseas.

Citizens of Fond du Lac are asked to call Boy Scout Headquarters, leaving addresses where the Libertys may be picked up. This is done every Saturday, and on Monday nights they are sorted and bound by members of the Forty & Eight and shipped to the boys who are so sorely in need of this kind of material.

Keep up the stories and we'll keep shippin' 'em.—*R. S. Timmons, La Société des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux.*

STUMP SPEECH

MANCHESTER, CONN. — R. J. Mayer's letter (February 12 Vox Pop) about Liberty being entirely too "New Dealish" reminds me that a Republican victory will not be gained by simply "flaying" the administration and the New Deal. Had that been so, Alf Landon would have been President in 1937 and Willkie might have been elected in 1940.



The Republicans have a good chance in 1944 if they make use of it. They must offer something more constructive than simply picking out the faults of the Democrats. I know the Republican Party is not an anti-labor, isolationist, capitalistic party (there are plenty such elements among the Democrats) but that must be proven to the voters.—*J. W. Cheney.*

SLOAN FAN

SAVANNAH, GA.—The article by Mr. Alfred P. Sloan on Postwar Jobs (January 15 Liberty) should be read and considered by all hard-working, clear-minded Americans. It is the soundest solution, and covers most all problems covering postwar conditions and the foundation on which to build for many years to come.

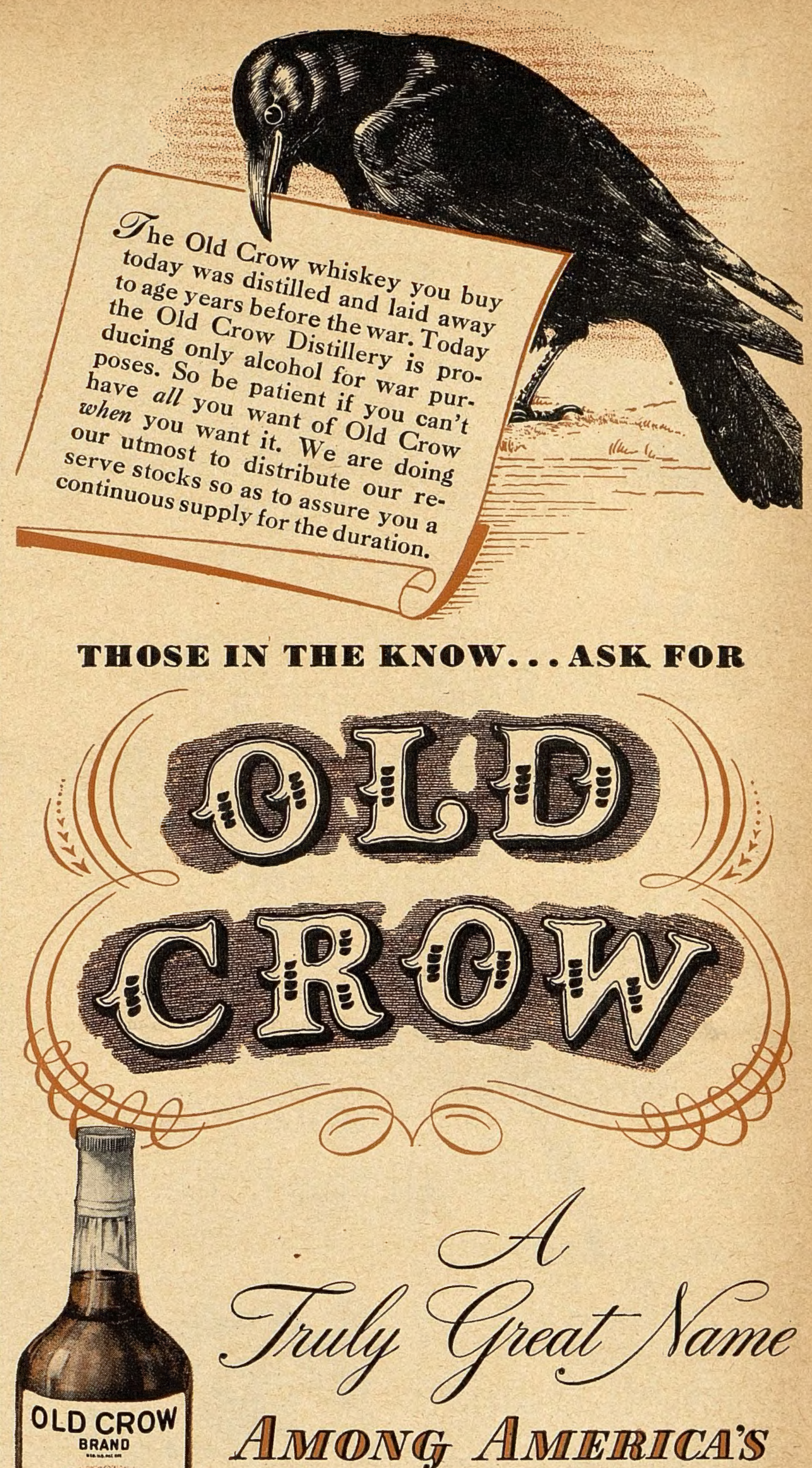
It is such men as Mr. Sloan who must decide the kind of a world we need and then put the plan into effect.

May I also express my gratitude to Liberty for the fearless manner it handles all issues. Good luck and more power to you.—*W. C. Moody.*

MANHATTAN MADNESS

EVANSVILLE, IND.—For years Liberty has been a "must" with me, and so is this note. Anent the write-up on Frank Sinatra (February 12 Liberty): I go places and see things, and have seen and heard Mr. Sinatra do his stuff. I can understand why a few adolescent femmes could be influenced to act foolish, but that alleged barbershop episode in which the Sinatra fans fought over the trimmings from his haircut—wasn't that a platter of *bunk?* I still don't believe New York knowingly allows such nitwits to be at large.—*J. H. Knowlton.*

You ought to *see* New York when Sinatra hits town, Mr. Knowlton!—VOX POP EDITOR.


The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

THOSE IN THE KNOW . . . ASK FOR

OLD CROW

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

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Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

Little Red Riding Hood caught a cold

(En route to Grandma's, of course)

Along came a Wolf with a pack of KOOLS

Well, KOOLS felt so soothing when her throat was raw

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped

UNION MADE

She decided to smoke them all the time

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

NEXT WEEK

✓ **DUEL IN THE SUN**

By Niven Busch

Liberty's Book Condensation

It's not often that a Western rides right up on the best-seller lists. But Duel in the Sun is a different *kind* of Western.

It's the story of a girl who turned outlaw, of her hold on two brothers, of her effort to break the hold one had on her. It's a love story, an action story, an outlaw story, a Western, and a good novel. No wonder it's up there selling.

✓ **STRATEGY FOR PACIFIC VICTORY**

By Max Werner

A gigantic pattern of strategy is shaping to strangle Japan. An expert forecasts how the ring will close on the Nips' homeland.

✓ **FOOD FOR '44**

By Helen Weigel Brown

A look ahead at America's pantry and what's apt to be in it this year. The picture is good in most spots—bad in others. But all in all—we'll eat.

✓ **GENERAL DOOLITTLE, FLYER'S FLYER**

By Merrill "Red" Mueller, NBC Correspondent and Commentator

You're wrong if you think of Jimmy Doolittle as "that old stunt flyer." Here's a close-up of the amazing airman who will boss the skies when Europe is invaded.

✓ **YOUR IDEA MAY WIN THE WAR**

By Lt. Col. L. B. Lent Head Engineer, National Inventors Council, as told to Donald Wilhelm

That idea kicking around in your head may be just what Uncle Sam wants. You can judge from this article just how close it might come to filling present war needs.

✓ **BETTY THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL**

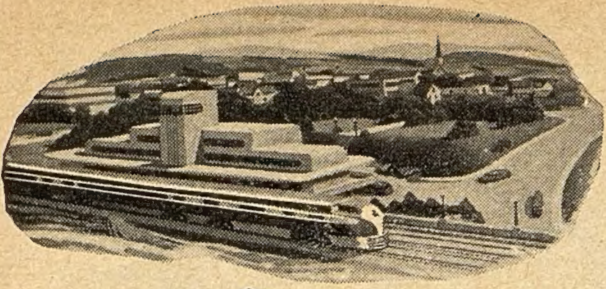
By Elizabeth Wilson

Betty Hutton has been erupting all over Hollywood ever since she hit town. Here's how a sweet stick of dynamite got to be a howling success.

✓ **I'LL GO MY WAY**

By Isabel Moore

Beginning a compelling new serial of tomorrow by the author of It's Time to Say Good-by. The story of Casey and her husband, Jerry, and the dream they clung to all through the duration—of living happily ever after. But must the new interests a girl finds while her husband is at war be thrust aside on his return?



TRAIN OF THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

Some day this war will be won by America and her Allies.

Our first duty meanwhile is to meet the demands of the war. This we are doing.

The going hasn't always been easy or comfortable. We believe you understand the reasons, and we appreciate your patience, your good-humored acceptance of inconvenience.

And we'd like you to know our ideas of comfort and style go far beyond what we're able to offer today. That's why we print the picture below.

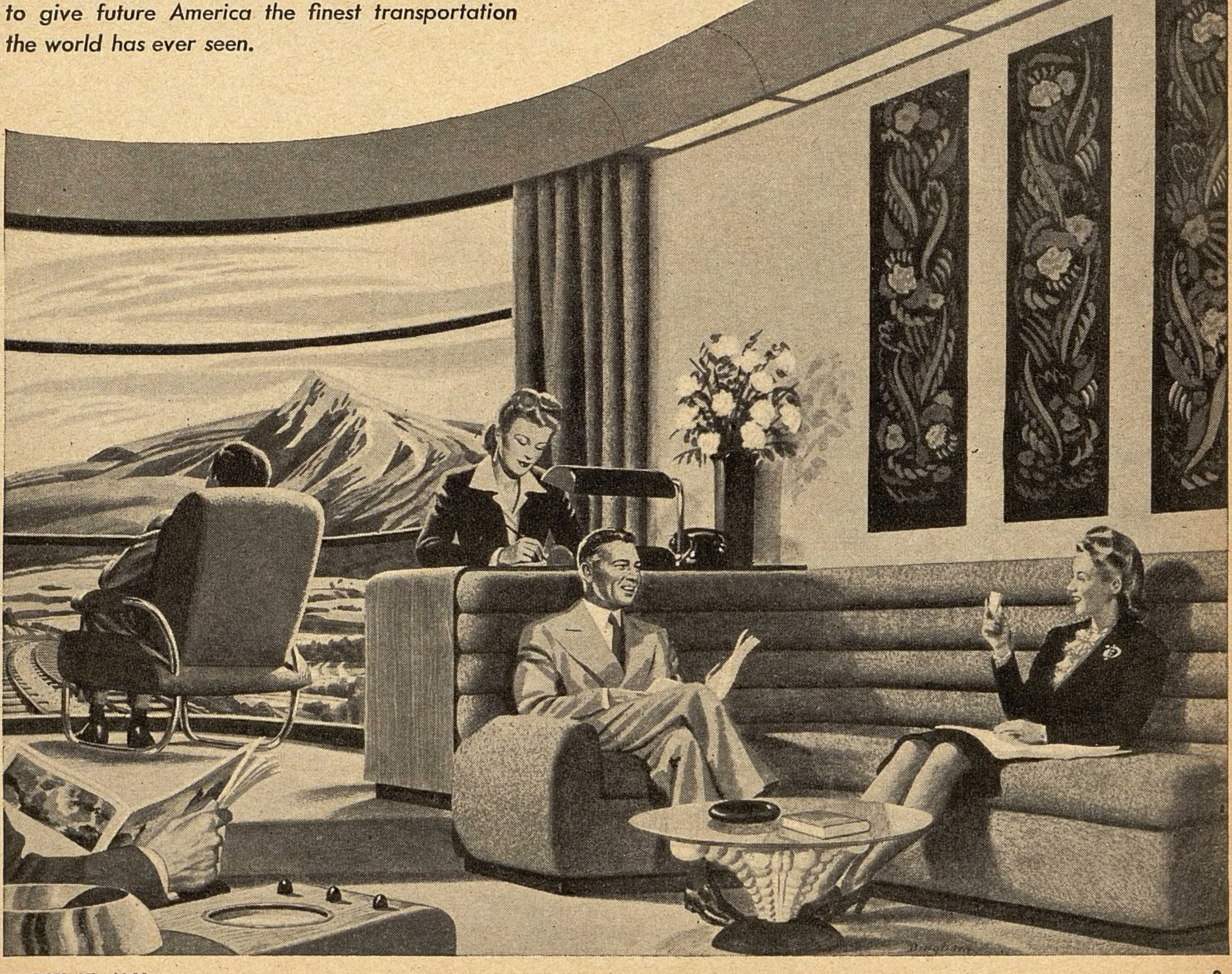
It will give you some idea of how we'd like to serve you—how we're looking and planning ahead right now to make future railroad travel a thrillingly pleasant experience.

It can't be done all at once. It will take money and time.

But you can be sure of one thing. Our goal is to give future America the finest transportation the world has ever seen.

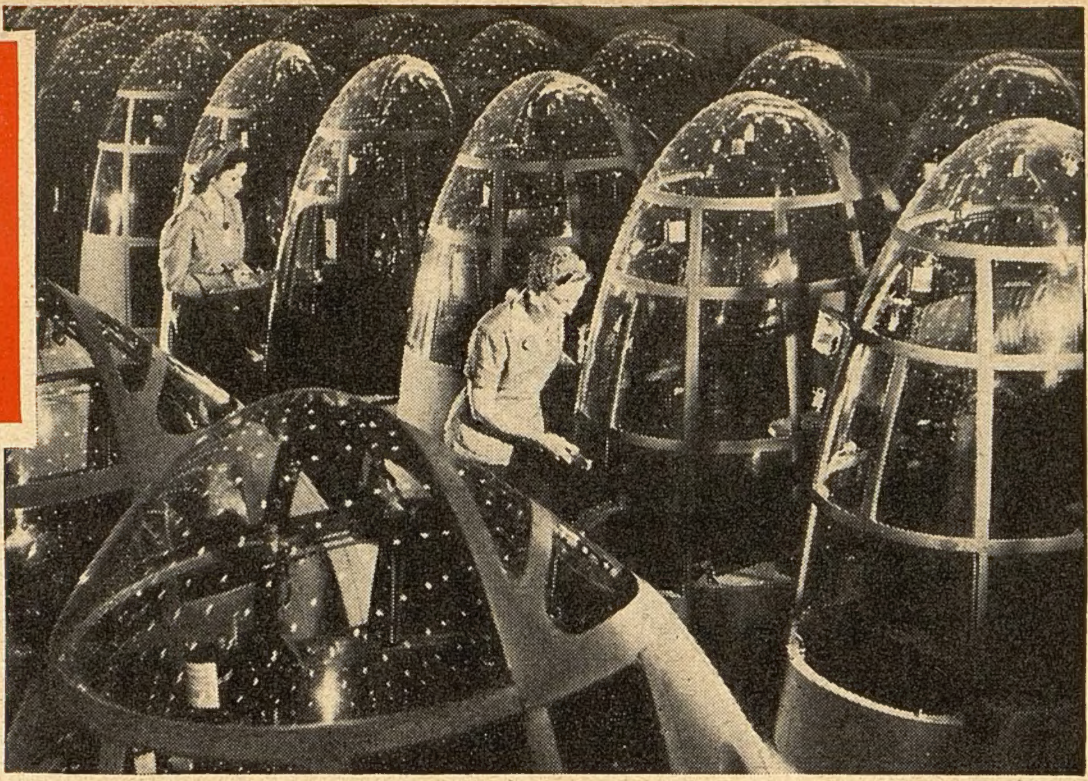
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Myriads of lights at the Douglas Aircraft Company plant form star patterns in the shatterproof plexiglass windows of noses for A-20 attack bombers.

Mercy Air Evacuations

The Army has found that swift evacuation of wounded men from battle areas has been one of the greatest morale builders of the war. But when war began the medical men were not certain that air evacuations would always be successful. They were afraid that men seriously wounded in the head, chest, spine, or internally might be killed en route because the airplane in combat areas can't always function as smoothly as a commercial transport.

But air evacuation has succeeded far beyond expectations. In the Mediterranean theater from the beginning of the Tunisian campaign in November, 1942, to the close of the Sicilian campaign in September, 1943, more than 25,000 men with all types of illnesses and wounds were transported 8,000,000 miles by air. Only one patient out of that 25,000 died.

Since Pearl Harbor more than 125,000 casualties have been flown out of combat zones. Some of the seriously wounded are flown long distances. For example: one soldier with a broken back was brought to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., from Kunming, China, via India and Miami, Florida—nearly 15,000 miles—in just eighty-two hours.

Talk about setting aerial records! That mercy flight should go in the history books.

Noncombatant Heroes

Here is a story of war achievement that lacks the sensation of fighter combat action but nevertheless plays a heroic role in our air war.

For flight operations over the North Atlantic it was necessary to obtain weather reports from Greenland. The southern tip of this great wasteland is uninhabited and it was difficult to find any location at all for a weather station. Reconnaissance planes finally found a narrow ledge in an ice-jammed fjord only 400 feet wide, at Prince Christian Sound. Four Army Air Forces weather men and four Army Airways Communication System men were chosen for the station. Except for radio contact, they are isolated ten months of the year.

This hardy crew lives in sturdy buildings cabled to the rocks to withstand high winds, which at times have been recorded from 90 to 175 miles an hour. Two winters ago several instrument shelters were blown away, and later a slide damaged the buildings housing the men.

A B-25 Mitchell bomber made a hazardous run up the narrow fjord, dropped a bundle of lumber, and had to climb steeply up the face of the mountain to get out.

Uninviting as the station may appear to be, it is vitally important to flight operations. Jagged rocky masses rise to 9,000 feet in southern Greenland, usually reaching into the clouds. Icing conditions often extend to high altitudes over the icecap, hence planes must usually avoid this route. The weather station advises the exact cloud ceiling and weather conditions that prevail below. Also this particular area is an incubator of North Atlantic storms. The reports aid not only aircraft flights but are very helpful to convoys.

Portable Runways

The Army Air Forces says the portable steel landing mat, now used in all combat theaters, has been one of the outstanding developments of the war. You probably have never seen one except in newsreels, for they were first developed only just prior to the war and have never been used on regular airfields in this country.

When a landing field is needed in a hurry, the engineers clear away trees and shrubs and lay these steel mat sheets over the terrain to form a temporary but very durable runway. Each sheet is fifteen inches wide by ten feet long, and no less than 60,000 are needed for a runway 150 feet wide and 5,000 feet long. Mats for a runway of this length weigh 2,000 tons and require 35,000 cubic feet of cargo space to ship overseas. But they have kept our fighter pilots up in the front combat areas.

Best evidence of what the A. A. F. thinks of these landing mats is the fact that 175,000,000 square feet of them has been sent to combat theaters and 300,000,000 square feet is on order for the calendar year 1944.

"Portable steel landing mats have proved to be worth many times their cost," the A. A. F. says.

Airports, Airports Everywhere

According to British news sources, airport construction in England is now approaching the saturation point. There isn't enough space left to increase existing airport facilities by more than a fraction. Ten years ago it would have been hard to conceive of any country having so many airports that there wasn't room for more.

England consists of about 51,000 square miles, or approximately the size of Alabama. Scotland is the size of South Carolina. When one considers the hilly and mountainous areas which cannot be used for airfields, the total area available is not very great.

Airports must be several miles from each other to avoid traffic congestion, and so today England is so jammed with airports that it is impossible to fly from London to Liverpool without being in sight of at least four airports all the time.

In actual cost the airport building program alone ranks as one of the top war bills. A London newspaper described it as being "one of the greatest, most costly, and magical projects of the war." The total area of the airfields existing in Britain today is greater than the counties of Middlesex and London put together.

Odds and Ends

A heavy bomber has more than 400,000 component parts and approximately 60,000 different parts.

The manufacture of one single radial-type air-cooled engine involves more than 30,000 major and minor inspection operations. The finished surfaces of working parts on engines are checked to a millionth of an inch.

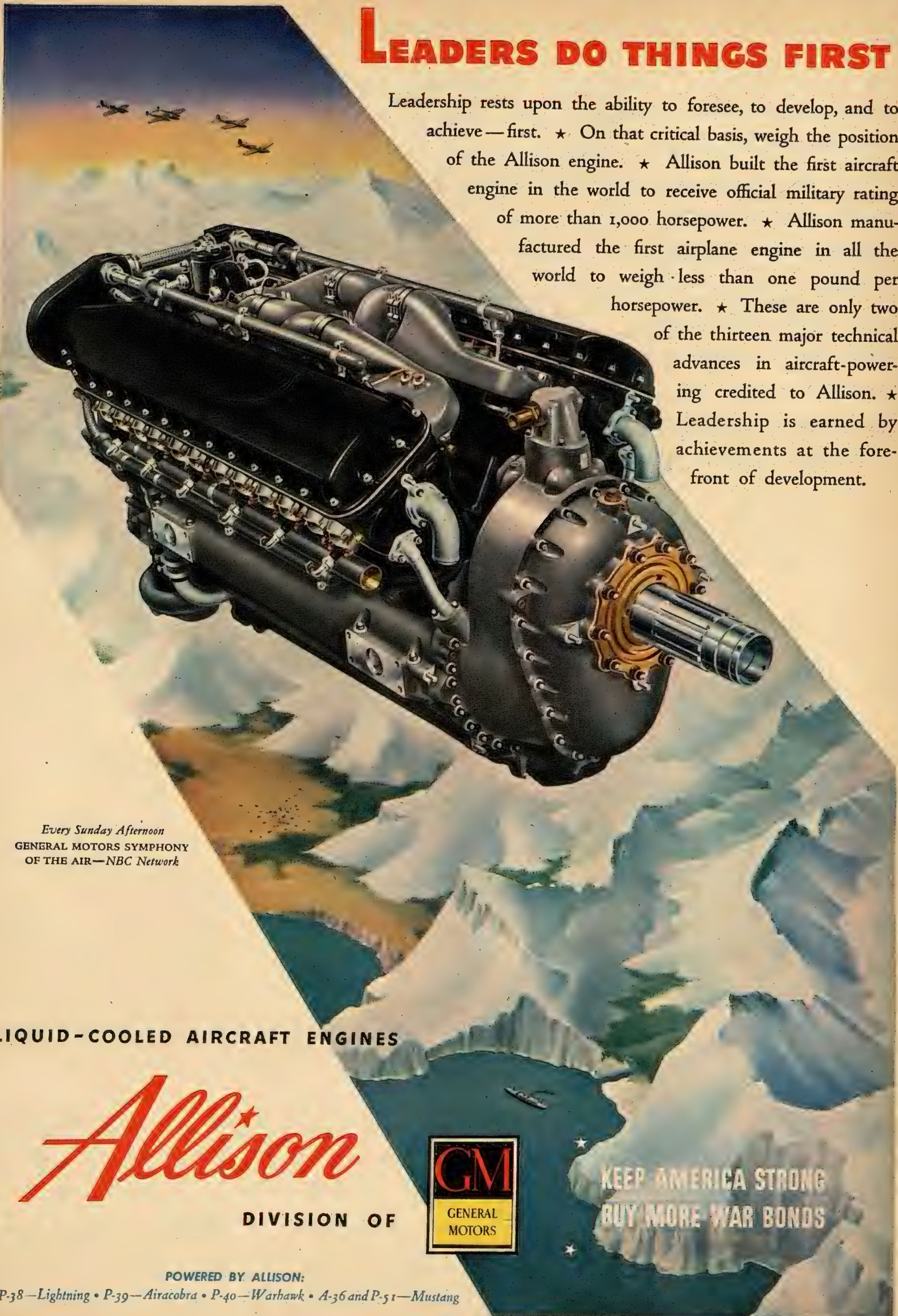
During the Sicilian campaign a fifty-bed hospital was moved by air a distance of forty-four miles in two and one half hours from the time it was dismantled until the time it began receiving patients at the new site.

A captured enemy airfield in North Africa was found to have 1,800 mines and booby traps on a single runway. The A. A. F. engineers cleared the menace in eight hours without a casualty.

More than one half of the Army's entire production for 1944 will be aircraft and its equipment—a new high ratio for aviation.

LEADERS DO THINGS FIRST

Leadership rests upon the ability to foresee, to develop, and to achieve—first. ★ On that critical basis, weigh the position of the Allison engine. ★ Allison built the first aircraft engine in the world to receive official military rating of more than 1,000 horsepower. ★ Allison manufactured the first airplane engine in all the world to weigh less than one pound per horsepower. ★ These are only two of the thirteen major technical advances in aircraft-powering credited to Allison. ★ Leadership is earned by achievements at the forefront of development.



Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY
OF THE AIR—*NBC Network*

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF

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GENERAL
MOTORS

POWERED BY ALLISON:
P-38—Lightning • P-39—Airacobra • P-40—Warhawk • A-36 and P-51—Mustang

The fight on the doorstep

THIS WAR can't be won on battlefields alone. One of the most critical campaigns of all must be waged right on the doorstep of every family in America.

This is the fight against higher prices and higher wages. It's a fight that *must* be won...or victories on battlefields will be meaningless.

It's like this. In America this year, our total income after taxes will be about 133 billion dollars. But there'll be only about 93 billion dollars' worth of goods to spend it on. If we all start trying to buy as much as we can, prices will shoot up.

As prices rise, people will ask for—and, in many cases, get—higher wages. That will put up the cost of manufacturing, so up will go prices again. Then we'll need another pay raise. If we get it, prices rise again. It's a vicious circle.

The Government has done a lot to help keep prices down. It has put ceilings on food and rent...has rationed scarce articles. But the Government can't do it all alone.

It needs *your help!*

Your part in this fight won't be easy. It will mean foregoing luxuries, perhaps doing without a few necessities. Tough? Maybe... but don't say that where the veterans of Italy and New Britain can hear you!

You *want* to do your part, of course. So do we all... farmers, laborers, white-collar workers, business executives. And the way to do your part *right* now is to observe the following seven rules for Victory and a prosperous peace...

1. **Buy only what you NEED.** And before you buy anything, remember that patriotic little jingle: "Use it up. Wear it out. Make it do or do without."

2. **Keep your OWN prices DOWN!** If you sell goods, or your own time and labor, *don't ask for more money* than you absolutely must! No matter who tries to talk you into asking more... *don't listen!*

3. **No matter how badly you need something**...*never pay more than the posted ceiling price!* Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the required coupons. If you do, you're helping the Black Market gang—hurting yourself!

4. **Pay your taxes cheerfully!** Taxes are the cheapest way to pay for a war! The MORE taxes you pay now—when you have some extra money—the LESS taxes you'll pay later on!

5. **Pay off old debts.** Don't make any new ones! Get, *and stay,* square with the world!

6. **Start a savings account.** Make regular deposits, often! Buy life insurance. Keep your premiums paid up.

7. **Buy War Bonds . . . regularly and often!** *And hold on to them!* Don't just buy them with spare cash you can easily do without. Invest every dime and dollar you don't actually NEED... even if it *hurts* to give those dimes and dollars up!

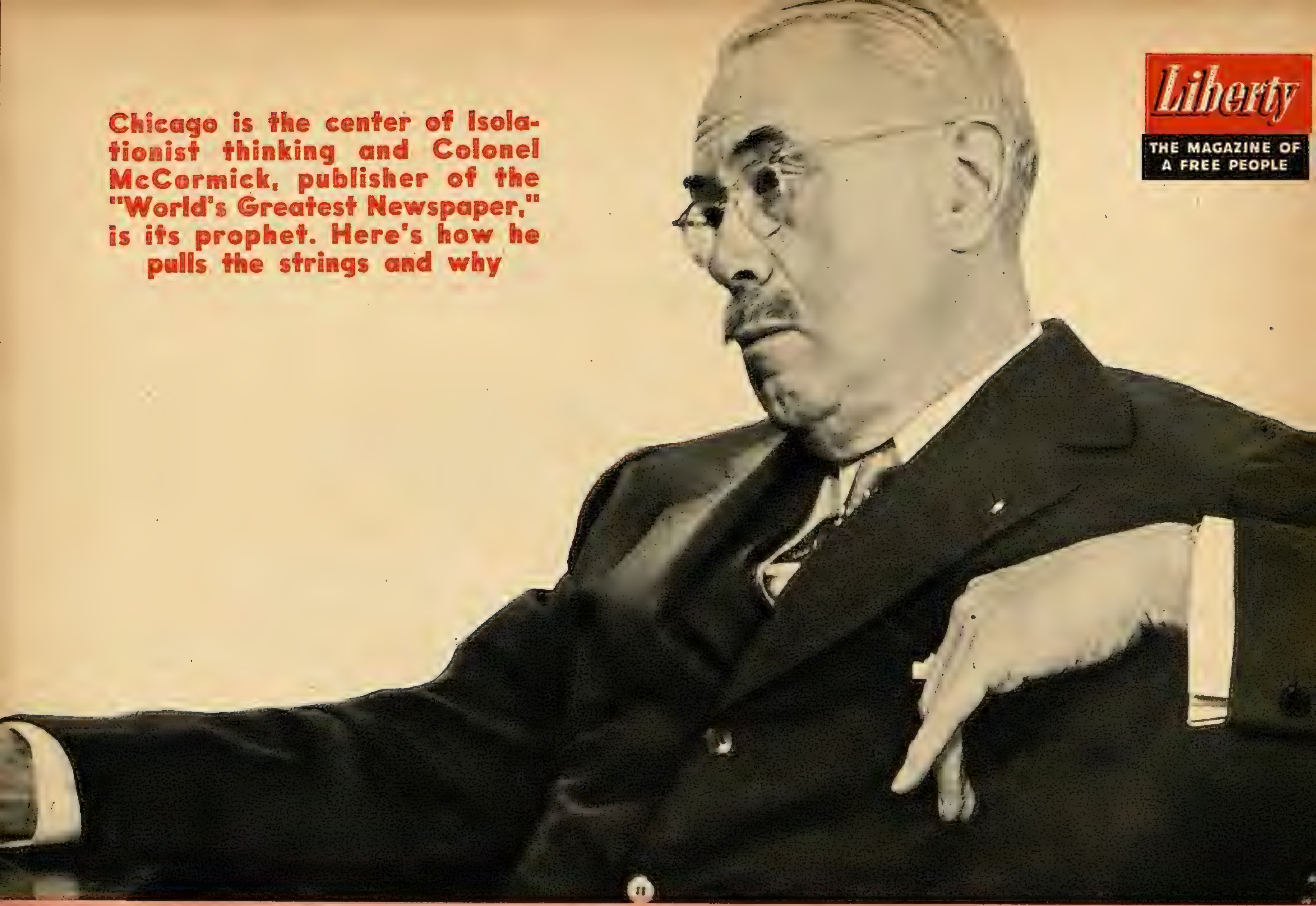
Use it up... Wear it out.
Make it do... Or do without.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Chicago is the center of Isolationist thinking and Colonel McCormick, publisher of the "World's Greatest Newspaper," is its prophet. Here's how he pulls the strings and why



The INVISIBLE COLONEL

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

JUST beyond the bridge over the Chicago River, at the windiest intersection on windy Michigan Avenue, rises the Tribune Tower. Chicago is a feudal town anyway, but there is something particularly feudal about the arrogant Gothic of the Tribune Tower. When you push through the revolving door, breathless from leaning against a sixty-mile blast straight off the muskeg of Athabaska, and reach the warmth of the crowded lobby with eyes streaming and ears on fire, you find yourself in an atmosphere that is far from hospitable. As you stand inside trying to get your breath you half expect to be conked on the head by an armed retainer. You discover that you are quavering under the bleak stare of a burly, overcoated man standing against the wall, who can't be anything else but a dick.

You hurry into the elevator. When you reach your floor, the first thing you see, instead of a pretty girl at a desk, is a special policeman in uniform with a gun sticking out of his haunch. He eyes you dourly while you tell him your business. You begin to wonder whether you got into the city jail by mistake.

Once past the barriers, the Chicago Tribune office is like any other newspaper office. There's the smell of printed paper, the feeling of helter-skelter routine, the scurrying of sallow men in shirt sleeves and with vests unbuttoned, the feeling of something portentous about to arrive. You sit in the usual cramped, badly lit cubbyhole talking a little absent-mindedly, as if you and the man you went in to see each had one eye on the teletype from which the stream of world events cascades into the building in an endless column of print.

After a certain amount of beating around the bush you lead the conversation up to the boss—the Morning Colonel, as Chicagoans like to call him, part owner of one of the world's wealthiest publishing enterprises and publisher, editor, and grand mogul of the Chicago Tribune, which, if you can believe its masthead, is the World's Greatest Newspaper. "What kind of man is Colonel McCormick?" you ask. The face of the person you have been talking to goes blank. His feet scruff the floor under his desk. "Maybe you better call up his secretary direct," he says in a chilly, far-off voice. You fidget in your chair a little, mutter something about a very pleasant conversation, and start heaving your carcass out of the office.

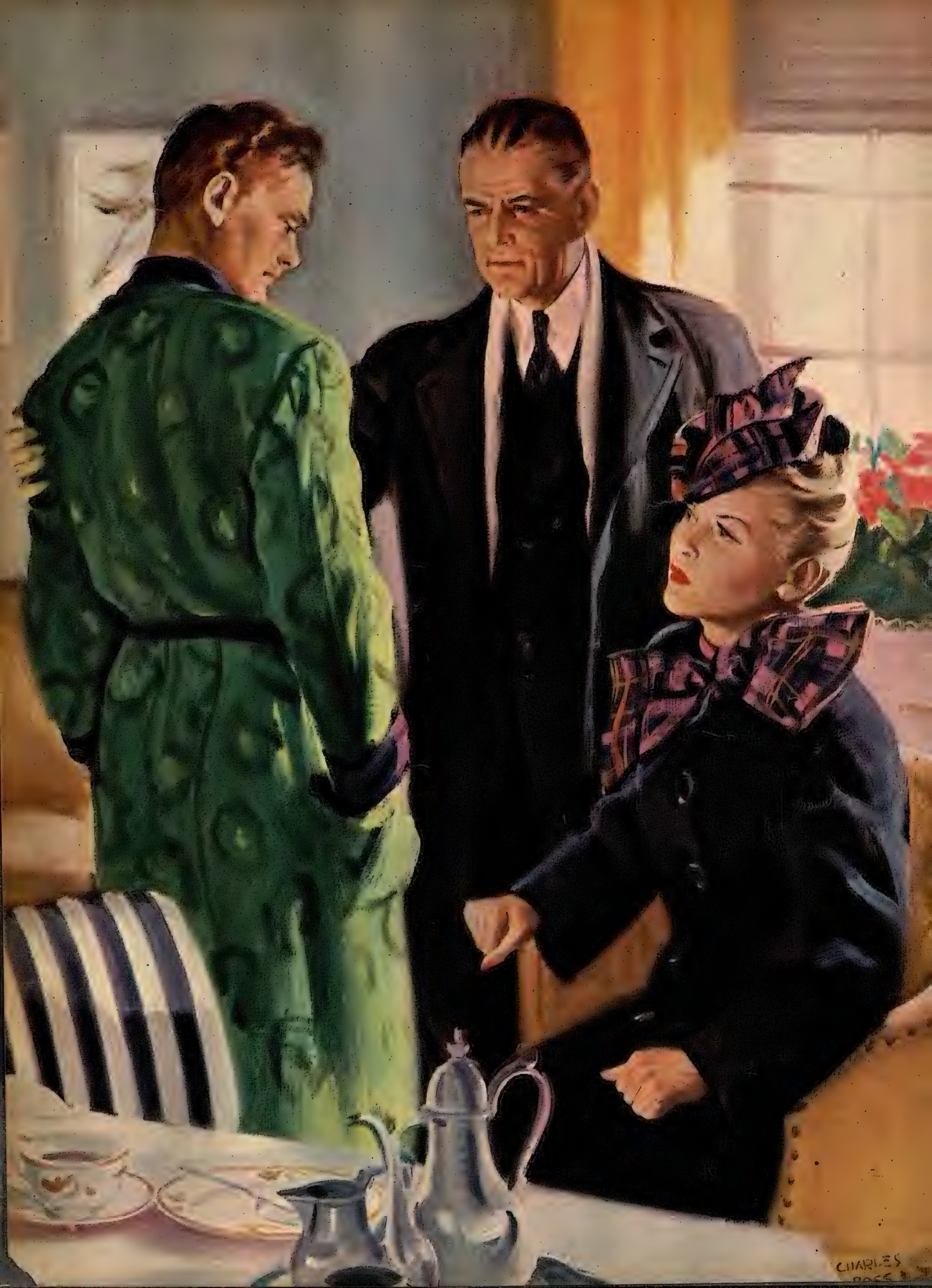
Well, probably a feudal baron's castle isn't just the right place to ask leading questions. You try again, sitting with a bunch of newspapermen from rival papers in the relaxing atmosphere of a beer saloon in one of the grimier corners of the Loop. "What's Colonel McCormick like?" you ask.

"That so-and-so!" everybody shouts in unison.

"But what kind of a so-and-so?"

As no very specific replies are forthcoming, you start a game of true and false. Yes, it's true that he's a tall, red-faced man, that he dresses like an Englishman, that he talks as if he had mashed potato in his mouth with a trace of English accent. Yes, it's true that he rides into town in the morning in a gray bulletproof coupé, and that he sits at his desk in state at the very top of the Tribune Tower. Yes, it's true that visitors are let in to the Presence through a sliding door operated from

(*Continued on page 51*)


CHARLES

HE WANTS TO FLY

Their growing son kept Fred and Isabel linked during long years of separation until a crisis in his life brought one in theirs, too

BY RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES ROSS

THE train from Washington, endlessly it seemed, pulled into Pennsylvania Station. At the top of a short flight of steps, Isabel Ayres looked toward the tracks, an anxious line carved between her brows.

During the past eight years occasional meetings between Fred and herself had taken place in her lawyer's office. Fred came on from Washington and they got it over quickly. Somehow neither of them could take divorce in the manner of several of their friends, as if it were a gelatin capsule swallowed without leaving a bad taste.

It seemed incredible that the one big thing in their lives, Frederick, Jr., self-named "Ricky," should be a link without being a bond. His schooling, his childish ills, his vacations, his preparation for college, through the years these consultations concerning Ricky had stamped the fact she could never in her heart accept: that he belonged as equally to Fred as to her. To Fred, who had him only two months out of each year. Yet it was Fred who must decide this most vital of problems—their seventeen-year-old son's place in the war.

The train poured out its colorful human freight. Isabel scanned the lifted faces, men and women, uniformed boys and eager girls coming up the steps. The searching, smiling wartime crowd that stampeded into New York. A concerted straining forward of those who waited pushed her to the rear. Or perhaps she simply slipped into the background because in her there was no lift, no tense shining impatience to grasp a few days, or just a few hours. She felt like a figure on a backdrop, giving the active stage to others whose eyes said they were glad.

When finally she caught sight of him, Isabel was struck, as she was each time, by the fact that Fred seemed to grow no older. At twenty-one he had been a tall young man with serious gray eyes, a high forehead, fine clean-shaven face, and nice brown hair she loved to smooth. At forty-one he was still a tall young man with serious gray eyes, his forehead a bit higher because the smooth brown hair had worn thin. But perhaps because his face always had the thoughtful lines of a student, the years added not a wrinkle that Isabel could see. Nothing of what a frank early-morning survey revealed they had done to her. And she was thirty-seven.

He came up the steps, glancing around to locate her. He said, "You're looking tops, Isabel," but did not shake hands or greet her beyond those few words.

Strangely enough, the last time they had seen each other, the setting was the same, a railroad station. That was last year, when Ricky entered college. Fred had insisted upon going to New Haven with his son, and that, of course, let her out. She had accompanied Ricky to the Grand Central, handed him over to Fred with only a conventional greeting, and gone home to cry her eyes out. It seemed that every crisis in the boy's life was dominated by this man who played so slight a part in it.

Fred's hand touched her elbow, helping her into a taxi. He settled back with his pipe, but paused before lighting it. "Do you mind?" Politely, as a stranger might have inquired.

Isabel remembered how she had loved the warm homey fragrance of the fine tobacco he smoked. She shook her head. The oblong mirror opposite her seat reflected perfect features just a trifle too sharp, a creamy skin with the faintest of lines at the uptilted corners of her eyes, and perfectly coifed pale gold hair sweeping high under a silly miniature blue plaid taffeta tricorne. A plaid scarf to match tied into an exaggerated bow under her chin.

Isabel looked into the blue eyes of the reflection and saw that tears were threatening the darkened lashes. She dabbed at them with a cobwebby handkerchief. "I'm tired. I've been up with Ricky all night. Fred, he's left college. He wants to join up. He wants to fly."

The man beside her was frowning. Without a glance at him, she felt the tension, the anger his voice controlled so thoroughly. "Your wire had me worried. I thought the boy was sick."

"He is. It's a phobia, I tell you. A mania. He won't talk about anything else. He won't listen to me. He insists on trying for the Air Corps and going into training at once. He doesn't care how they start him. The most menial job; he doesn't care. Now, before he's eighteen, before he has to, he's set on enlisting. Of course you'd have to sign his release. And you mustn't, Fred. That's why I wired—before Ricky could get to you." The words rushed from her lips, a herd of fears whipped into flight. But the mere articulation did not free her from them. She needed three words from Fred. She needed to hear him say, "I won't sign."

He failed to say them. He too was staring at the delicate face in the mirror. He was reflecting that the ridiculous tricorne whose tip met one eyebrow suited her down to the ground. She was a lady out of a Fragonard painting, an eighteenth-century lovely lady in a swing suspended on slender ropes, with rose petals floating around her pale head and a high-heeled slipper dangling from the toes of one tiny foot. She was the sort of elusive lady a man took in his arms as if she were breakable and then crushed close for fear she might float away like one of the rose petals. Yet she never broke, and you could never crush her. It was you who broke. It was Isabel who crushed you.

"You'll refuse to sign, Fred," she answered his silence and suffocating panic closed in on her heart. "You love him, don't you?"

"I love him." Fred's voice was low and quiet. Personnel director in one of New York's immense department stores, he had transferred to Washington following their divorce. And now his long training in handling all kinds of people made him of inestimable value to Army Intelligence. "It's because I love Ricky," he went on reflectively, "that I want the thing that's best for him—without considering what you and I want, you understand."

"There can't be any question of what's best for him. By the time he's eighteen, the war probably will be over."

"The length of the war, my dear Isabel, is unpredictable. But maybe what you've just said sums up Ricky's haste. He wants to get in before the fight is over and, if he comes through, to know he's done his share in winning it."

"How can you be so cold-blooded? If he comes through! If he comes through!" The words flashed a picture of a plane with wings torn, sinking, sinking . . . A dying bomber bursting into flames. . . . Ricky—Ricky's face. . . . It was more than she could bear. Her head bent, her shoulders shook. "All you need," she murmured when she could control her sobs—"all you need to do, Fred, is say 'no.' He'll be helpless."

FRED took a long time to answer. "And hate me—hate us both, Isabel—the rest of his life. Did that occur to you?"

"You're wrong. He'll thank us. He has the right to live. He's young and beautiful—"

Fred interrupted, "He's young and brave." Then abruptly, "Does he know you sent for me?"

"I didn't tell him. I had to talk to you alone."

"Didn't you know that Ricky would consult me?"

"But he'd give you his version. And he's so persuasive."

Fred instructed the driver to stop at the Yale Club. "I'll just leave my bag." Isabel watched him out of the cab and through the doorway, thinking how poignantly Ricky was like him—walk, swing of broad shoulders, flat narrow waist, and long legs, the set of his jaw,

(*Continued on page 48*)

"I see." Ricky's glance from one to the other made it evident he did see.

NEW TACTICS IN SEA WAR

BY SIDNEY SHALETT

Backbone of today's naval task force is the carrier—most versatile and hard-hitting of our great warships.

THE thought was not new to Rear Admiral Ramsey on that fateful day in August, '42. It was something that he, among other Navy officers, had already had in mind for several years. But as he stood there on the bridge of the aircraft carrier Saratoga, grimly but joyously directing the operations of his air group against a numerically superior Jap force, the thought struck him harder than ever—flashed upon him amid the whistling and the crashing of shells and bombs.

"Hell," said the Admiral to himself, "we were right! This certainly *is* a brand-new kind of Navy we've got since they started turning out those carriers!"

Rear Admiral DeWitt Clinton (Duke) Ramsey was, of course, far too busy to do much philosophizing about it then, but he had done his share of that before and has done a lot since. He was one of the officers who had pioneered the development of carrier-borne aviation. By the time of that battle, although we didn't then have the carrier force we have now, Navy strategists had long since worked out all the details of new carrier-force striking tactics. And since then there has been a revision in conception of naval tactics that makes the carrier the virtual fuse of naval offense.

That thought, that idea in the minds of Admiral Ramsey and his fellow officers, has come to realization in one of the greatest revolutions in naval theory since the Spanish-American War. Admiral Ramsey, who moved from his fighting command to become Chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, a position in naval aviation second only to that of Vice-Admiral John S. McCain, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Air, declares that the carrier has replaced the battleship as the "backbone" of the fleet—and there are many in high positions who unequivocally agree with him.

"Any important naval force, particularly one that is bent on offensive action, should be a carrier task force—that is, a task force built around one or more carriers," one high naval official told the writer. "In fact, this is largely the practice today."

"The old classic battle-line action, with columns of battleships and their screening units slugging it out with enemy forces at 20,000 yards, is dead," asserts Admiral Ramsey, who has helped in bringing about the birth of the new form of naval warfare. "With the advent of the carrier, naval forces now fight it out at distances of two hundred to three hundred miles apart."

In the new type of "sea war" the surface units often no longer even see each other. Their planes—fleet, stinging fighters and bombers—roar across the green expanses of ocean, seeking to destroy each other and to destroy the mother "flat-tops."

There is new fuel for the old plane-versus-battleship controversy these days. Fortunately, our ship and ordnance designers have made brilliant advances in the art of ship protection. Such an authority as Rear Admiral W. H. P. Blandy, until recently Chief of the Navy Bureau of Ordnance, asserts with fervor that antiaircraft armament has been so piled on our battleships as to make them "one hundredfold" more resistant to air attack, and that it is impossible for airplanes to sink American capital ships in the manner that the British Prince of Wales and Repulse were sent to the bottom.

Furthermore, such American battleships as the new South Dakota and at least one of her unnamed sisters have been victorious against murderous air attacks and have knocked down scores of destruction-bent Japanese planes.

But air proponents still will argue that it is highly dangerous for surface ships to risk exposure to enemy air attack unless they have air cover of their own. They also drive home the argument by emphasizing the seemingly sound point, which combat experience has supported, that it is much safer to knock down enemy planes with your own fighter before they reach your warships than to rely on the antiaircraft guns of the surface units.

The aircraft carrier strength of the United States Fleet is, according to the best available information, considerably greater than that of any other naval power. Naturally, we are not putting all our cards on the table, but this much is known:

Up to a few months ago, launchings of eight large carriers of the 27,000-ton Essex class, many of which now are commissioned and in action, had been revealed. In addition, we also had the grand old Sara, the Big E (Enterprise), and the Ranger, survivors of the fleet of seven big carriers with which we started the war. Launchings of nine "CVLs"—fast armored carriers of the Independence class, converted from 10,000-ton cruisers—had been announced, and more were to come. The CVLs must be figured as regular men-of-war.

Then there were the "dozens" of "baby flat-tops," escort carriers converted from merchantmen, which contributed hugely to smashing the submarine menace in the Atlantic. It is now several months since Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox estimated that we had more than forty carriers of all types, and Vice-Admiral McCain stated at the time that the number would be "about doubled in a few months."

FURTHERMORE, we now have under construction—and the first might be ready in the latter part of 1945—three super-carriers of 45,000 tons. The Navy calls them CVBs—"Carriers Big." They will carry a new type of twin-engined fighter. They have many new features, including extremely advanced compartmentation which has made some Navy designers refer to them as "virtually unsinkable."

There are four general jobs for which carriers seem ideally suited. These are:

1. Assault. The carrier is the only means of providing air assault on an island objective beyond the range of island-based planes. Modern flat-tops carrying dive and torpedo bombers, with lethal new Hellcats and Corsairs to beat off enemy fighter opposition, have done devastating jobs on enemy strongholds in the Pacific. The task force which took part in the capture of Tarawa in the Gilberts included some CVLs (the cruiser-carriers) and a number of CVEs (escorts). The latter, not usually employed in assault operations, were somewhat of an innovation in this campaign.

2. Defense. The carrier can send up the planes to protect other warships. The more offense-minded carrier skippers grumble at this mission sometimes, for they itch to deploy their planes in a more damaging fashion. They realize, however, that the carrier, the capital ship, and the lighter men-of-war form an ideal combination, each complementing the others.

3. Antisubmarine patrol. Work of the "baby flat-tops" in the Battle of the Atlantic, including the epic story of the U. S. S. Card and her escort vessels, which won a Presidential Unit Citation for destroying more submarines than any other team in naval annals, will go down in history.

4. Protection of land bases. This is a special mission where the carrier often is irreplaceable. When our forces seize some new Pacific base, carrier-based planes can give them the air cover they need until Seabees or Army engineers are able to construct an airstrip from which landplanes (frequently brought in by the versatile carriers) can operate.

Air power has brought major changes in the grouping and use of warships. With carriers the queens of the sea, our new fighting line-up is devastating

The Navy moved in on one island some months back, and, while the construction battalions were at work, planes from CVLs kept an air umbrella over the island. Commander Samuel Gavid Mitchell, one of the Navy's expert airmen, who was chief of staff to Rear Admiral A. W. Radford, commander of the carrier division which protected the island, tells how three Japanese patrol planes blundered into the area.

"Our fighters knocked them down so fast they never knew what hit them," Commander Mitchell relates. "Actually, the Japs didn't even get a chance to use their radio, so the Seabees were unmolested until the job was finished."

Carrier task force tactics are constantly evolving. Admiral Ramsey declares that it has been nothing less than "a general revolution of thought and practice" in the way the Navy now utilizes other surface ships around the carrier, which becomes the central fleet unit.

In the old days it was a naval tactician's dream to draw up a massive column of battleships, screened by lighter forces. Present-day tactics call for the carriers to move along—if there are two in a task force, they remain on either side of an imaginary "axis," a specific distance apart in order that their planes will not collide with each other in take-off operations—with battleships both protecting the carriers and receiving protection from the carriers' planes. Cruisers and destroyers also are deployed in the formation.

THE ideal formation for a carrier task force, if there are enough ships in the force, is a circular screen around the carriers. This affords complete protection when the carrier has to turn off course to permit its "eagles" to take off into the wind; the screen just moves with the carrier. A "horseshoe" or partial screen is the next desirable.

One notion that must be debunked is the belief that submarines accompany carrier task forces, ranging out in front as scouts. Naval authorities state that this is incorrect. It would be too dangerous for our submarines, as the carrier pilots on patrol might mistake their periscopes for those of enemy subs.

"To a pilot," one officer said, "all submarines look the same—poison."

The submarine can be the carrier's most deadly enemy. A carrier might survive a bomb hit on its deck from a plane, but a torpedo, even if not fatal, might cause it to list badly. If the deck is slanting too sharply, the carrier's planes can neither take off nor return—and without her planes a flat-top is indeed a helpless leviathan.

Another popular misconception is that of the "gigantic" carrier task force with perhaps eight or ten flat-tops in a single formation. Navy authorities are particularly emphatic in exploding this dream. When the Navy wants to use a half score or dozen carriers in an operation, it splits them up into a number of task forces—perhaps as many as five or six separate forces.

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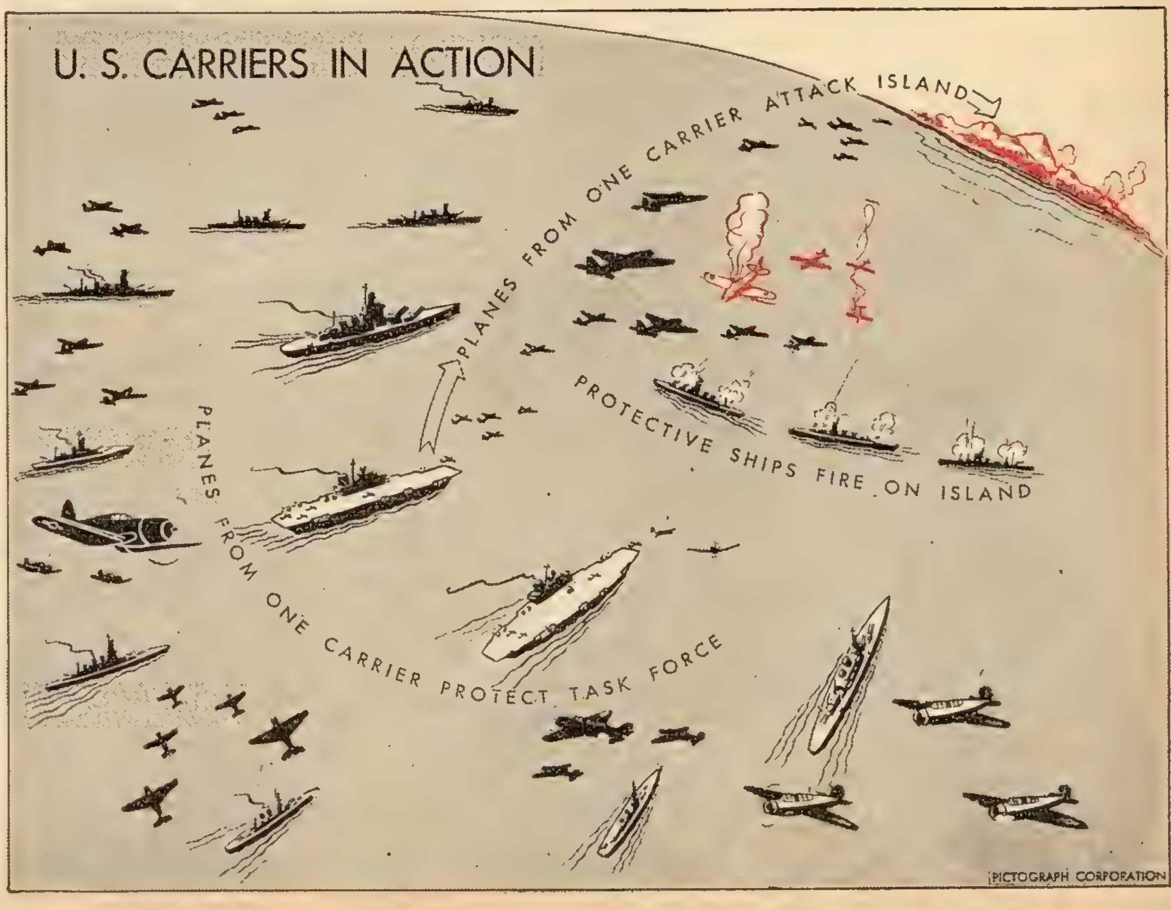

U. S. CARRIERS IN ACTION
PLANES FROM ONE CARRIER ATTACK ISLAND
PROTECTIVE SHIPS FIRE ON ISLAND
PLANES FROM ONE CARRIER PROTECT TASK FORCE
PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

Mr. Ickes, never noted for pulling his punches, tells what business must do to keep us all working. Most business men will agree with him, though perhaps not in these words

HOW FREE

WHAT we want in this country, and what we propose to get, is an adequate living for every American who is willing to put forth the necessary energy. There can hardly be any doubt that "free enterprise," if in good faith it is free, could supply these wants. It could do so in conformity with certain basic American principles that we have come to talk about a lot while actually not doing much about them. If free enterprise can provide the opportunity of earning such a living as the people want and are entitled to, no group would be happier than the so-called New Dealers.

However, this happy state of affairs will not be brought about by a return to conditions as they were before 1932. Free enterprise, as it operated then, fell short considerably of affording the means whereby the American people could make an adequate living. Government had to step in to do part of the job where "private enterprise," whether free or otherwise, had failed.

If free enterprise is to succeed in the future, it must realize the necessity of operating competitively to produce greater quantities of goods within the means of the people who require and can pay for those goods, rather than limiting production so as to enhance prices and thereby profits. Combinations in restraint of trade hold out no promise for such a postwar economy as Americans are entitled to and will insist upon having.

If free enterprise were really as free as the term itself implies, it wouldn't call for any exposition. If I had undertaken to write upon this subject before Mr. Willkie made his own nominating speech last fall in St. Louis, I might have started at this point to demonstrate contentiously that free enterprise in this country is about as free as an indentured servant would be. But, instead of trying to prove this case myself, I will let Mr. Willkie do it for me. Here is what he said at St. Louis —and may I say that I agree with him:

"We should demand the enforcement of present laws and, if necessary, the passage of additional laws to make our enterprise system completely competitive, and this irrespective of whose toes are tramped upon. Where enterprise, whether by necessity or by default, excludes competition, such enterprise must be regulated in the interests of the people."

The term "free enterprise" is much used and much abused. There is probably not a single American business man but would vociferate that he is in favor of "free enterprise." Our best breast-beaters use it as a shibboleth. There are business men in this country who become violently indignant as they bear witness to the sanctity of free enterprise even while their own free enterprise has been laid aside in moth balls where they haven't seen it for years, although occasionally they take a reminiscent sniff at it. They insist that American business could not continue its true course except under the guidance of free enterprise while, at the same time, they do not practice it.

IS FREE ENTERPRISE?

BY the HON. HAROLD L. ICKES

Secretary of the Interior

Free enterprise may be defined as the right of any man to engage in whatever business best suits his taste and, most important of all, to continue in that business without being subjected to unfair business practices and without the fear that any competitor will chisel, entice customers away by illegitimate means, or improperly cut off the source of his supply of goods. The corollary is that if, purposely or even inadvertently, one is injured, redress may be had through the courts cheaply, quickly, and equitably.

We insist, all of us, that we are "free enterprisers," and we are proud of it even if, in far too many instances, it simply isn't true. When we began to build our tariff walls higher and higher from the little one that didn't worry any one very much, until they became altitudinous precipices, it became more and more difficult for American business to burn incense to such a pure conception. It isn't necessarily true that big business and free enterprise cannot exist in the same place at the same time, but sometimes it seems so. I have come to believe, as a result of my close association with it, that the oil business, as a whole, comes as nearly to being free enterprise as anything I can think of. While there is intense rivalry and eager reaching out for both supplies and markets in all directions, it isn't as brutally roughshod in its methods as it used to be. Even so, there are practices indulged in by some members of the oil industry that violate the canons of free enterprise.

Oil may be and frequently is drained from a competitor's property, requiring him to protect himself by putting down offset wells; "hot" oil is run, Connally Act or no Connally Act; price wars rage at frequent intervals; credits are extended and services rendered to outbid the filling station across the road; and secret agreements exist or are in the making for trade advantages for the insiders at the expense of the outsiders. However, as compared with some airtight monopolies I could name, the American oil industry is a bright and shining knight in armor astride his horse at the end of the list, lance at rest, ready and willing to do battle for the lovely damsel, Miss Free Enterprise.

Behind our tariff walls rival businesses coalesce. The bigger they grow, the greater the pressure upon those in the same line of business but outside of the combine. The giant resents the competition of the pygmy. Pygmies make delicious hors d'oeuvres, even if they are non-self-renewing. With a ruthlessness that is a complete contradiction of the doctrine of free enterprise, the trust employs every legal and, if it can get away with it, every illegal method to crush out all competition.

Monopolies of greater or lesser degree are as familiar now to Americans as is the sun in a bright sky. The government is always bringing suits on the charge of combining in restraint of trade, contrary to the law. Such combinations in restraint of trade are the very antithesis of free enterprise.

Some great American business combinations reach out into the international field, and there commit miscegenation with German, British, Dutch, French, and other concerns, under the generic name of cartel. We, as a so-called free nation, as well as others also so called, are faced thereby with a problem that must be solved in good faith. And the decision must be accepted willingly and cheerfully, if we are to do anything real about the economic and social ills of the world, and if we are to avoid another world war that cannot help but be worse than the present one.

A CARTEL is like a trust and negates the very idea of "free enterprise." The two cannot mix any better than crude oil and water. A trust is a monopoly —a business enterprise that has driven competitors out of the field and has kept all the business to itself. A cartel is a combination in restraint of international trade. Manufacturing, banking, and commercial interests carve out spheres of influence for the members of the exclusive cartel group, each sphere of influence to be occupied by the American, the German, the British, or the French monopoly to which it has been allotted, while all of the other wearers of the same school tie use their terrific powers in combination to prevent or destroy rivalry.

Cartels, as is the case with some monopolies, operate on the theory of an economy of scarcity. Instead of producing all that the people can and will buy, instead of being content with a reasonable profit, their policy is to produce less than there is a market for and thereby boost the price in order to make an unreasonable profit.

The quality and the durability of the peace that is bound to come, sooner or later, will be determined more by what the statesmen of the world decree as to combinations in restraint of trade, both national and international, than perhaps upon any other single factor. Cartelization was a prime factor leading up to the present war. Let there be no doubt about it: we might take away from Germany all of the lands that she brutally grabbed and cruelly holds; we might disarm Germany; we might break her up into her constituent parts; we might even take from her the territory that is comprised within the Third Reich. We could do all of these things and even more. But if we should leave to Germany an opportunity to organize cartels, Germany will have won the peace just as surely as she won the last peace as the result of our insane indifference, our inability to see ahead into the future as Germany saw, and our autointoxication from our own beautiful words and phrases.

I know that Mr. Willkie will pardon me for having docketed the charge he made, at least by strong and clear implication, that we have witnessed an alarming breakdown in our system of free enterprise. Both Mr. Willkie and I know what has happened to that fairest of all of the ladies in our economic system, Miss Free Enterprise. And we could probably agree, in the main, on why the lady finds her clothing torn and disheveled, with her hair falling down over her shoulders, as though she had come from some city captured by the Japs.

Mr. Willkie, as is natural, blames it all on the New Deal. Why, bless his eager heart, Free Enterprise was having arsenic served regularly in her

(*Continued on page 58*)

HARRIS & EWING PHOTO

Two apostles of free enterprise—Mr. Willkie and the Secretary of the Interior.

BIG OCCASION

Pop McKee had served the railroad for fifty years, and his great moment might have turned to ashes but for one of four strangers who were waiting for a train

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY KURT STEEL

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

HE was a small white-haired man with sharp blue eyes, and you could see at once that he had a secret too big to hold. He wore a frock coat and a polka-dot bow tie, and he was rattling coal into the fat iron stove when we came into the station. A name plate on the ticket window said: J. M. McKEE, AGENT ON DUTY.

The candy salesman, who made the Junction regularly, had piloted the four of us over from the Wabash station through the drifts. The candy salesman held the door open for the Memphis blonde and the brigadier general and me. Then he let it slam against the blowing snow.

"Hi, Pop!" he said. He pushed back his hat and whistled. "Say, you're really dolled up today."

Pop put down the coal scuttle and closed the stove. His eyes were suddenly shy and eager. "If you want to know," he said, "—well, read this." He took out a letter.

The candy salesman held the letter so we could all read. It was from the vice-president in charge of personnel. It said they were all proud of the fact that on the 12th of the month J. M. McKee would complete fifty years of service with the road. It said the company hoped to be able to present Mr. McKee with a fitting mark of its appreciation.

Pop's cheeks grew pinker as he took the letter back. "Well, sir, today's the day. And do you know what? This afternoon they're stopping the Prairie Limited here. On orders of the president of the road himself!" He hesitated. With awe in his voice he said, "Prairie Limited's never been stopped at the Junction for nothing nor nobody before."

THE candy salesman and I sat down near the stove. The brigadier general went over in a corner and opened his briefcase to work. The Memphis blonde held out her hands to the heat and smiled at Pop. She said, "Isn't that lovely!"

Pop turned and trotted into the office. The Memphis blonde looked at me. "Is that train stopping for you?" she asked softly. I said no. The blonde turned to the candy salesman. He said, "My Lord, when they stop crack trains for *me!*" He jerked his thumb toward the corner of the waiting room. "That's the kind of guy they stop Limiteds for."

The blonde walked over to the brigadier general. The general said, "Yes, the Limited's stopping for me." He went on with his work.

Pop came to the ticket window. "I figure maybe there'll be a ceremony," he said. "Maybe they'll give me a gold watch when the Prairie stops." He smiled at us and left the window.

The blonde came back to the stove. "We've got to do something," she said. "Poor Pop!"

The candy salesman said, "Maybe we can get him pie-eyed and he won't notice." He took out a flask. "Hey, Pop. This calls for a celebration. Bring out some paper cups."

"Never take a drop," the old man called back. "But I'll get some for you folks."

"Listen to me," the blonde said rapidly. "One of you men has got to pretend he's an official of the company and at least make a speech when the train stops." She looked at the general.

"Not me," the general snapped. He went on with his work. I remember he was checking a list with a solid gold fountain pen, and there was green ink in the fountain pen. The kind of a guy, I thought, who *would* use a showy pen and green ink.

"Pop knows me," the salesman said. "I can't do it."

"Then you've got to," the blonde told me. "We'll all go out together, and you make a speech for Pop."

The old man brought out the cups. "I don't exactly need a gold watch," he said, troubled. He looked out at the swirling snow. "What I need— Only they'd never think of that, I guess."

"What's that, Pop?" the candy salesman asked. He passed around the rye.

"I'm sixty-eight," Pop said quietly. He watched the snow a moment. "They sent in a girl last month to begin learnin' the job. That means they're getting ready to let me go. What I'd really like, when the Prairie stops, it's for 'em to say I don't never have to quit until I get good and ready to. That's all." He shook his head, still troubled. "I don't exactly need no gold watch."

The blonde choked on her drink.

"But this girl," Pop said brightly, "the one they sent in to learn the job, she's all right. Know what she done today?"

"What, dear?" the blonde asked.

"She went and told the mayor about 'em stopping the Prairie on account of it's my anniversary and all. Well, the mayor and the town board, they're all coming down to watch me get—well, whatever the road gives me. The Odd Fellows' band, it's going to be here, too," he added with pride.

We heard a train whistle. There was the sound of music. A parade was coming up the long wooden ramp through the snow. At the front of the parade two boys carried a placard: "In Honor of J. M. McKee, Fifty Years of Faithful Service."

Pop walked to the window. We could see his thin shoulders quiver. Even the brigadier general had stopped his work and was watching.

The blonde took my arm. Her fingers closed hard. She whispered, "You do your job—but good. Hear?"

The train whistled again.

Pop turned to us. He fumbled at the polka-dot tie. The blonde went to him, straightened the tie and patted his cheek. "Come, dear," she said, "we'll all go out together."

We stood on the cinders at the point where Pop said the ceremony was likely to be. The band came up. There was a cheer and the parade broke up to form a half circle about us.

The Limited roared down the line, slowed, and stopped.

The crowd pushed in closer. Pop took a step forward, standing very straight, his white hair blowing in the wind.

I saw the brigadier general get on, several cars back.

The blonde nudged me. "Now!" she whispered.

I LOOKED at Pop. There was something terribly pathetic in the eager way he was looking up and down the long train. But there was something else, too—something firm and unflinching in the way he stood there before his neighbors. I thought of what it meant to him, this one great moment of his life turning to ashes—and I couldn't say a word.

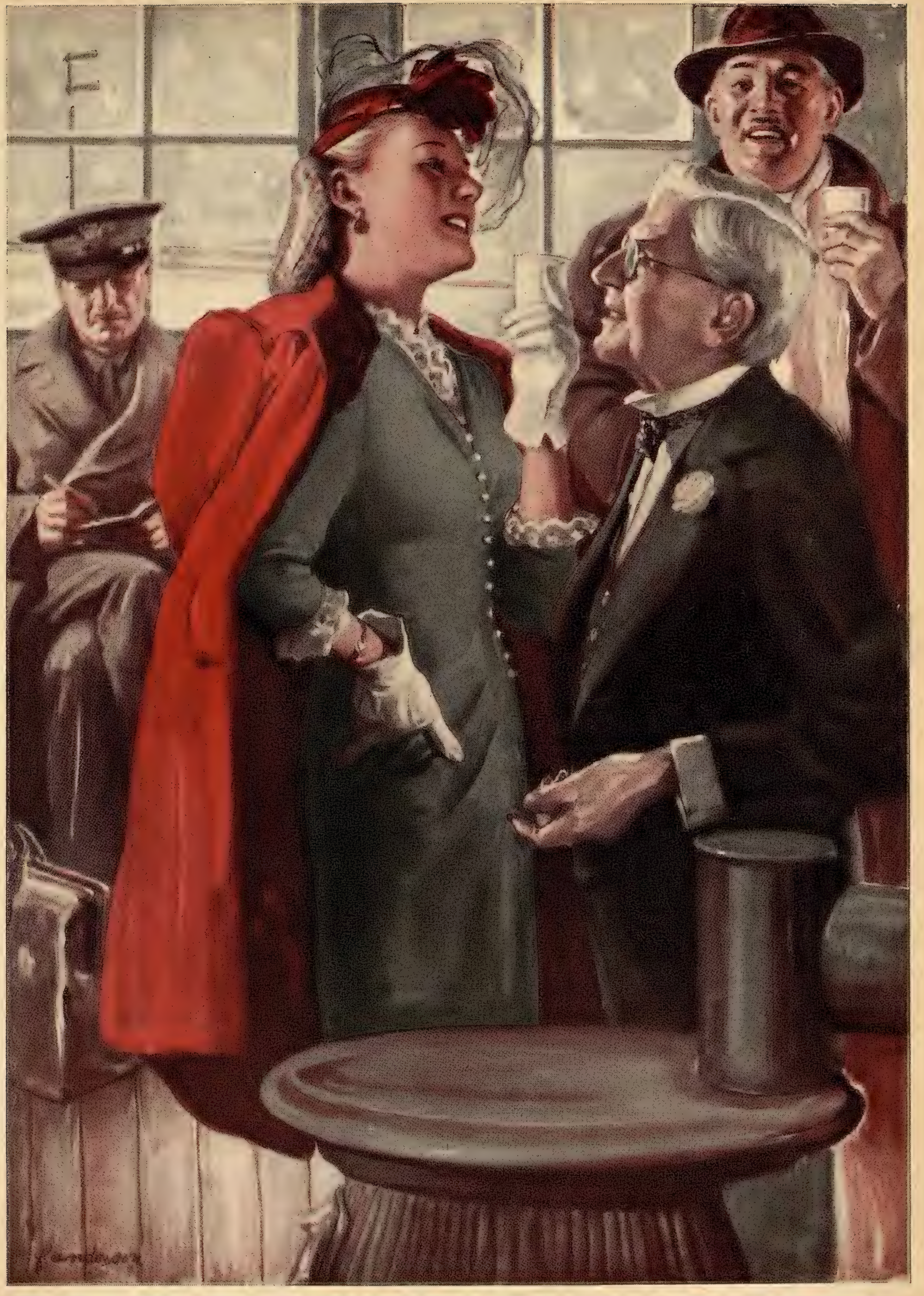
Pop lifted a hand and touched his lips. The blonde put her arm about the old man and started to draw him back toward the station.

Then we heard a hail. A conductor was running toward us. "Mr. McKee!" he called. "J. M. McKee!" He came up to Pop and made a nice little speech about how he was commissioned to extend congratulations on Pop's golden anniversary. He handed Pop an envelope. Then he hopped aboard and the Limited rolled away.

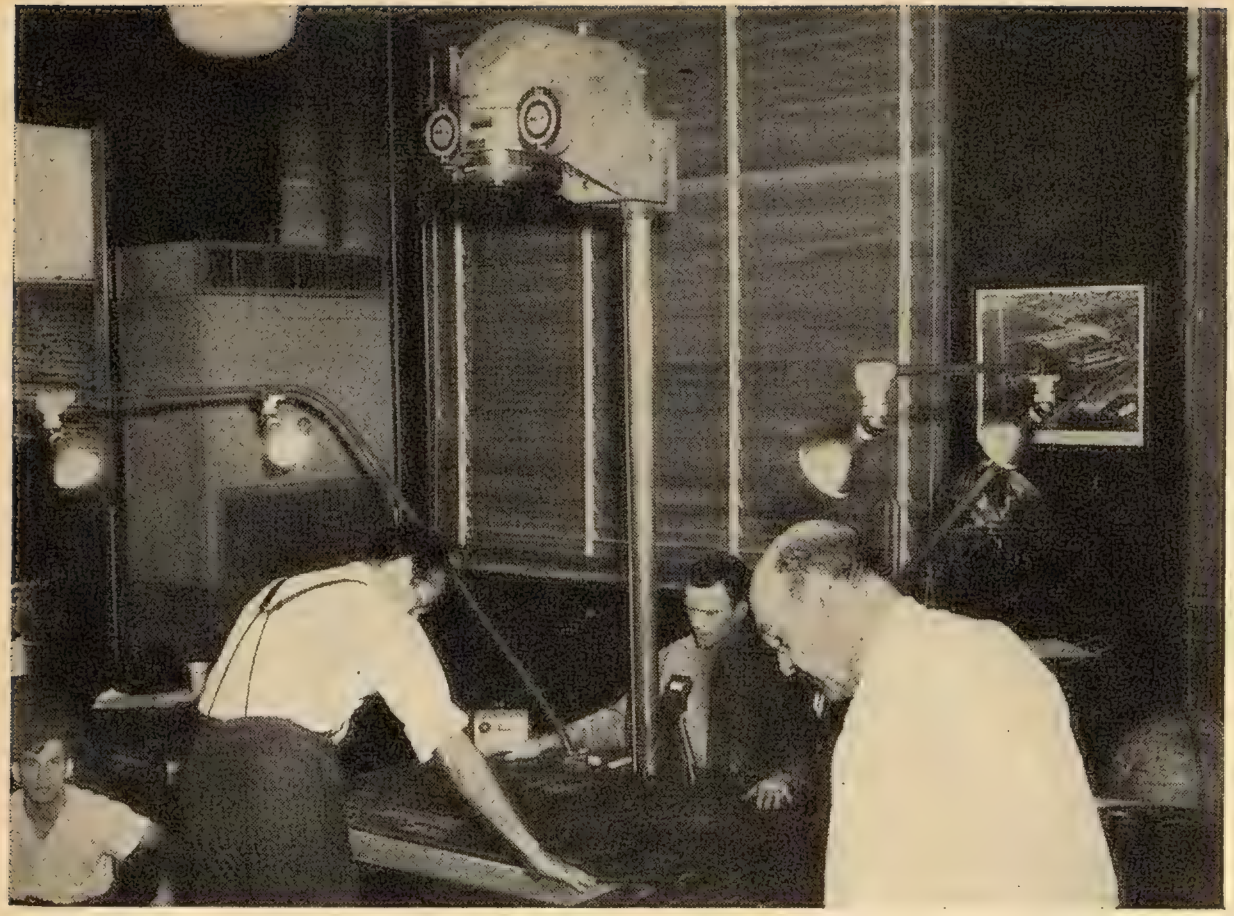
Pop opened the envelope. He read the letter inside. His hand trembled. He swallowed and touched his eyes quickly. "Know what this is?" he asked us. He cleared his throat. "This here," he said proudly, "is a personal letter from the president of the road. Says by his own orders"—Pop coughed and touched his eyes again—"I'm to be kep' on in active service until such time as I myself get ready to quit. Says all that in his own handwritin', too. Look!"

It *was* in the president's own handwriting—and his own green ink from the solid gold fountain pen.

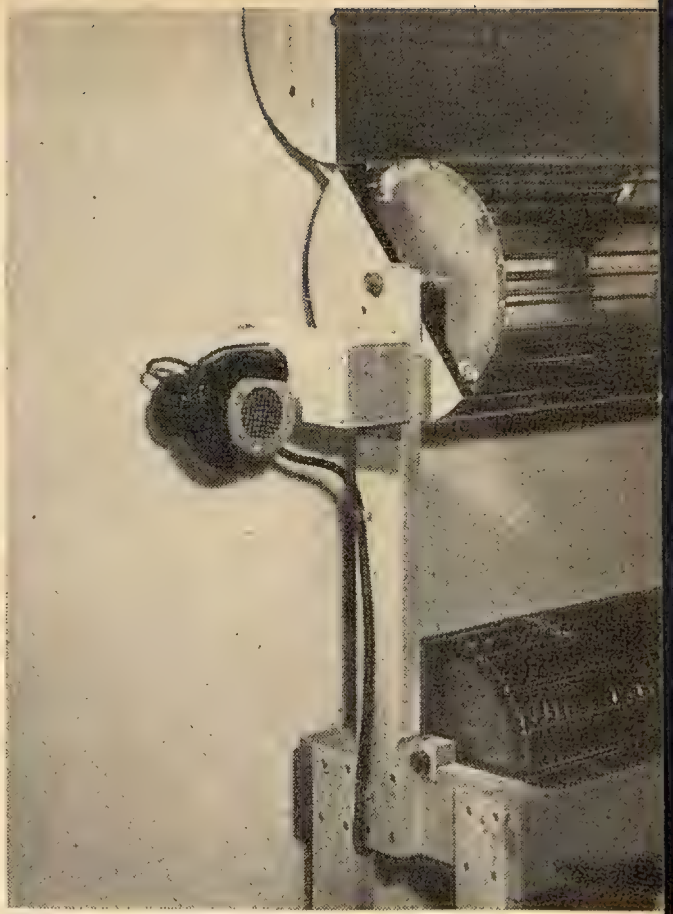
THE END



"Know what she did today? She went and told the mayor about 'em stopping the Prairie on account of it's my anniversary."



Bulky plans and drawings come down to capsule size on microfilm.



Microfilm fills an urgent human need wi

MIRACLES of MICROFILM

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

DURING the siege of Paris by the Prussians in 1870, a French photographer named Dagron printed messages on large sheets and photographically reduced them in size until a film containing 3,500 letters could be conveyed by a carrier pigeon. In 1925 a banking executive devised a high-speed mass-production method for photographing checks. Sponsored by the Recordak Corporation, a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak, his invention has consistently enlarged the sphere of its usefulness. In 1939 there was a mild hullabaloo when 30,000 pages, representing a cross section of our civilization, were microfilmed and buried with the Westinghouse Time Capsule at the New York City World's Fair, to be dug up 5,000 years hence. But it was not until Pearl Harbor that the science of microfilming, conceived in another war and another world, abruptly attained maturity and achieved recognition as a vital tool for victory.

Microfilming is the compressed recording of essential documents on strips of permanent nonexplosive film. Pictures are taken on 16-mm. or 35-mm. rolls, similar to those used in typical candid cameras, and every page photographed is reduced to the size of a postage stamp or less. The microfilm exposures are on 100-foot strips, wound on a spool, which can be filed in a specially designed cabinet. Afterward, for consultation purposes, the spools are run through reading machines which enlarge the microfilms to full size or larger. Or, if desired, facsimile reproductions of the original document can always be made from the microfilm negative.

The excitement started when Chamberlain and his famous umbrella returned from Munich. Most intelligent Englishmen knew then that war was inevitable. The only question was, how much time was left?

Suddenly they realized that even military preparedness can be undone if basic records are destroyed. Businesses supplying the war effort could not attempt to reopen their doors, once their fundamental papers were gone. Bombed factories could be rebuilt. Burnt inventories could be replaced. But the loss through fire, flood, or sabotage of master blueprints for planes and battleships, of secret maps, of confidential data accumulated by years of research, was irretrievable.

Almost overnight, practically every business and factory, from the conservative old Bank of England to the newest machine shop, gave orders to have its paper framework microfilmed. As fast as the rolls were developed, they were secreted in safe hiding places miles out of bombing range—and in some instances sent out of the country. The directors heaved sighs of relief. They knew that even if the physical assets of a company were entirely obliterated, they could speedily reconstruct the business from the microfilm duplicates.

During the earliest days of the war, with Mussolini's navy holding the Mediterranean, English troops to the Near East had to be sent around Africa. Often three months elapsed between the time a transport left England and the time families heard whether their boys had reached the destination safely. To boost the morale of both troops and soldiers, Pan American Airways and British Overseas Airways offered their services to His Majesty's government. Using an adaptation of the Recordak process, they created and developed airgraphs, which were the precursors of our V-mail. The airgraph system was expanded until it now knits the British Empire together with more than a million letters a week!

Every American knows the story of V-mail, but it was not until ordinary men and women throughout the country had personally sent their sons, brothers, and husbands V-mail notes or, better still, pictures of "the new baby," that they began to appreciate the possibilities of the microfilming method in space saving, weight, and consequently speed. When they learned that 85,000 letters could be compressed to a weight of twenty pounds, it was easier to visualize other applications of the process.

Following Pearl Harbor, when America first regarded sabotage and enemy destruction as contingencies to be reckoned with, San Diego, California's leading boom town, rushed to film its property assessment rolls before the Japs could arrive for a token bombing! Business executives who had never given a thought to microfilming suddenly had nightmares at the thought of destroyed records. They discovered that 100 feet of unperforated 16-mm. film can contain pictures of more than 3,000 standard-sized 8¼ x 11 letters; that the same amount of 35-mm. can contain pictures of 600 engineering drawings, 24 x 36 inches each, or 825 full-size newspaper pages—and that these film reels can be stored in only

-mail. Here film is developed, fixed, and dried.

Examination of the film for flaws. An enlarger makes this a quick, simple process.

a few cubic inches of space. In other words, microfilms occupy only 1 per cent of the space and are approximately 1/150 of the weight of the documents they supplant.

The fact that human activities are so closely linked with paper has tempted many concerns into the microfilm field—Remington Rand, Graflex, the Microfilm Corporation, University Microfilms, Precision Microfilming, and the Microstat Corporation, to mention only a few. Despite competition, the demands since Pearl Harbor and the restrictions on the manufacture of new equipment have swamped all existing facilities. The companies say, "We don't need shoe leather to get business—it crowds in over the transom."

DIFFERENT companies offer varied types of service. Graflex, for instance, sold a complete portable microfilm apparatus which could be transported in a large suitcase, but no more of these sets are to be had. Recordak leases and services its equipment, but the demand has so exceeded the supply that it has set up fifteen "service stations" in leading cities to which customers can send work. The Microstat Corporation also has licensees and branch offices throughout the United States which serve more than 700 prime contractors by taking the cameras right into their plants and directly providing them with precision Microfilm-by-Microstat. Not only do they send their own equipment and trained crews to the customers' files, but they insure the original negatives. By and large, customers must deal today either through "service stations" or through companies like Microstat, since equipment for private installations is practically nonexistent.

Recordak's first big war job was to make a permanent and unassailable record of the draft. No one had ever heard of photographing a lottery before, but the authorities were determined to obviate the errors of 1917, when the draft numbers were read out and taken down by clerks with pen and ink. So in October, 1940, when the capsules were drawn out of the huge glass bowl, the numbers were placed on small cards showing the date and whether the hour was A. M. or P. M. On the card was a mechanical counter and a railroad watch. The whole set-up was photographed consecutively for the entire 9,000 numbers drawn. The records which then went out to the local draft boards were based directly on these microfilm negatives.

The government quickly foresaw the enormous advantages of space-and-weight-saving microfilm for the war effort. In 1942, for instance, the War Department had 180,000,000 inactive records stored in 12,000 standard-sized four-drawer files. By microfilm reproduction, these records can be compressed into fifty files. Visualize such an elimination of filing cabinets on a nation-wide scale. Imagine the economies in steel or substitute materials used in their construction and in the man-hours necessary for their production. There's shortage of pulp, too, with consequent limitations on paper. Hundreds of tons of old records, no longer needed, are released and sent back to the mills—to be made into fresh paper. Many states have laws authorizing the destruction of original records after they have been photographed.

V-mail is only one example of microfilm in action. The war has caused a revolution in storing records and in shipping printed matter around the world

Even more important is the problem of floor space. Today the nation cannot afford to build new buildings to store old papers. Westinghouse faced this situation. It owned more than 2,000,000 essential sketches, charts, and blueprints, dating back fifty-six years, ranging from five-inch cards to five-foot drawings. And with its capacity war business, new data accumulating required more than 50,000 square feet of storage space per year. These papers are now being microfilmed at an average rate of thirty-five records per minute. The entire project will take two years, but when it is completed, the story of the electrical industry's growth will be housed in a vault about ten feet square. More than one acre of floor space will be cleared for productive purposes.

MICROFILMING also aids overburdened wartime transportation. Engineering records are bulky. They must be shipped long distances in large crates and boxes. A set of blueprints for a destroyer covers a quarter of an acre; the plans for a battleship weigh more than a ton. Yet quick reference to specifications on the spot is essential to a proper repair job. After the desolation of Pearl Harbor, the Navy could not afford to wait endlessly for blueprints. Little rolls of microfilm were flown halfway round the world in hours—and cut priceless weeks from the time required to put damaged ships back in service. Now the Navy intends to leave its blueprints on land and to microfilm the plans of every vessel. If a ship needs emergency repairs in some strange port, complete plans and a microfilm reader are on board, ready for immediate use.

Cities, states, and the federal government are using literally miles of film, not only for military purposes but to maintain the machinery of the home front. Thousands of the nation's banks photograph the statements of their ration-coupon transactions with dealers and wholesalers. The census tables, bound in bulky twenty-five-pound volumes ordinarily carried on small hand trucks, are in process of being transferred to film. The F. B. I. has microfilmed its entire fingerprint file and is prepared to send out facsimiles much more easily and quickly than in the past. The United States Treasury

(*Continued on page 56*)

JUAN BECOMES A BANDIDO

A day in the life of a gay caballero who suffered much for love but balked when it came to manual labor

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THAT bright spring morning Juan Ibañez, ex-gentleman of leisure, was a very miserable *caballero.* Gazing unhappily at the shining new plow and the dirty-gray angular horse which his *novia* Rosita was harnessing to it, he scratched his head and wondered who had invented such an unpleasant thing as plowing.

Rosita buckled the last trace and said crisply, "There! Now all you have to do is make Diablo go."

Juan looked with apprehension at the bored sleepy-eyed horse. "I do not think Diablo will like this."

Rosita's black eyes snapped. "You mean *you* will not like it. By all the saints, I vow I have never seen such a lazy man! Why do you not work hard and earn money so we can build a new house when we get married? Why do you do nothing but drink tequila and sleep all day?"

"I fear I am a no-good," Juan confessed.

The exasperation slowly left Rosita's face and her eyes grew soft. She kissed him on the cheek. "I did not mean to hurt your feelings, my brave one. I love you. But the field must be plowed."

Juan looked out across the weed-covered field. It was a very large field, twenty acres at least. He did not see how one small man and one small horse could hope to turn all that earth.

"Rosita," he suggested hopefully, "maybe today is not so good for plowing. Perhaps *mañana—*"

"Lazy one! No more of your excuses! Now I must go to see my sister. In the evening I will come back to see how much you have plowed. If you have been loafing—"

Rosita did not finish the sentence, but as Juan watched her get in the wagon and start down the trail to Tres Rios he knew well enough what she meant. He sighed. Being in love made a man do very foolish things.

He wondered how it would feel to be rich. Wistfully he gazed at the handsome hacienda of his neighbor, Señor Roberto de Alvarez, which was not far distant. He did not like Señor Roberto. He did not like the fine clothes he wore or the neatly trimmed mustache he affected or the grand airs he put on. Still, it would be nice to have Señor Roberto's money.

Juan gingerly picked up the handles of the plow. "Come, my little grasshopper, we must work." He clucked to the horse and slapped him with the reins. Diablo moved half a step, felt the traces tighten, and stopped dead. Turning, he glared at Juan with resentful eyes. His ears lay flat on his head.

Juan pushed back his sombrero and rolled a cigarette. He must think this problem over. He did not want to plow. Diablo did not want to plow. But Rosita insisted the field must be plowed. Suddenly his swarthy face lighted with inspiration and he unbuckled the harness from Diablo.

"*Por Dios!* I have just remember! Under the bed I have hidden an almost full bottle of tequila. We will drink it, my little armadillo. Then maybe we will get so drunk we will not know what we are doing. Then maybe we will plow the field."

Diablo, with Juan on his back, set out for the house at a long gallop.

When they reached the adobe hut on the side of the hill, Juan got the bottle and carried it out into the yard.

"With this we can plow at least ten acres," he predicted.

While Diablo watched with a critical eye, Juan took a long drink without breathing, lowered the bottle with a sigh. Suddenly he choked and frantically spat the liquid out.

"It is water!" he gasped.

With a terrible curse, he threw the bottle far away.

WHEN the awful taste of the water had at last abated, Juan sat down and did some heavy thinking. Rosita had done this despicable thing. She had poured out the bottle's contents and refilled it with water.

Juan's heart grew black with anger. Because of love, he had suffered much. He had given up such innocent pleasures as drinking with his friends in the How Many Saloon, shooting up the town on Saturday nights, and betting on the cockfights. He had even consented to plow. All this he had endured because of love. But now he would endure no more.

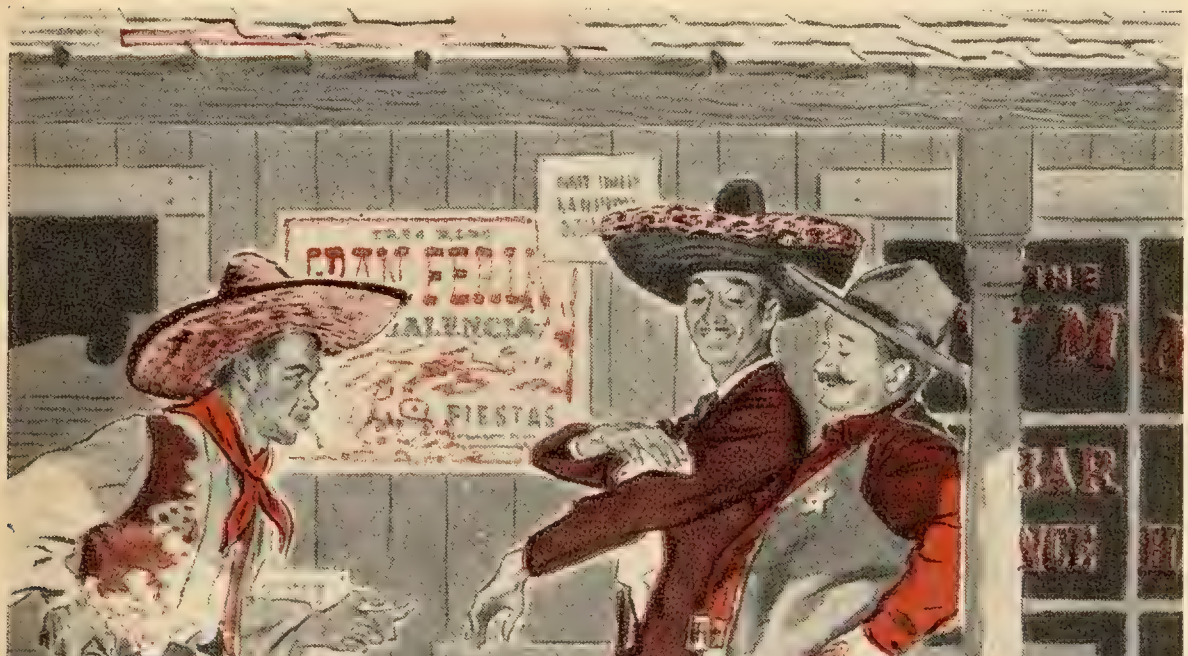
"Am I man or mice?" he asked Diablo.

Getting up, he went into the house and donned his most beautiful pair of boots and long silver spurs. He buckled his heavy gun and belt around his waist and tied a red silk bandanna around his neck. His mind was made up. He and Diablo would ride far away, never to return.

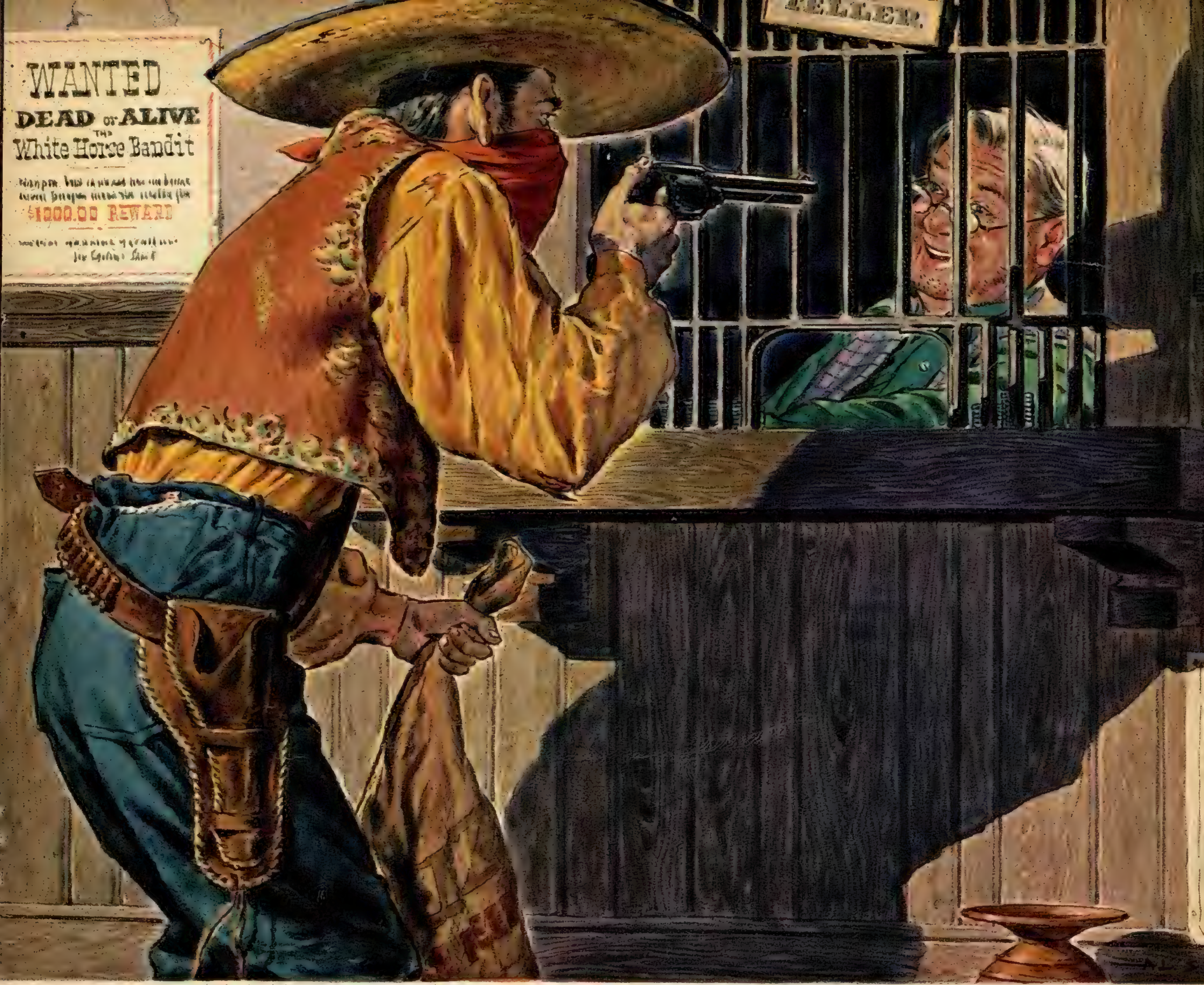
Then Rosita would be sorry. Perhaps she might even kill herself.

Juan smiled wistfully. That would be romantic.

The smile faded. Where would he go?



Juan put his hand on his gun. Perkins broke in: "You know we was only ribbin' you."



"You do not understand," Juan said. "You are stuck up." Charley's face lighted with a grin. "Oh, a joke!"

What would he do? As he stood before the rickety dresser, pondering, his gaze fell on a faded daguerreotype of his famous uncle on his mother's side, Amelio de Treciado y Alarcon. Amelio had once been the most gallant, most daring, bravest *bandido* along all the border—until he was hanged. Many were the songs sung in his honor, many were the legends told of his wealth in gold and fine horses.

Juan drew himself up tall and straight. He would become a *bandido*. He would rob the rich and give to the poor and all the border would know his name. He would have many fine horses and many beautiful señoritas.

He wondered how a man went about becoming a *bandido*.

He went outside and saddled Diablo. Mounting with dignity, he said in a determined voice, "To Tres Rios, *compañero*. We are going to learn how to become *bandidos*."

IN Tres Rios, Juan tied Diablo at the hitch rail in front of the How Many Saloon and was about to enter when he saw Sheriff Hoss Perkins and Señor Roberto de Alvarez coming down the boardwalk toward him. Hoss Perkins called, "Got yore plowin' done already?"

Juan stiffened. "I have not been plowing."

Hoss Perkins jerked at his handlebar mustache and grinned. "Thet gal shore has got you buffaloed."

"Nobody can play the buffalo with me," Juan said proudly. "I am my own boss himself."

"Haw!" Perkins roared, nudging Señor Roberto slyly. "Hear thet, Alvarez? He says he's his own boss! Why, thet gal leads him around like a month-old calf!"

"Or a pet monkey," Señor Roberto added.

Juan put a hand on the butt of his gun. *"Ladrón!"* he said. Perhaps you would like to see how straight a pet monkey can shoot."

"Now, Juan," Perkins broke in placatingly, "you know we was just ribbin' you."

Juan turned away and went into the saloon, feeling more miserable than ever. The story about Rosita making him plow would soon circulate, making him a laughingstock. He scowled. If only he knew how to go about being a *bandido!* Then he could do something very spectacular right here in Tres Rios. Maybe rob Señor Roberto's bank. They would stop laughing then!

To soothe his feelings he had a couple of drinks of tequila. The saloon was deserted at this hour except for himself and the bald-headed bartender. The bartender said, "Hear about the stick-up over in Carson City?"

"Stick-up?" Juan said. "Who got stuck up?"

"Bank. They say it was another of the White Horse Bandit's jobs."

"Who is this White Horse Bandit?"

The bartender stared at him. "Ain't you never heard of him? Why, he's the slickest bandit along the border. Wears a red silk mask and rides a snow-white horse—that's why they call him the White Horse Bandit."

"THESE stuck-ups," Juan asked, "how does he do them?"

"Well, they say he's got a system. First, he looks the town over. Then he rides this white horse up the alley behind the bank and leaves it there. He walks around to the front, pulls his bandanna up over his face, goes in, and sticks a gun in the teller's ribs and says 'Give me your money, or else.' If the teller gets mean, he shoots him in the stomach. Then he puts the money in a sack, runs out the back way and has vamoosed before you can say Waxahachie."

To Juan it sounded very complicated and difficult. He was almost persuaded to give up his notion of becoming a *bandido*. Then the thought of his uncle

(Continued on page 64)

Hi-Yo, Silver,

Out of the trembling ether come the thundering hoofs of the great horse Silver, also his boss, the Lone Ranger, hero to millions, young and old. A close-up of the "masked man of justice"

BY ROBERT COPELAND

FROM a war dispatch: "Whenever we approached an outpost in our speedy jeep, the driver sang out the password of the day, 'Hi-Yo, Silver,' and in reply came the guard's leather-lunged 'A-wa-aa-y!' "

From a society column: "Yesterday was the birthday of Helen Hayes' little girl Mary. The most wonderful birthday present she received was from her mama, who called long distance and had the Lone Ranger right beside her to say 'Happy Birthday, Mary,' too."

From another war dispatch: "They have named Mosquito pilots the 'Lone Rangers' of this war."

From Radio Daily, December 24, 1943: "The seventh annual nation-wide poll of writers-critics shows the Lone Ranger tied for first place in 'children's shows.' The Ranger has either been first or tied for first the last three years."

WHAT is this Lone Ranger business? Why do 10,498,406 (not actual count) men, women, and children drop everything between 7.30 and 8 P. M. (E. W. T.) each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday to listen in on more than 100 stations in the United States and Canada, and still others in Hawaii and Australia?

Well, it all started the night of January 30, 1933. Ten or eleven actors and control-room men who well-nigh filled Studio A in Detroit's depression-dipped Station WXYZ were there.

No relatives, friends, or talent scouts. Just another trial-balloon show. Of such set-ups are "turkeys" frequently born.

But there was nothing fowl about this one, although the boys didn't fully realize what they had until three months later, when they put it to the test by offering toy paper popguns to the first 300 children writing in. The gun thing went off with a bang.

In three days they had 24,607 letters and the Lone Ranger had to ask his youthful audience to "lay off, won't you, pals? We're going nuts!" He didn't actually say it that way, but that was what the station meant.

Came the cold commercial dawn. WXYZ's sales force, armed with samples of the letters and standard-sized pie charts, went on the prowl for a suitable sponsor. That didn't take long, but the bread company angel wanted more than a single outlet. That was ironed out by hooking up WOR, New York, and WGN, Chicago, with WXYZ. The first sponsored program hit the air waves in November, 1933. Today the program originates with the Blue Network and there are four sponsors in different parts of the country.

But let's leave the box office and cut back to the beginning of—Lone Ranger, Masked Man of Justice!

George Washington Trendle, co-owner of WXYZ with John H. King, brain-fathered the general theme when he was on the make for a "different" kind of show that would give the auditors a reasonable excuse for pouring out the black ink, and it was quite a trick to employ black ink in 1933.

He wanted a character who would be all things to all people, especially to hungry growing children and to advertisers; a character who was clean and manly; a character who wouldn't run out of fixes to get out of; a character who had "believability," or a reasonable facsimile thereof. In short, he wanted quite a hunk of character.

One conference led to another, one plot was dropped for a better one, and finally the o-l-d West won hands down, or hands up. An adjective-throwing, two-typewriter wordsmith from the plains of western New York, "Buffalo" Fran Striker, was imported to do the script-teasing. He's been doing it ever since, but with the help of four or five other writers now. He ought to have some help, when you figure that at least 60,000 words a week are written for the three radio shows alone, not to mention Striker's nineteen books as the Ranger's biographer and the comic strips in 111 daily and 66 Sunday newspapers. Trendle still blue-pencils all words and music.

Here is how our hero came into being on the air. A group of Texas Rangers

Awa-a-a-y

were ambushed by outlaws. All were shot and left for dead. All did die, except you-know-who. An Indian, one Tonto, came along the trail to find a flickering spark of life, and he fanned it into the flame of radio immortality with the help of the red man's magic herbs and chants.

Over a long period of time, and installments, he carefully brought his new-found paleface friend to a state of vim and vigor. And when the-man-who-came-back was sufficiently recovered to ask Tonto what had happened to his Texas Ranger companions, including his brother, Tonto said:

"You Lone Ranger."

The Lone Ranger then and there set himself the task of balancing the scales in the lands where the law was the law of the six-shooters, and woe to those who were slow on the draw. He would forever mask his identity the better to trap all culprits and to instill new life and courage into the oppressed "little people," of whom there is an inexhaustible supply. He would always use silver bullets as his own mark-of-Zorro signature. He would be known wherever crooks gathered as "the phantom mystery rider of the plains" and "the masked man of justice."

IN eleven years the Lone Ranger and Tonto have scrubbed and washed up a lot of the country all the way from Texas to the Dakotas, from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Stops have been made along the Rio Grande, in the Panhandle, on the Barbary Coast, at the Redwood Timber Grab, the Chisholm Trail, the Canadian Northwest Border. Bad men who had it coming to them have got it on river boats, in gold rushes, in copper- and silver-mining camps, and in the Indian wars. Stagecoaches and the pony express have played their parts. Famous names like Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, Billy the Kid, General Custer, Samuel Colt, Brigham Young, Geronimo, Dan Slade, and Pawnee Bill have been worked skillfully into episodes.

You can't give a capsule of the running plot, for it doesn't work chronologically. With few exceptions, each of the more than 1,700 broadcasts has been complete unto itself. Listeners like it that way because they are not out on the limb if they miss an evening or two. Also, children go to sleep after the show, secure in the knowledge that everything is O. K. by their friends.

A few excerpts from publicity releases will give you a pretty good idea of what goes on:

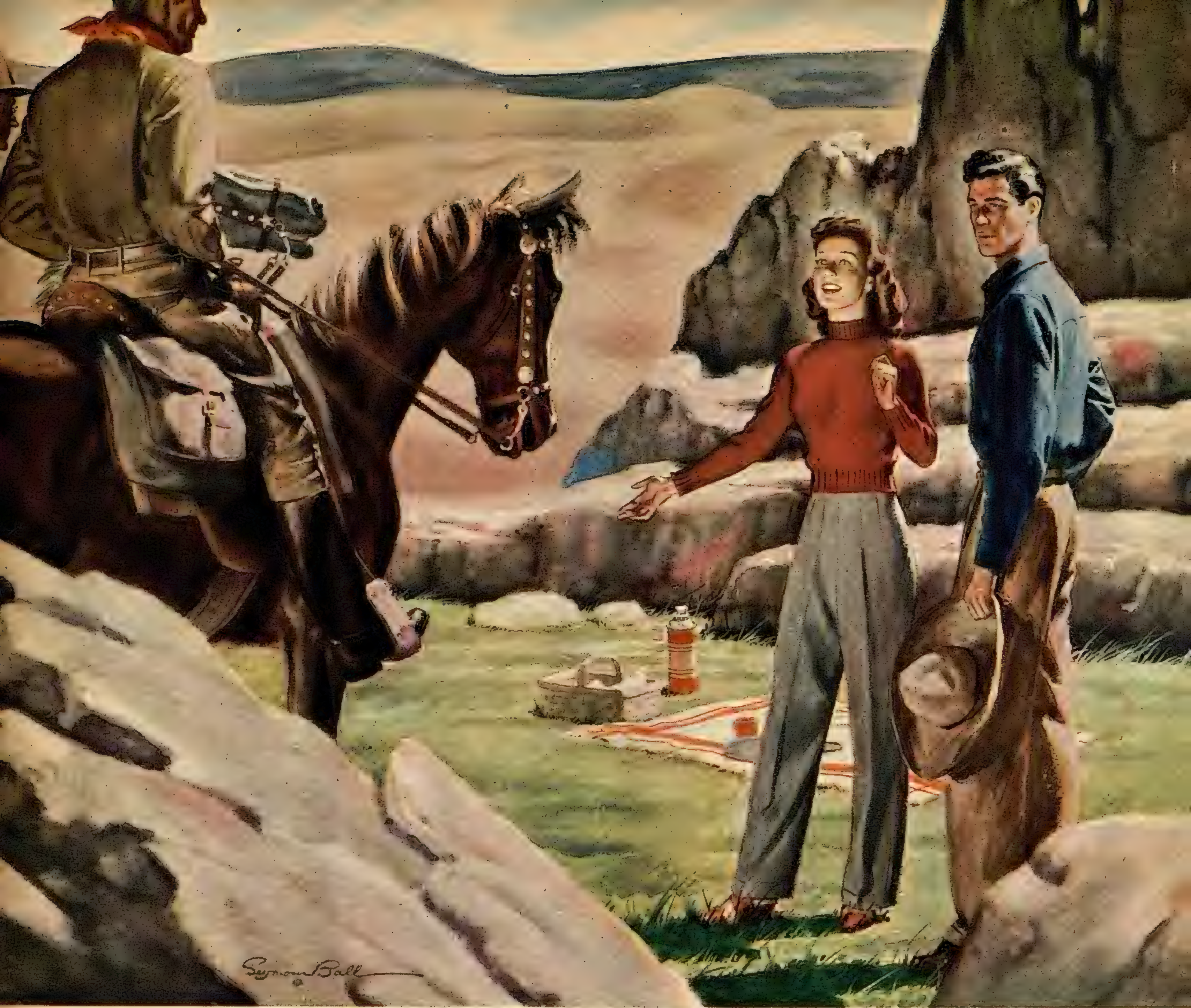
"An orphan boy who has been cheated of his inheritance by a rascally sheriff finds friends to champion his cause during the Lone Ranger drama An Officer of the Law. The Lone Ranger accuses the sheriff of skulduggery and the sheriff responds by clapping the Ranger into jail. But iron bars cannot hold the Ranger, nor can the sheriff hold back the advent of justice."

Another:

"The dilemma of Abby Armor, lovely siren of the Golden Horseshoe Gambling House, who unwillingly attracts

(*Continued on page 68*)

The Ranger's great white stallion, Silver, carries his master safely through countless perilous adventures. Below: The masked man explains the working of a six-gun to an admiring and absolutely unskeptical audience of youngsters.



Lila called out. They came toward us, Ducane frowning. "What the devil are you doing here, Lila?" he asked.

NO MONEY IN MEDALS

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

Uncle Hoke clears up the mystery of the fire, but Ducane takes a ride which rouses Jeff's suspicion even while his romance with Lila buds

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

JEFF CONLEY was returning home after eighteen months in the South Pacific. Still weak from wounds gained while winning a D. S. M. and other medals, he was glad to return to Twin Buttes, Nevada, and eager to see his mother, and even kind, lazy, drunken old Uncle Hoke. But most of all, he longed to see his sweetheart, Ellie Carmichael.

Walking along the road, he was offered a lift by two pretty girls in a car, Peggy Allenwood and Lila Ducane, the latter the daughter of Will Ducane, copper king and owner of twenty thousand acres of land around Twin Buttes.

Less than an hour after Jeff's arrival at home, Uncle Hoke told him that Ellie was engaged to Tod Deever. Jeff found Tod at Ellie's home and tried to fight him, but collapsed from his war wounds.

Dan Carmichael, Ellie's father, drove Jeff home and told him how Ducane had tried to buy the Carmichael spread and, when Dan had refused to sell, had hired away all Dan's herders. What puzzled Dan was why Ducane should want his land.

One evening, while the Carmichaels were visiting the Conleys, the Carmichael home burned to the ground. Naturally Dan suspected Ducane. Ma Conley invited the Carmichaels to stay at her home, much against Jeff's wishes. He still loved Ellie, though he treated her coldly. Musing over the Carmichaels' ill fortune and his own family's poverty, Jeff decided to make a play for the wealthy Lila, who showed a definite regard for him. Ellie showed a definite dislike for his friendship with the Ducanes.

Then Ellie announced her intention of going to live in Twin Buttes. As she went upstairs to get her things, Uncle Hoke followed her to look for his pipe. Suddenly there was a loud yell from upstairs, and Uncle Hoke came clattering down.

PART FOUR

WHEN I heard the yell I thought something had happened to Ellie, and a cold feeling went through my bones. Then I saw her behind Uncle Hoke on the stairs, and she looked all right, except that she was scared.

Uncle Hoke was dazed. I'd never seen his eyes so full of misery.

"Dan—" he said. Then he had to sit down, as shaky as a man of ninety. He pulled a hand across his eyes and wagged his head as though he couldn't believe what was in his mind. "My pipe," he whispered. "That damn pipe!"

I couldn't make any sense out of it.

"It just hit me like a mule kicked me in the head," he said. "When I went to your place for that berry wine, Dan—there was a box of shavings and kindling in the kitchen, next to the stove."

"Why — yeah — " Dan Carmichael mumbled.

"I was smoking the pipe," Uncle Hoke said. "I'd had a few drinks—just enough to make me a little hazy—but I recollect I laid the pipe on the stove while I went for the wine. Then I forgot all about it and walked out—and I'll bet the pipe fell into the shavings. Dan, the thing was lit."

There were times when I thought Uncle Hoke could have been a pretty fine fellow if he hadn't loved his whisky and his laziness so much. I had that same feeling now. I sort of admired him. After all, he didn't *have* to tell Dan Carmichael about the pipe.

Still, there he sat telling Dan the truth.

Maybe Dan felt the way I did. He gave Madge a dazed look, not knowing what to say. And then he sat down, too, limp, as though the strength had gone out of his knees. The kitchen couldn't have been any quieter if somebody in the house had died. There was ma, with a dish in her hand; and Madge, holding a towel; and none of them moved.

"Dan," Uncle Hoke whispered, "I can't tell you how rotten I feel about this. It—it's no sense tellin' you I'm sorry—"

And still they were silent, held by the shock of it. But all of a sudden Madge Carmichael caught her breath and forgot the dishes she'd been drying. She went to Uncle Hoke with quick steps and put a hand on his arm. She had tears in her eyes.

"It was an accident," she said. "A terrible accident. We understand, Hoke. It—it could've happened to anybody."

I was sorrier for Uncle Hoke just then than for the Carmichaels. He sat there with his shoulders bent, and shook his head and shut his eyes, and nobody could do anything for him.

The stillness went on till a horn tooted outside.

I looked up at Ellie. She was pale as she pulled on a coat. She went across the room to pat Uncle Hoke's shoulder and say something, and then, biting her lip, she went to the door.

That must be Tod Deever out there, honking for her, I knew. She was going away, and it gave me a queer, empty feeling. She said good-by to everybody in a low voice, but none of them listened much; they were still too upset by what Uncle Hoke had said.

Ellie turned her eyes to me. I looked straight into them, thinking how I wanted her in spite of Tod Deever. You can't change the feelings of a lifetime overnight. I wished I'd had the nerve to stretch out my arms and beg her to come back into them right there and then. But I didn't, and after a moment Ellie went away.

A lot of Uncle Hoke's misery seemed to flow over into me. Maybe ma could see how I felt. She said:

"You better go up, Jeff. You better get to bed."

I nodded. What I wanted to do was pull the covers over my head and bury myself away from everything.

AFTER a couple of days, when I felt a little easier, ma brought some of my peacetime work clothes into the room. "Long as you're going outdoors," she said, "you might as well be comfortable. You don't *have* to wear the uniform now, do you?"

"No."

"Well—it'll seem more like old times, seeing you in these."

She wasn't saying a word about Ellie any more.

The blue flannel shirt was clean and ironed, and so were the brown corduroys I'd got in Carson City two years ago. She put my lumber jacket on a chair, too. I couldn't help grinning at the familiar things. This was like getting back to old pals.

I put them on, and everything seemed brighter. They were loose around me, pleasant and easy. With no more pain in my hip, I could have been happy—if there had been some way of keeping Ellie out of my mind.

Toward noon I felt strong enough to get into the flivver and drive over to see the ashes of the Carmichael house. It was like going to a graveyard. I stood there alone, with a cool wind from the Stillwaters rustling across the valley, and stared at what was left. It was enough to give you a heartache.

When I lifted my head after a while I saw two riders bring their horses out of a badlands trail a mile away.

It puzzled me to see anybody at all come out of that heap of rocks and hills that wasn't of any use to Carmichael or any one else. Why reasonable men should want to go riding there, I couldn't figure.

As I watched them, I saw one of their horses go down. It seemed to fall, and the rider went sprawling. He got up in a hurry, but the horse just lay there.

The other man swung out of his saddle, and the two of them squatted over the pony on the ground.

When a horse is in trouble on the range, you don't stand still. I got into the flivver and sent it bouncing across the shortgrass. The two men straightened when they saw me coming. One of them lifted his arm.

Pretty soon I recognized him—Will Ducane. He was dressed well enough to ride in a San Francisco park, with boots and breeches and a fine brown shirt and a red handkerchief tied around his throat. The other man wore breeches, too. He was a lean dark fellow with glasses.

"What's the matter?" I yelled across a hundred yards of grass.

Ducane called back, "Don't know! The horse took to heaving and then dropped!"

I got out of the car and went over to them. You could see right away what was wrong with the bay mare. She was bloated and heaving, lather bubbling all around her mouth.

"Take that saddle off her," I said, "and get her up on her legs."

"What's wrong with her?" Ducane asked.

"Looks like colic."

I got down on my knees, because the other two men weren't moving, and I loosed the cinch myself. Then I saw the mare was carrying a couple of big saddlebags made of heavy canvas. I couldn't help brushing against them. They seemed loaded with rocks.

Still I didn't ask questions; not with the horse heaving like that. Besides, it didn't seem to be any of my business. As soon as the saddle was off her, I said, "We got to make her stand up!"

The dark man with the glasses was surprised. "How?"

"Lift, yank, pull—anything—but get her on her legs!"

I was going to do it myself; then I remembered how straining my muscles might put me back to bed, so I told the other two what to do. As they struggled, cussing and sweating, the dark man asked me in an angry way:

"Can't *you* lend a hand?"

I didn't have to answer. Ducane himself explained how I was just out of a sickbed.

They sweated together and grunted plenty before they got the mare on her hoofs. She shivered and heaved more than ever. I warned them to keep her moving. The chances were she'd fall again, I said, and they'd have to pull her back to her legs.

"My barn's a lot nearer than yours," I added to Ducane. "And Uncle Hoke's a mighty good hand with horses. You lead her to our place, and we'll fix her up."

THE dark man asked, "What the devil brings on a colic like this?"

"She must have nibbled something up there in the badlands," I said. "Some weeds."

When I mentioned the badlands they gave each other a quick look, half surprised, half worried. I didn't pay too much attention to it then, because I was watching the horse.

"While you walk her I can go get Uncle Hoke," I said to Ducane. "You can throw those bags in the flivver if you like. Sorry I can't help more myself. I got to stay quiet."

Again they looked at each other in that queer way. It began to bother me now. It was as if I'd caught them doing something they didn't want me to know about. Still, Ducane tried to make it all seem unimportant.

"All right," he said. "You take the bags along." He got the things and heaved them into the back of the flivver. They banged like thunder.

"What in blazes you got there?" I asked.

"Rocks," Ducane said. "Murgridge here collects them. He found quite a few unusual ones today."

I quit talking because the mare stumbled again. So I got into the car and drove away fast, calling back, "Keep her moving!"

The strange part of it all didn't happen till almost an hour later, when we had the horse shivering in our barn.

Ducane and his friend Murgridge were watching Uncle Hoke give the mare a big dose of linseed oil. I turned away, feeling tired.

As I passed the flivver and looked in, I saw that one of the saddlebags had opened, spilling a few rocks over the floor of the car. I took one of them, about the size of my fist, and admired it. The thing was full of quartz, with a hundred different colors flashing where the sun hit it.

All of a sudden there were quick steps behind me, and then Murgridge was there. He smiled, but it seemed to me his eyes flashed with a kind of anger. I guessed he thought *I'd* opened the saddlebag.

I said, "The stones spilled out."

"Yes, I see," he answered. "I took such pains *gathering* those things that I don't want to lose any."

It sounded all right, but I couldn't believe that was all there was to it. I had a feeling I'd done something wrong, something that had riled this Walter Murgridge, and I couldn't figure out what it was.

ABOUT an hour after lunch, when Ducane and Murgridge had left, with their horse, I sat on the porch with ma. She knitted, and while I smoked my pipe I kept wondering about those stones in the saddlebags; and all the time my eyes were turned to the piled-up mountains on the horizon.

Then Dan and Madge Carmichael rattled back in their flivver from a ride to town, where they'd been all day.

The minute they came up the porch steps I could see something was wrong. Dan's face, with the stringy horseshoe mustache dangling, was hard and gray. He gave us a nod and walked right on into the house.

Madge sank into a chair. She was dog-tired. She leaned back and shut her eyes.

Ma watched her awhile over her clicking knitting needles; ma looked troubled, too. She waited half a minute before she asked what had happened.

"It all went wrong," Madge said with a sigh. "Dan getting into an argument with Tod Deever, of all people—"

I sat up straight, staring. Something rolled over inside me. Ma was just as surprised. She put her knitting down in her lap and asked what had brought on the argument.

"Dan took it into his head he'd have to borrow two thousand dollars to help build a new house," Madge said. "I *told* him to go to the bank. But no, he wouldn't do that. You know Dan when he gets stubborn. Said he owed the bank enough as it was."

"So he went to *Tod?*" ma said.

"Mm." Madge shook her head as if Dan Carmichael couldn't have made a bigger mistake. "We got three hundred head o' Herefords grazing on our land, and Dan said he could pay back half the money when he sold his beef. The rest would have to wait a year. Tod was willing to lend the money, all right. But he—well, he wanted a lien on Dan's cattle. Said it had to be a business deal, with papers signed right and all."

"Tod?" For a second ma outblinked Peggy Allenwood. "Why, he—he's practically in the family—"

"That's what made Dan so sore," Madge said, the words coming slow. "He figured his own son-in-law ought to have enough faith in his word not to ask for liens and such." Madge was still a moment. "He didn't throw it up to Tod but I guess Dan was thinking back some years to the time Tod's pa settled around Twin Buttes. Old Hi Deever didn't have a cent then. Dan and some other men staked him to enough to buy his first few cows. There wasn't any papers signed. Just a man-to-man deal, and Hi Deever paid back every cent. So it made Dan boil up when Tod called for a—a *lien.*"

I couldn't help wondering how Ellie felt about all this. Madge didn't say. Pretty soon she talked about other things—how Dan would have trouble finding men to build a house these days even if he did raise the money. And it wasn't only the men; it was the materials he'd need. Where was he going to buy them in wartime?

I listened till Lila Ducane's yellow roadster swung into our side road. She had Peggy Allenwood with her, and the usual dust cloud trailing behind. When she stopped, Lila waved without getting out.

"Hello, there!" she called. "How goes it this afternoon?"

"Fine," I said, standing up. "Better than ever."

"I hear you're a horse doctor now."

"Man's got to make a living some way," I said with a grin.

"Well, dad said you were a big help. You and I have a date this afternoon—remember? You're supposed to watch Peggy and me play tennis."

A driver and an American major in a motortruck were challenged by the sentry at a crossroads: "Who goes there?"

"One American major, one ton of fertilizer, and one buck private."

They were allowed to proceed, but at every crossroads they went through the same ritual. After a while the driver asked if they were likely to be stopped again.

"I think so," said the major.

"Well, major," requested the private, "the next time we're stopped, would you mind giving me priority over the fertilizer?"

"All set," I said, starting for the steps.

I squeezed into the yellow car, with Peggy Allenwood blinking her eyes and telling me how different I looked without my uniform. When we drove away, Lila was careful about the bumps. She didn't say anything about my wounds. She just tried not to hurt them. I got to thinking again of the way she'd kissed me the other day. I looked at her past Peggy, hoping to catch her eye, but Lila was busy watching the road.

At the Ducane place they made me stretch out in a long canvas chair with red and yellow stripes, while the girls ran in to change clothes.

I looked around. The sprawling white house was as big as a hotel. Though it was too late in the season for anybody to go swimming, the pool was still full of blue water, and the colored umbrellas were still mushrooming around it. The place felt like a million dollars.

I thought, Where did you get the idea you could ever horn in on a set-up like this, Jeff?

The girls came out in white shorts, with rackets under their arms. Lila must have given a few orders in the kitchen, because a Chinese fellow brought me a long glass of something red on a tray, and then he left a pitcher full of it and some more glasses on a table next to me. I held the drink and watched the game.

The score was five to two in Lila's favor when Will Ducane came out of the house. I heard his voice on the porch. He was talking to a man with a notebook, giving some sort of orders; and I got the idea that Ducane did a lot of business on the ranch, keeping secretaries and the telephone busy. He came over to the tennis court.

"Nice to see you here, Conley," he said as he poured himself a drink. "The mare seems to be all right now." He swallowed some of the drink while he watched the girls. Then he sat on the footrest of another long chair and bent toward me. His eyes got narrow, as if he was trying to see something in my face. "I've been hoping for a chance to talk to you alone—I mean away from Dan Carmichael."

So the day was going to be spoiled again, I thought. Everybody in the valley had some sort of worry, even Will Ducane, and I couldn't get away from any one of them without bumping into another.

Ducane looked at his glass. "I find Dan Carmichael a hard man to get along with."

"I guess he feels the same way about you," I said.

"No doubt. We represent different ways of thinking. Still, there's no reason for a clash between us. Not if Carmichael would consider things without forever keeping a chip on his shoulder."

I didn't speak. It was better to stare at the girls.

"You could be of great help to both of us, Conley."

"By advising Dan to sell his land?" I asked.

"Yes. I think he'd listen to you. After all, you and he are the same kind of people."

I DIDN'T like that—the way Ducane said it. He seemed to be putting himself above us. Still, something inside of me warned, If you want to make a play for Lila, here's a chance to please her old man. But I said:

"There's no call for me to butt into this."

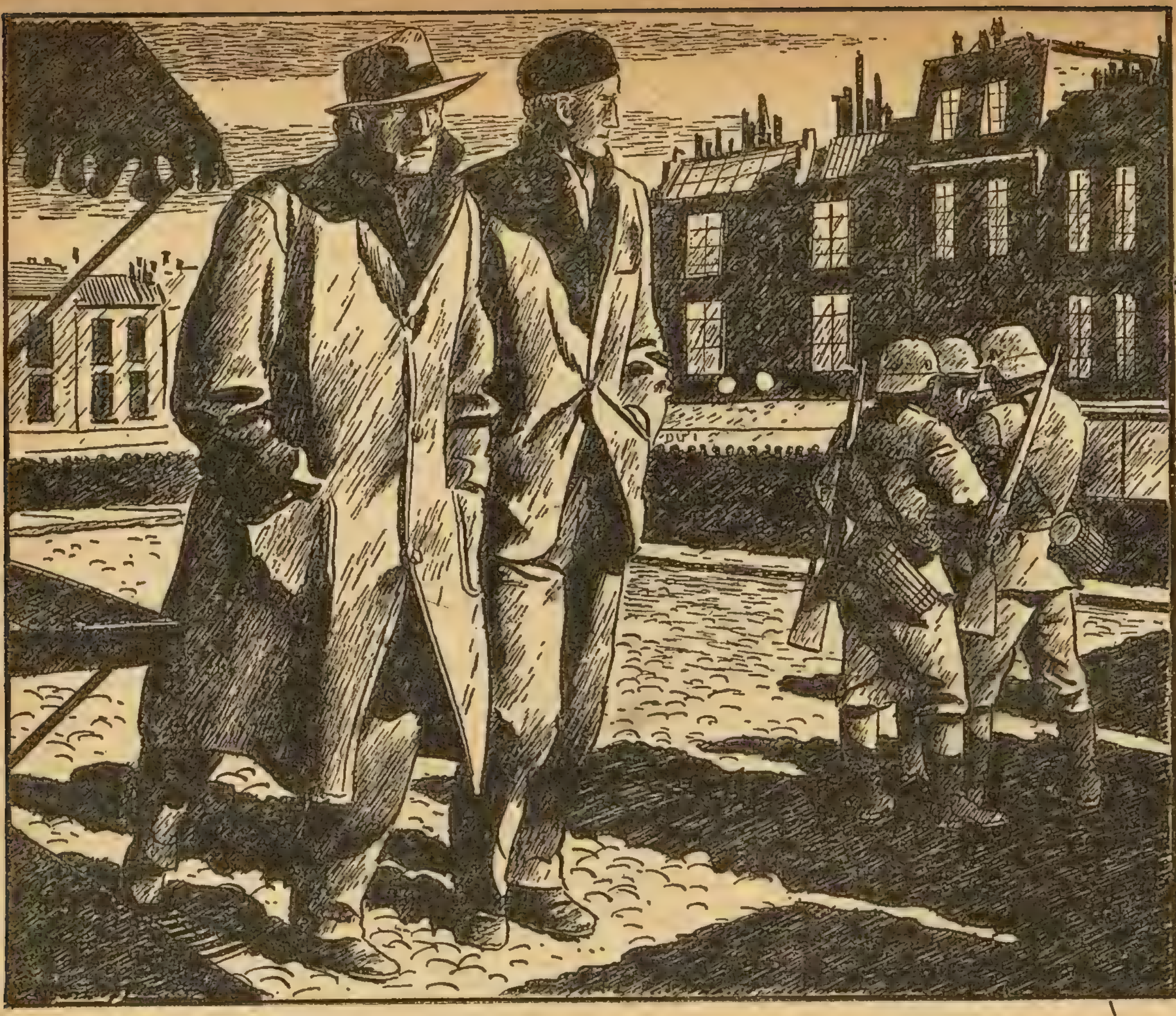
"It wouldn't be butting in. It would be doing Carmichael a service as a friend. I've been looking around, Conley. Over on the other side of Twin Buttes, for instance—not far from the Deever ranch—Dan Carmichael could buy better land and more of it than he's got now. For grazing purposes, there's no comparison. You know the land I mean? The Williams ranch?"

I nodded.

"Sixteen hundred acres," Ducane said. "All of it good range. A fine house and barns in excellent condition. Williams wants to sell out—and he'll take eighteen thousand dollars. If Carmichael bought it, he'd have a better and bigger ranch than he has now, plus seven thousand dollars in cash as a profit on the deal. He'd have no need to build himself a new home, either—he'd have a fine ranch house ready and waiting. Can you give me any earthly reason why he should refuse to consider a proposition like this—except plain stubbornness? Why, a quarter of his land here is nothing but waste—badlands. I'm willing to take even that off his hands!"

He sure wants Carmichael's spread bad, I thought. It puzzled me more than ever. I drew a long breath, reached for the pitcher, and filled up my glass. "I'll

(*Continued on page 61*)



The WHITE BRIGADE

BY ROBERT GOFFIN

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Against the ruthless suppression and exploitation by the Nazis the Belgians fight bitterly — and ruthlessly.

This is the story. It reveals new depths of German savagery and new heights of underground heroism.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ATWELL

IN eighteen days Belgium had been overthrown, destroyed, and bled white. None of those old ideas of freedom that had been the country's greatness remained when Jean Buchet returned to pick up the fragments of his life.

He had served in the air force and the tide of defeat had washed him to Africa. There Buchet and others had been seized by the French police, who offered them the sorry choice of prison or a return to what had been their homes.

Buchet had taken the second alternative. He was put on a French ship to be carried to Marseilles, whence he had to make his own way back to Brussels. Everywhere the Germans were drunk with their own arrogance, defiling a second time the towns where the wounds of 1914 mingled with those of 1940. Buchet re-entered Belgium at Tournai, where the cathedral stood lonely and naked above the rubble, where the air still stank of death and destruction. He went on through Mons, gaping with artillery wounds; Nivelles, whose lovely cathedral lay crumbled.

When Buchet arrived in the capital, drunken Boches swaggered in all the streets. He walked huddling close to the shattered shop windows with empty shelves behind them. The wind was autumnal; he shivered. Turning into his own street, Rue Sans-Souci, he saw that the butcher and the grocer were no longer there.

At his own door he dared not knock, for there might be no answer. Then he forced himself to make the effort.

His wife appeared in the hall and stood immobile, unbelieving; but two-year-old Anne came running out to be kissed as if he were just coming home from the office. With one arm he embraced his wife, while the other held Anne.

At last Buchet and his wife stood apart again; he set the child down gently on the floor.

"I've been so afraid, Jean!" Denise sobbed. "I've been so afraid. Have you nothing to say to me?"

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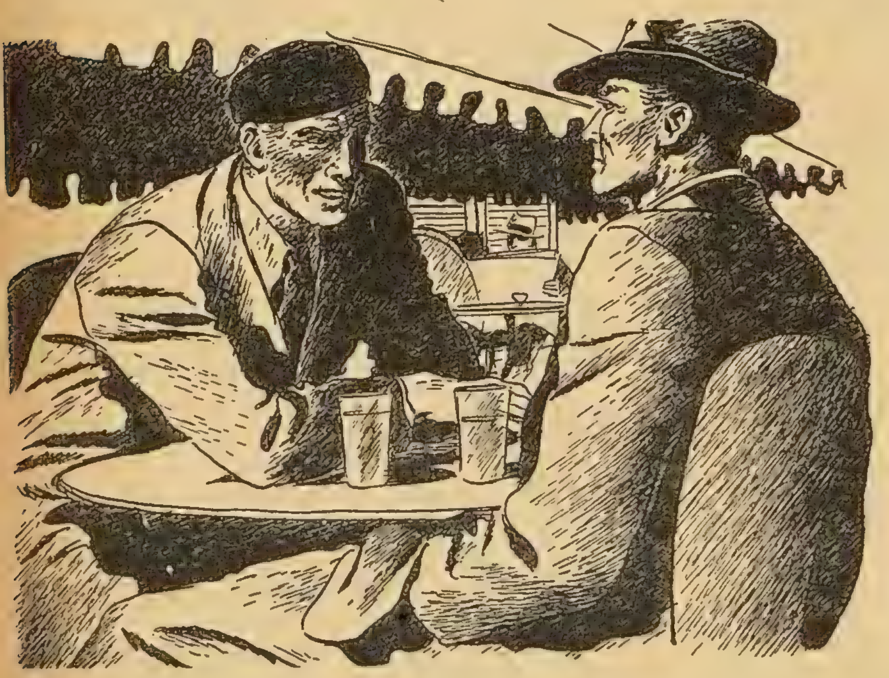
"Yes, my dear." He took her hand. "This: You must be stronger, harder than ever. The war is just beginning."

SOME ten days after his return home he received a post card from a friend, Paul Freeman, who lived at La Hulpe, about twenty kilometers from Brussels. Freeman suggested that Buchet pay him a visit as soon as he had received the card.

Buchet told his wife that he would probably be away overnight and went to his bank to withdraw more of his diminishing savings. Then he set out on foot.

More than the dreariness of autumn filled the woods and fields. German officers were drilling their men. Fifes were shrilling a cruel glee. At a crossroads where a sentry's boots plunged rhythmically, Buchet glanced across a hedge and could just see fighter planes ranked under a mass of cleverly disposed greenery.

When he turned at last into the lane where his friend lived, it was late in the afternoon. He saw Freeman sitting outside his cottage, and called. Freeman ran to meet him and grasp both his hands, to lead him to the bench beside the house. Neither spoke until Buchet, carefully filling his pipe with vile tobacco, asked dully:



"Why did you come back? You must have known we were done in."

"Until the last battle's fought and won, we're not," Freeman replied sharply. "England'll hold out and America will get in it—you'll see. Lost causes have been redeemed before this, Jean. I asked you to come because I think I'm going to need you. I want to be sure I can depend on you."

"You know I'm a good friend."

Freeman looked steadily at him. "Listen. I have a job to do here. I want to organize a real resistance, give it a head and arms and guidance. But I can't use any one I can't be absolutely sure of."

Buchet pondered this. "Paul," he said at last, wonderingly, fearfully, "you're making me hope again! But it's so utterly impossible! I can't help feeling that we're all slaves who'll never know freedom again. What can we do?"

Without answering directly, his friend said, "What's happening now is just the logical sequel to what was begun in 1914. Cruelty and savagery aren't Nazi inventions. They're 'made in Germany.' Remember Governor General von der Goltz' warning in 1915—'Penalties for hostile acts must strike the innocent and the guilty alike'?"

Buchet strode nervously back and forth. Memory of the past and fear of the future united in him to produce a raging hatred.

Freeman said more quietly: "I don't ask you to make up your mind now. Think about it. I know you have a wife and child and you have to think of them. But anyway see Valentin."

"Valentin who?"

"Just Valentin: that's all you have to know. Be at the Café Métropole Wednesday at four. He'll know you."

"But why don't you tell me who he is?" Buchet insisted. "Don't you trust me?"

"No!" Yet there was no rancor in Freeman's voice.

Buchet half turned, and Freeman sensed rather than saw the anger. "Listen, Jean," he said rapidly. "I wouldn't have asked you to come if I didn't trust you as much as I trust myself. It's terrible to say, perhaps, but for the kind of work that lies ahead for us no one has a right to trust even himself too far."

"What do you mean?" Buchet asked coldly.

"Let me explain. The Gestapo summoned me last month. I spent a whole day waiting to be questioned. In the next room I could hear a Belgian being questioned—and tortured. He wouldn't talk at first. Then I began to hear cries of pain; a whip cracking. Then suddenly there wasn't a sound, and I realized what had happened."

"What?"

"He gave in. And I couldn't blame him. A man can't hold out forever, and when he does give in he has to give his friends' names, and it's the same thing for them. So we can't even trust ourselves, let alone others."

"I'm sorry," Buchet said contritely. "I understand. I'll see Valentin Wednesday."

"Good man! Try to come again next Sunday."

Jean Buchet had a fitful sleep that night, interlaced with dreams of firing squads. The next day he avoided his wife's eyes. He dared not tell her anything.

On Wednesday, as directed by Freeman, he went to the Café Métropole a little before four o'clock, and sat down with a glass of flat beer. When some one touched his shoulder, he leaped to his feet. He strove to master his face and to look at the stranger—a tall blond young man who wore a Rexist emblem in his lapel. This was the insigne of the Belgian Fascist Party. For a moment Buchet was limp. He had been betrayed!

"I've met you before, haven't I?" the blond man said. "Aren't you a friend of Paul's?"

"Yes," Buchet answered, barely audibly.

"So am I," the stranger said. "Let's sit down." His face was smooth and extraordinarily gay. "I'm Valentin."

"My name's Jean."

"We have plenty of Jeans; you'll be Jean Souci."

Buchet nodded, and Valentin bent over to speak more softly. "The Fritzes tried to invade England—and failed. It isn't generally known, but it's damned important and damned hopeful. See that fat slob there, two tables to the left? Watch him; he's Gestapo. You live in the Rue Sans-Souci, don't you?"

"Yes."

"So does he; near you, I think. He's one reason I wanted to see you. We want information about him: the hours he keeps, where he goes, who comes to see him."

"Right."

"You see"—Valentin smiled—"I'm not asking you for any heroics—yet. Just a small patriotic task."

"That's all right, but how am I to get in touch with you?" Buchet inquired.

"On Sunday tell Paul whatever you've found out."

THEY finished their drinks and walked out, passing the fat Gestapo man. The Boulevard Adolphe Max was thronged with German soldiers. An emaciated boy was peddling the Bruesseler Zeitung. Buchet felt suffocated by the air of Germanism that hung over everything.

He said good-by to Valentin at the corner of the Rue Sans-Souci, under the nose of a giant German sergeant. He forced himself to appear calm as he approached his house. When, at the dinner table, his wife questioned him on his afternoon away from home, he replied, "I've been out looking for a job, Denise. We haven't much money left, you know."

The same explanation enabled him to spend the next three days out of the house, fulfilling the task assigned to him by Valentin. On Sunday he told Denise that he was going to see an old friend who might be able to help him, and then went to call on Freeman.

"Well?" Freeman demanded.

"Well, I've met your Valentin."

"What do you think of him?"

"Nothing, so far—but he gave me a job."

"Yes, I know," Freeman said.

"I kept an eye on a fat apoplectic that Valentin pointed out to me in the Métropole. His name is Henri Schumacker—born in Luxembourg. He lived in Berlin for a long time and worked for Siemens. He lives at 101 Rue Sans-Souci with a woman named Maria Schmidt. The neighbors say they've got a tremendous amount of food and wine." Buchet added abruptly, "Are there many of you?"

"Many of whom?"

"Underground people—like yourself."

"You mean the White Brigade?" Freeman said. "I don't know, but I think several hundred. You know why we call it that, don't you? The Germans formed a Black Brigade, so ours is white because we work against them. Our job is to prepare for an Allied invasion in every possible way: incendiarism, sabotage, espionage, murder, whatever helps. We've got to know every move the Germans make and every move they're going to make. We work in the dark without even knowing one another. We work by threes: each man knows two others, under aliases; each of these two knows two others; and so on, so that we have a regular pyramid of Belgians of every class."

"But how can you co-ordinate all this activity?"

"There are a few leaders," Freeman explained, "who run the top organization. Under them we have sections for each kind of activity. Then the thing is redivided by provinces and cities. It's damned complicated."

THE ultra-secret form of organization sketched by Freeman had soon to be abandoned as the forces of resistance grew in numbers and in scope. Too many of their projects required the co-ordinated efforts of half a dozen persons. But the elementary caution that Freeman had shown continued: almost all his fellow workers were known to one another only by pseudonyms.

One of their first major tasks was the repatriation of British soldiers who had been unable to reach Dunkerque.

Most of these belonged to units that had been in the field near Lessines; isolated in the Flobecq woods, they were now marooned behind the enemy lines.

Hiding by day, the Englishmen had spent weary nights in scouting their immediate vicinity. One of them encountered a peasant to whom, in halting French, he explained his comrades' plight. The Belgian was eager to help, but he counseled the Englishman and his friends to remain under cover in the woods.

The next night the same peasant appeared in the woods with a companion, carrying great parcels of food. His companion, who spoke some English, briefly sketched the German conquests. He said that the Englishmen had but two choices: to surrender or to hide in the countryside until the opportunity to escape should arise. If they chose the latter, he said, he would procure help for them.

The troops dismissed the first alternative with scorn. The Belgians worked for many nights thereafter secreting them, one or two at a time, in near-by villages, disguising them in civilian clothes, and finding forged identity cards for them. For many weeks the soldiers remained in hiding while news of their plight was brought to the White Brigade in Brussels.

Freeman came one day to the capital and went to Buchet's house. He proposed that they bring all the Englishmen to Brussels, where they would be safer, and then arrange to send them back to England. More tedious weeks passed until this could be accomplished.

Meanwhile other members of the Brigade were organizing relays—not unlike the Underground Railroad before the American Civil War—to conduct the Englishmen to various coastal points. Some of these were Belgian and French fishing towns where fishermen could be found who would conceal a man or two in their boats and run the risk of making for England. Others were as far away as Portugal, requiring a long secret journey across France and Spain.

"This method does waste time," Freeman admitted to Buchet, "but it's infinitely safer. The English would never be able to make contact with our fellows inland or on the coast. When they go back to the coast our fellows go along to guide them and make contacts, and to wait at the ports—at the Belgian ports, anyway—until the boats come back."

"Why do they wait?" Buchet interposed.

"To learn whether the trip was successful, and to bring back guns and ammunition that the fishermen get from England. They hide the stuff under the fish, as they do the Englishmen on the trip out."

The first group of these Englishmen had barely been started on their way back when an underground group in the province of Limbourg, on the Dutch border, sent word that other British soldiers were still in hiding there. A visit by men of the White Brigade's Brussels group was demanded at once to arrange for the repatriation of these men. Freeman and Buchet went to Liége.

There one April dawn the sirens howled and German fighters roared into the air. The British had already dropped their bombs and turned away, but above Visé they were attacked. A great plane turned crazily in the air and began to fall. A pin point seemed to break off it; then a white parachute blossomed in the air.

German Army cars and motorcycles fanned out over the whole region to hunt for the parachutist. Dogs were called out. They found his trail, but lost it in a brook. He had apparently melted into the countryside as invisibly as a lump of sugar into a cup of coffee.

Actually, he had landed in a little clump of bushes where a gamekeeper was working. The gamekeeper hurried him to a huge oak tree in the branches of which huntsmen had built a covered lookout platform, gave him his own bread and bottle of coffee, and instructed him, by signs, not to move. Barely had the keeper resumed his work when a German patrol accosted him and asked whether he had seen an English airman. The gamekeeper said no. From his post in the tree the Englishman could see the Belgian guiding the Germans away from him.

That night the gamekeeper informed his employer of what had happened. The latter, a landowner, was put in contact with Freeman and Buchet, who asked for the name of a trustworthy person in the neighborhood of Liége. They were introduced to an elderly couple named Fraipont, who promised to house the flyer.

The next evening they went to the gamekeeper's lodge to discuss the best means of smuggling the airman to Liége. The gamekeeper ventured a suggestion. The Oberfeldkommandantur of Liége had ordered the surrender of all abandoned military weapons and private arms. Only a few days before, the gamekeeper had found a Belgian machine gun in a field. He needed only to get a permit to allow "bearer" to turn it in at Liége.

The next morning the gamekeeper went to the town hall and got from the German functionary there a *Passirschein* for the transport and delivery of one machine gun. Later Buchet, Freeman, and the Englishman (in the gamekeeper's uniform) took the train for Liége.

THEY reached the city without incident, and left the gun, carefully wrapped, in the checkroom, where the gamekeeper was to get it next day to make formal delivery. The flyer was taken to the Fraiponts', and received like a son. Their daughter Constance gave him French lessons every day, for he would need the language if he were to reach England. Their only visitors were the Meltiors, close and trustworthy friends. Often they carried a Germanized newspaper that told of the havoc wreaked on Britain by the German bombers; and they asked the flyer how much soundness there was in the predictions of Britain's quick surrender.

"As long as there's an Englishman left," he would reply in his fragmentary French, "the war will go on!"

After several weeks Buchet returned to Liége. The various stages of the Englishman's voyage had been prepared.

Days of anxious thought followed in Liége and Brussels as the Englishman's friends wondered about the progress of his journey. One day the Fraiponts received a post card bearing an apparently casual message and initialed signature. Their joy was such that they had to share it with their friends the Meltiors.

Shortly afterward the Meltiors were visiting friends. The talk turned to England's resistance. As the discussion grew more heated, Mme. Meltior insisted that she was far better informed on the subject than the others.

"Because an Englishman told me all about it!" she cried, wanting only to establish her credibility. "It was at the Fraiponts'," she added unthinkingly. "They saved him after the bomber crashed between Visé and Maeseyck, and he told us all about his country."

After that the Fraiponts were constantly being congratulated by friends and strangers, for their act seemed to symbolize the city's determination to resist the Germans.

Buchet learned in July that the Englishman and his companions were at last safe in Lisbon. Since he had more work to do in Liége, he decided to transmit this latest news to the Fraiponts. But when he rang at their door, no one answered.

A woman about to turn in at the next house walked over to him. "What do you want?" she asked him.

"I want to see M. Fraipont."

"The Boches arrested the Fraipont family last week."

Buchet asked for details, and learned that both they and the Meltiors had been seized without warning; that, despite beatings and hunger and nights without sleep, every one of the five had told a different story. But at last they contradicted themselves, unwittingly corroborated one another on a detail, and the Germans learned the truth.

However, the Fraiponts could not identify the persons who had brought the English airman to Liége and helped him to leave; they did not know the names of either Freeman or Buchet; they had merely heard the younger of the men addressed as M. Souci.

The Germans decided to make of the five culprits an example that would serve as an unparalleled deterrent. A military court was immediately convened. The prosecutor was ruthless and the verdict was only a formality. The Fraipont family was condemned to death; the Meltiors were sentenced to a long term at forced labor.

The Fraiponts were taken to the spot where the heroes of 1914 had been executed. The officer in command of the firing squad ordered them blindfolded and lined up against the wall.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" Above the rifles' roar a cry rang out; Fraipont and his wife knew that their daughter had fallen.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!" And old Fraipont stood alone.

"Vive la Belgique!" The guns that killed him were not quick enough to stifle that cry.

A DOZEN men sat in a half-lit room. They knew one another by the names of the streets or communities where they lived: La Hulpe, Souci, Malibran, Villa, Chaudron, Clemenceau, Blaes, L'Anglais, Neufchâtel, and others.

They represented every stratum: merchants, intellectuals, professional men, workers. They spoke in low, quick tones; time was always precious to them. Their plans were, for the present, to organize anti-German rallies; and there were still Englishmen hidden in Belgium who had to be kept alive and smuggled out.

"What progress has been made so far?" L'Anglais demanded.

Reports were made: certain members of the White Brigade had begun organizational work in the rural areas; their recruits had brought in others.

"How many Englishmen are still here?" Chaudron inquired.

"We haven't any exact figures," L'Anglais replied. "Maybe about two hundred. But now it's time for the BBC. Will you turn on the radio, Chaudron?"

They gathered around the little box, its volume kept barely audible. After a preliminary hum they heard the familiar introductions: "Allo! Allo! This is the BBC in London. Radio Belgium is on the air."

The announcer gave a thorough digest of the day's news from all the world. Then he began to discuss the background of the traitors in Belgium who had taken German money. Suddenly there was a click and the dial of the radio went dark.

"Damn, a fuse must have blown out!" Malibran muttered.

Souci went to a window that gave on the street. "There are German soldiers at the doorway. We're in a trap. How do we get out?"

L'Anglais laughed without humor. "Don't lose your head. Anybody who has any papers on him that might cause trouble—swallow them." He himself took a sheet of foolscap from a table and hastily scrawled something on it. "Now set the dial for the Stuttgart station."

He folded his paper so that it could stand on top of the radio. In the light of a match, Souci read the big red lettering: "We swear our fealty to our chief, Léon Degrelle. Vive Rex!"

Heavy boots were mounting the stairs. Neufchâtel lit his pipe, chuckling, and L'Anglais affixed a large Rexist emblem to his lapel. Suddenly the radio dial was bright again. A German voice began to come out of the box hailing German successes. Almost at the same moment the boots stopped at their door and a loud knock resounded. Before they could answer it, the door opened and two German soldiers entered, revolvers in hand. "Hitler, Germany, and Kommandantur!" they barked.

One of them approached the radio. "Ach, you listen to a German station. *Wunderbar.*"

Then he saw the paper and read its slogan.

"Ach, Rex. Sind sie Rexisten?"

"Natürlich!" L'Anglais grinned.

"Aber wir sind Freunde!" the German said jubilantly. *"Gottfried, sie sind alle Nazi! Heil Hitler!"*

L'Anglais returned the salutation and the others belatedly imitated him.

The German soldiers stood at attention, clicked their heels, and with a final "Heil Hitler!" turned and left. As Souci walked hesitantly to the door to close it, he heard the blows and shouts of troopers who had surprised Belgians listening to their radio from London. He closed the door and sat in the nearest chair.

"Tight squeeze," Malibran said at last. "How did you know what was coming, L'Anglais?"

L'Anglais wiped the sweat from his forehead. "I've heard of that trick of theirs. They come into an apartment house about BBC time and cut off the main electric meter. Radios and lights go off, and naturally everybody thinks there's something wrong with the current and never thinks of changing the radio setting. While everybody's waiting for the current to come back the Germans go through the house and put a guard at each door, so that, when the pig in the basement turns on the current again, they can tell who's listening to England."

"Not a bad stunt," Malibran admitted grudgingly. "But it's left me a little clammy."

AS winter approached, the German authorities reiterated their warning that any person found guilty of having aided the Allies would be put to death. Certain traitors were joining the underground movement to work as spies. This development was the subject of discussion at a meeting for which Chaudron was late. He came in breathless, as if he had been running.

"Villa's been caught!" he announced. "Somewhere the Germans found a list with his name on it, and now they're torturing him to learn more. I trust Villa, but it seems that the list was pretty comprehensive and the Huns have already arrested several others."

The Gestapo had lost no time in its investigation. Given a single clue, it had been able to make wide discoveries. At the same time, through released prisoners and suborned prison warders, the White Brigade was able to keep abreast of their comrades' plight. Each day the prisoners were taken in an armored truck to a place where they were lined up against the wall.

The questioning, in which the prisoners were interviewed singly, was more brutal. Villa, it was said, had defended himself and the rest vigorously. Those who had seen him in prison told of the welts raised on his face by beatings with belts and straps.

"Identify Souci," he was ordered. "We've found out that that's the alias of one of the traitors."

"Never heard of him!"

"Ever hear of this? Otto, give the gentleman a talking powder!" A crowbar smashed against his kneecap. "Now will you talk, you Belgian swine?"

"To hell with Hitler!"

A rifle butt crashed over his face, breaking his front teeth.

"My dear sir," said the questioner, suave again, "you have only to tell us where Souci lives, and you're a free man."

"I never heard of Souci."

"Don't be ridiculous! You're not the leader of these bandits; Souci gave you your orders."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

ONE night when it was too cold to sleep, Buchet saw two German policemen turn into the Rue Sans-Souci, and his shivering increased. When the Germans knocked at the door of his neighbor, Schumacker, he breathed more freely. He changed his alias from Souci to Sans.

The execution of the "traitors," including Villa, meant that Freeman had to send Buchet to Liége to co-ordinate new sections of the White Brigade.

Buchet traveled by a succession of interurban trams to avoid police attention. When he reached Liége, he found the streets and cafés full of German soldiers. In doorways ragged children held out almost transparent hands to beg a few sous for food. He walked boldly into a café and, by arrangement, met there a saboteur who was to give him lodging for the night.

Early the next morning a meeting was held in the home of a court clerk. The chief problem was to unify all the spontaneous movements of resistance into a pyramid with a base of thousands of men and women. Then a secret commission would be formed for each precinct and charged with the preparation of sabotage, arson, and, when, necessary, murder in its own area.

Buchet suggested that the various groups of the White Brigade survey minutely the factories, mines, quarries, railroads, powerhouses, steel mills, chemical plants, and communications centers in their respective areas, then form groups to be schooled in the best techniques of sabotage applicable to each type of industry.

Back in Brussels, Buchet one evening left the headquarters with Roger Libion, a student who had lost his family in the war. Libion turned up his coat collar against the dank drizzle. "I have a strange feeling sometimes," he said, "as if something cold and wet were closing in on me. Sometimes I wake up at night with a start. Other times I can't sleep because I feel so helpless against the damn Germans!"

"How old are you?" Buchet asked.

"Old enough to die," Libion said dully.

They walked in silence awhile under a dark sky.

"I am ripening a plan," Libion whispered presently. "You know that Degrelle and Matthys are the mainsprings of the Rexist treason. They have an office near the Rue de Laeken—a sort of staff headquarters. I'm going to try to get the two leaders and the Rexist secretary at the same time. But I need some raw materials." He smiled. "Can you get some for me?"

"How do you plan to go about it?"

"By dressing as a German soldier and leaving a time bomb once I get inside."

Buchet said nothing and they parted. As Buchet lingered, looking after his friend, he saw two gray forms detach themselves from a mass of shadow and follow the student.

Buchet called on Libion the next day to warn him that he was being followed, and, after hearing more of his plan, called a meeting of a few men to put it into action.

Chaudron arrived first, bringing the necessary explosives. Others followed with revolvers. Libion came in. He paced up and down as they discussed his plan, making alterations here and there.

The attempt was to be made the next day. As the meeting broke up, Buchet took Libion by the arm. "I'll do the job tomorrow," he said.

"Why?"

"Because if anybody follows you it'll be too bad."

Libion shrugged. "All right. Be at the Rue des Comédiens bookshop at ten tomorrow morning, then; everything will be ready."

Buchet lay awake the whole night, tossing, until his wife awoke. "I know you're going to do something," she said; "I can tell it. Won't you let me help you?" But he told her almost gruffly to go back to sleep.

Early on the morning of October 1 he left the house and walked slowly to the shop. In a back room Chaudron was checking over the bomb and Libion was brushing out a gray uniform.

"One of our members," he explained to Buchet, "is a cleaning woman at the Kommandantur, and she brought us some seals and wrappings that were on a registered parcel sent from Berlin. We'll wrap up the bomb in them and address it to Degrelle and his secretary, Jean Oedekerke. Be careful with the string—you might get hurt. It's tied to another inside that will set the thing off. I hope both our friends will be there to open it together."

"That's a postman's uniform," Chaudron said. "Bag, too. Put it on, Buchet—I think it'll fit."

Buchet did so. The fit was not bad enough to attract attention. He slung the postman's bag over his shoulder. The package was cradled in a miscellany of papers.

His hands were cold and his heavy shoes made an ominous sound on the pavements. Passing a group of German soldiers, he felt his back go chill and he almost turned around. In the boulevard there were many more German soldiers. His feet seemed to drag as he drew nearer the Brown House, as the Belgians called the Fascists' headquarters. At last he was at the door and rang the bell.

A young man in a Rexist uniform opened a sliding panel. "I'll take the mail," he said.

"I have a registered parcel for M. Degrelle," Buchet said.

"But he isn't here. Can't you leave it with me?"

"No; it's registered," Buchet repeated, afraid lest his insistence betray him. "It's from a ministry in Berlin—it must be important—and addressed to M. Degrelle and M. Oedekerke. I have to deliver it myself and see it signed for. It's the rule."

"All right, then." The guard turned, motioning to Buchet to follow him.

Buchet was shown into an office that overlooked the street. On a large desk there were signed photographs of Degrelle and Hitler. Oedekerke looked up. "What is it?" he demanded.

"Registered parcel, sir; from Berlin."

"Good. Put it down here, will you?"

Buchet deposited his package carefully on a pile of German newspapers and produced a nondescript notebook. "Would you mind signing, sir?" he asked. Oedekerke signed automatically and Buchet left the office.

With studied slowness he went downstairs and past the guard, thinking, If only I can get out of here before he opens it! Then he was at the door, which the young Rexist opened for him with a smile.

Thunder roared in his ears. But it was only the closing of the door. He was sweating profusely, but even outdoors he dared not run. He walked, more and more rapidly, and when somewhere behind him he heard an explosion he felt a glow of pride in work well done.

Chaudron had remained near by to observe the results. Glass showered the street with fragments of brick and plaster, and men ran screaming from the Brown House. The bleeding body of Jean Oedekerke was hurried into an ambulance. His mangled hands were pressed against his shattered belly.

Chaudron recalled the phrase of the firing squads. Justice had been done.

GERMANY had invaded Russia. Stunned at first, the world had soon begun to hope that here Hitler had made the worst miscalculation of his career. The underground movement in Belgium, as elsewhere, was suddenly infused with new ardor as the Communists redoubled their efforts to overthrow the invader. Now every resource that they had held in reserve—hidden weapons as well as untouched plans—was unhesitatingly contributed to the common cause. The tide of sabotage and death rolled high.

In August, 1941, Buchet went to Tournai to confer with the leaders of resistance. There had been some successful demonstrations, including the murder of one Schnock, administrator of the German-controlled textile factories. Buchet, however, could learn no more than the facts that the Germans had published, with particular emphasis on the locale and the means of death.

Back in Brussels a month later he read in the newspapers that the Rexist Gérard had been found dead in a urinal, stabbed between the shoulders. Buchet noted the resemblance to the killing of Schnock.

That same night two young men rang at Buchet's door. They told Mme. Buchet that they had just come from Tournai. Buchet, suspicious, told his wife to say that he was out. The strangers replied that they would wait for him at the Clock Bar, at the corner of the Wavre Road.

After an hour of careful thought, Buchet went to the Clock. The two young men convinced him of their affiliation with the White Brigade. They said they were Henri Talboom and Robert Lelong and they had killed Gérard that morning and fled to Brussels. Buchet, they had been told, would find them a safe hide-out.

Buchet knew of a small boardinghouse in the Avenue du Roi, kept by the brother of a Brigadier. After he left them there, he stepped onto the sidewalk, only to see a German patrol swing around the corner and come toward him. He deliberately slowed his step, but they paid him no attention. Buchet did not dare look back until he had reached the next corner. Then he saw the two policemen standing in front of the boardinghouse he had just quitted. One reached out his hand as if to ring. A moment later they were admitted.

From a doorway Buchet watched lights come on in the boardinghouse. Sweating, he remembered suddenly that he had heard a telephone dial in another room while he was talking to the owner of the house.

Three sharp shots sounded. The door of the boardinghouse burst open, and a servant girl ran shrieking into the empty street. She was followed by two shadows that Buchet recognized as his recent companions. They ran toward the St. Gilles Club's football field as a window of the boardinghouse was thrown open and the owner leaned out, howling: "Police! Murder!"

Buchet ran around the corner, then into another doorway when he saw shaded headlights approaching. The servant, he thought, must have seen the men enter the house and telephoned the police while Buchet was talking to her employer.

Buchet trembled as he walked. What action could he take now? Hurrying home, he felt as if a circle of fire were closing in on him. A wave of utter fatigue swept over him; he stumbled and almost fell. What would his wife and child do when they were left alone?

Denise was waiting for him when he came in. "How pale you are, Jean!" she cried, frightened. "What has happened?"

He took her hand. "Denise, listen to me. If ever I don't come home some night, you must keep your chin up."

He said nothing more, for she had bowed her head without a word and he knew that she was weeping.

A few days later Buchet learned that Talboom and Lelong had gone to Freeman—known as La Hulpe—on the night of September 17, after they had killed the two German policemen, and La Hulpe had sent them as soon as possible to join a group setting out for France. They had escaped!

BUCHET sat one evening alone in a furnished room awaiting the arrival of La Hulpe and the others. At last there came the sound of steps, then the customary knock at the door. Buchet opened it. It was Wiesemberg, who had been on guard at the door. "There's a young man from Liége downstairs. Says his name's Fervin. He says Minute sent him to see 'Cent as in *centaine* [hundred.]' "

"Send him up," Buchet said.

"I don't know," Wiesemberg mused. "I had a bad hunch when I saw him. I don't like his looks or his accent."

"Well, go back and tell him you couldn't find any Monsieur 'Cent as in *centaine*,' but there's an old tenant on the second floor who might be able to help him. Then send him up. If Freeman comes, have him follow the guy when he leaves."

Wiesemberg went downstairs. A moment or two later a sallow-skinned man came into the room. He had rather worried eyes set deep between his high cheekbones. Buchet looked up from his German paper.

"I'm Alfred Fervin of Liége," the stranger introduced himself. "Minute sent me."

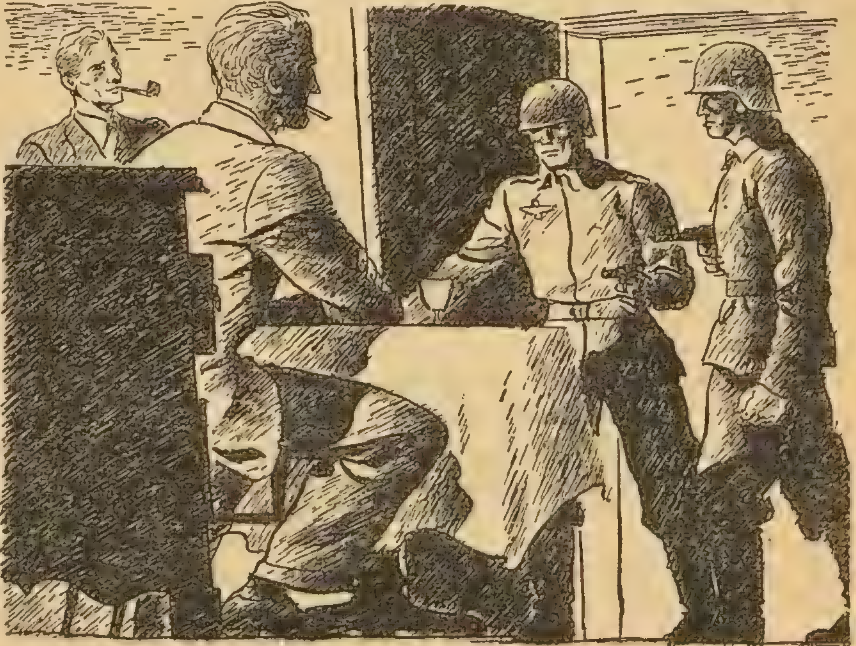
"Who's Minute?" Buchet demanded harshly.

"We can skip that. I was sent to see somebody named Cent on important business."

"Cent? Like *centaine?*"

"Maybe."

"I think I've heard that name," Buchet said reflectively.



"Why don't you come back about this time tomorrow? Meantime I'll try to get his address for you."

Fervin thanked him and went out. Buchet went to the window and saw him reach the sidewalk, light a cigarette, and start off in the direction of the Avenue Louise. Across the street three men were watching Fervin; one of them—Freeman—started unostentatiously to follow him.

After an hour Freeman came back. "Bad news," he said. "I followed our man for a hell of a long time. Finally he wound up in the palace, with me behind him. We climbed two flights of stairs, and I saw him stop to talk to several Germans, officers and civilians, including my suspicious neighbor Dr. Bratt. We ought to get in touch with Liége. It's quite obvious that Fervin knows something about us. Lucky he thought your alias was Cent instead of Sans."

By coincidence, Buchet received a visit at his home the next morning from another resident of Liége, a White Brigadier, who brought a report on activities there. Buchet's first question was: "Do you know any one named Fervin?"

"I was just going to tell you about him. Minute sends you his thanks for having detailed him to us."

"What!" Buchet leaped from his chair.

"Yes. He joined us a couple of weeks ago—he said Sans had sent him. He did a masterful job at Herstal—we tied up work at the arsenal there for days!"

"He's the Germans' man," Buchet said more quickly.

His visitor went white. Buchet told him of Fervin's visit and the results of Freeman's detective work; then he said, "You must go back tomorrow, at the latest. This is a matter of life and death for your whole crowd."

Buchet's visitor left for his own city the next day, but on Monday he was back again.

The first words he spoke when he was in Buchet's house were: "Well, you were right. The whole gang was sold out. Every last one was arrested while I was here. They searched my house and took my wife."

"You'd better go to England," Buchet said.

"But I want to see my wife again!"

"I know, old chap, but you can't. I know who turned in your people—Fervin. You're going to leave for England in two weeks, but in the meantime I hope we can give you a chance for revenge, at least."

The Liége Brigadier rose from his chair and stood erect, his eyes burning. "That'll be the happiest day of my life!" he said in a low, hard voice.

Some days later, toward dawn, two patrolmen noticed a man lying on the sidewalk. On investigation, they found that rigor mortis had already set in. There was a bullet hole in the man's temple. A flashlight showed a huge V cut in the overcoat that still covered the body. Pinned to the lapel was a piece of cardboard headed by another V. Beneath the symbol was a line of carefully printed letters:

NO TRAITOR CAN ESCAPE THE WHITE BRIGADE

The slain man's pockets yielded an identity card in the name of Alfred Fervin.

The Liége Brigadier left for France at noon.

IT was from Georges Deckers' widow that Buchet learned the story of the man who was to become a symbol of the impassioned resistance of his compatriots. From the beginning of organized resistance, Deckers had been a part of it. "If one can't fight on the battlefield, one will have to fight under it," he said.

He applied for and got a job as department manager in a factory converted to war production. Within a month production had fallen off by 30 per cent. Guns were produced with astonishing delay.

Deckers had lost no time in finding the stronger-minded of the foremen under him and explaining to them the necessity for impeding production as much as possible without being caught.

Shortly before dawn one day Deckers arrived at the factory just as the night shift was leaving. A messenger came to tell him that he was wanted at the head office. Arriving there, he found two tall men in civilian clothes.

"We have a warrant for your arrest," one of them said. "You've been watched for a week, and you're slowing down the factory."

"I'm working at my usual pace," Deckers replied.

He was taken, nevertheless, to the prison of St. Gilles and left there for four days. When his interrogation began he saw that the Germans had laid the groundwork well. The exact daily production of his department had been recorded. "Not only have you held up production," his questioner remarked, "but you've been using scored steel."

"I never knew that!" Deckers exclaimed in genuine but pleased amazement.

He was sentenced, first, to eight years in a labor camp for having given aid and comfort to the enemy, and, second, to death for sabotage.

The Germans believed that in Deckers they had the clue to the whole underground movement; that he could give them full information on all its ramifications. He was therefore taken to Gestapo headquarters and received with considerable politeness.

"This is a tragic thing that has happened to you, my dear fellow!" he was told. "But I think we can help you to redeem yourself. You have only to sign a little paper. We don't ask you to betray your country; we know you're too honorable a man for that. All we want is an honest admission of your activities."

Deckers refused to sign anything, and the death sentence was affirmed.

He received the news in his cell. He had already been apprised of other executions during his time in St. Gilles. Now he was to be next. Surely they would come this evening to tell him that the night was his last. But at length he heard a church bell strike ten, and he knew he had another day to live.

The borrowed day was unbearable; he could hardly eat and he was glad when darkness came again. That evening, at eight o'clock, there was a knock at the door of his cell. It opened to admit the warder and two soldiers.

"Georges Deckers," the warder said solemnly, "I am charged to inform you that you are to be executed at dawn tomorrow. You have the right to write two letters that no one but the addressees will read, and to order tobacco or liquor. In an hour the chaplain will visit you."

Deckers wrote letters for his wife and his eldest son. A little before dawn the warder came to tell him that the time had come. Deckers stood up. Carefully he put the two letters on his bed, under his wedding ring and the watch that he wanted his son to have.

At the prison gate he was put into a barred truck. The drive was long, but at last the truck stopped at the Tir National and Deckers was taken out. They led him to the wall and were about to cover his eyes, but he protested.

A German chaplain gave him the last rites and retired to kneel and pray behind the firing squad. The officer in command seemed nervous. "Aim for the heart," he told the men, "and fire at the word 'three.'"

Deckers heard the bolts of the rifles thrown in unison.

"Ein!"

The guns were raised to shoulder height.

"Zwei!"

Twelve sights seemed to converge on Deckers' eyes. This second was the longest that he had ever lived.

"Ground arms!"

Two men came forward and unbound Deckers, who was stupefied. Then a chill seized him and he felt his legs giving. They carried him into an office where two officers sat behind a table. One spoke in perfect French:

"You have come back from a terrible distance, Deckers. You have seen death. Now that you know that unspeakable last instant, spare your wife and children that knowledge! Redeem your life from us. It ought to be worth a little paltry information that we'll get sooner or later anyway."

"I know nothing," Deckers replied with an effort.

The officer rose sharply, strode round the table, and smartly slapped Deckers across the mouth. "Take the swine back!" he ordered the guards.

He was tossed into the rolling cage again. But the truck stopped at Gestapo headquarters, and for hours Deckers was made to stand erect while he was bombarded with questions. His will remained firm. He revealed nothing.

At last he was returned to his cell. On the bed were the letters, the ring, the watch as he had left them. Mechanically he put them away and lay down.

THE following day he was ignored, and the day after that. He spent a week in silence. Then he was taken back to the Gestapo and badgered by relays of questioners until, after three hours of standing erect, he collapsed. Hardly had he arrived back in his cell, it seemed, when the warder appeared to announce that he would be executed the next morning. The warder was followed by the Belgian chaplain. Once again Deckers lived his "last" night. Once again he left the letters on his bed under the ring and the watch.

At the Tir National the ground was the same, the sky the same streaked gray. The same lieutenant stroked his mustache as he instructed the firing squad; the same German chaplain knelt behind the gunmen.

"Ein!"

The guns went up, and Deckers straightened.

"Zwei!"

Twelve rifle barrels converged again on him. He hoped they were good marksmen.

"Ground arms!"

Deckers almost fell when the men untied him. "In God's name, get it over!" he screamed. He could not stand.

But he was back in the little office with the two officers. And now again they would inflict on him the unbearable agony of words.

"Do sit down, my dear Deckers. Come now, get a grip on yourself. I know it's no fun rubbing elbows with death like this." The officer smiled. "You know, Deckers, you've changed terribly since I saw you last. I don't think you're so obstinate now. We can conquer human will power just as we conquer any other bad element."

And so for two hours the monologue went on. But Deckers did not break, and he was sent back to his cell. There he stayed, unmolested, one day, two days, ten days, a fortnight, until he was brought to the Gestapo again.

Three days later he was told again that he would be executed at dawn. The same chaplain, the letters and the gifts, the same Tir National, the monotony relieved this time by a drizzle. The lieutenant was the same man, but one of the riflemen had been replaced. Deckers felt disembodied when they tied him to the wall; there was no physical sensation.

"Ein!"

Deckers felt a strange eddying within him.

"Zwei!"

The eddy broke forth from his numb lips in hysterical laughter that drowned out the final command:

"Ground arms!"

A stretcher was brought, and on it he was taken before the two officers. "My poor Deckers!" his questioner exclaimed. "Why do you torture yourself so?"

But it was useless; it was like talking to a dead man. Deckers had to be sent directly to his cell without the customary exhortations.

He spent a month in the prison hospital. In spite of himself, he recovered. One day he could walk again. Almost against his will, he grew physically stronger. His one purpose—never to yield—had never been impaired. When he seemed sufficiently recovered he was taken a fourth time to the Tir National. From the moment when he was led into the truck his nerves began to burn. Would he die or not? Was he condemned to live? He was.

Deckers made a fifth trip to the Tir National; he came back and made a sixth; he came back again. Seven times: *"Ein! Zwei!* Ground arms!" Eight times: *"Ein! Zwei!"* but no *"Drei."* For Deckers the passing of the seasons had been marked by the unbearable commands. Autumn, winter, spring, summer, and again the chill of autumn had meant to him only one thing: *"Ein! Zwei!* Ground arms!"

THUS far the German experiment in finding the limit of human mental endurance and its relation to the physical had brought no encouraging result. Other methods were introduced. Deckers' diet was cut. He became even thinner; he was subject to sudden fevers; and, when he was taken to be questioned, he collapsed more frequently. But it seemed impossible to undermine his will power. Even a ninth journey to and from the Tir National failed.

The tenth time that Deckers' execution was announced the Germans introduced a certain variety in their procedure. Deckers was taken to the Tir National as usual, but instead of being led to the wall he was taken into the office where he had been questioned so many times before. His old acquaintance from the Gestapo was there.

"Look here, Deckers. You can avoid all this business easily," the Gestapo officer said soothingly. "Don't accuse any one. Just give me a hint. We do know one of the leaders is called Cent; he used to call himself Souci. Souci and Cent are the same fellow, aren't they?"

"Let me alone!" Deckers growled irritably. "I don't know Souci, I don't know Cent, and I don't give a damn about Cent or Souci or even Sans-Souci!"

Deckers went to the execution ground for the tenth time, and the Gestapo officer turned to one of his associates. "Well? Where are we getting?"

"Somewhere, sir. We always thought of Cent as in *centaine.* Deckers just let something slip when he said 'Sans-Souci.'"

They were silent, listening to the click of the rifles from without and the never-changing orders: *"Ein! Zwei!* Ground arms!"

In January, 1942, Deckers was called to the visitors' room. His wife and his boy were there. They averted their eyes when he entered. Deckers had much to say; he stilled their greetings with the story of all that had happened to him. "My son, I've done all I could," he said. "Your place is in London as soon as you can get there. There's one thing I want you to do." Unconsciously he lowered his already inaudible voice. "Tell Jean Buchet, who lives at Rue Sans-Souci, that Cent will have to disappear."

On the morning of January 26, according to the account that appeared in the underground paper, La Libre Belgique, Georges Deckers was put into a truck again. The truck, on this eleventh trip, returned empty.

A few days later a woman in mourning rang Buchet's bell.

"I am Mme. Deckers," she said in a flat voice. "My husband asked me to warn you that Cent must disappear at once if he doesn't want to go through what my husband did."

"What do you mean, madame?"

Mme. Deckers told Buchet the whole story that her husband had told her, and added: "Last Thursday afternoon a Belgian policeman came to tell me that I was a widow."

A MAJORITY of the leaders of the White Brigade of Brussels had decided that Buchet, whose alias now was Avec, was to go to England, for he was becoming too well known to the Germans.

Buchet objected, but a few evenings later, at supper, his wife spoke to him along the same lines.

"Jean," she pleaded, "I haven't said anything till now. But I can't help feeling that they're catching up to you. You must stop. Think of Anne!"

Buchet said nothing, but he was eating more slowly.

"I didn't say anything before," Denise Buchet continued, "because I didn't want to frighten you for nothing; but I've seen one of our neighbors watching our house very closely for several days."

"Who?" Buchet demanded.

"Schumacker, the Boche across the street."

Buchet hummed tunelessly. "Maybe you're right," he said at last. "But I won't give up what I'm doing. I'll find another field of operations. There's one gap, at least, in the next group leaving for England."

Denise laid down her fork and got up. Coming round the table to her husband's chair, she kissed him lightly on the forehead.

"I don't want to be a coward, my dearest. But you must think of us too. And you can do your job from England—even if I don't see you again till it's all over!" she ended with a sob.

Buchet had helped a number of men to escape from Belgium, but he himself was reluctant to follow them. He especially hated to leave his family, since Denise had told him that their daughter had tuberculosis, the result of the almost fuelless winter and the scarcity of proper food.

News of German reverses in Russia and of America's entry into the war had not lightened the winter for the people of Belgium. Their houses were cold and their stomachs were empty. More than half the children in the country had tuberculosis. Spring came almost unnoticed, save that the chill in the houses slowly lessened. It brought to realization the long discussed departure of Buchet for England.

He went for the last time to a Brigade meeting. His imminent leave-taking had made them all meditative.

Freeman took the floor.

"All messages for England must be brought in by tomorrow at the latest. The group that's leaving will meet at the Café des Roses in Rhode, under Buchet. They start at dawn the day after tomorrow."

"I shall have to go," Valentin interrupted. "The last train for Antwerp leaves at ten thirty."

"If you miss it, you can stay with me," Buchet offered.

"Thanks, but I hope I'll make it. I probably shan't see you again, Avec—so I'll say so long. I envy you going to England."

Buchet could only mutter a farewell.

Denise was waiting for him when he reached home. "I'm glad you're going, darling," she said. "Neighbor Schumacker was asking about you again in the cigar store today."

She was interrupted by the coughing of the child upstairs. Buchet's eyes clouded. "I hate to leave you and her. Anyway, you'll have an extra ration card. Don't say anything about my going away."

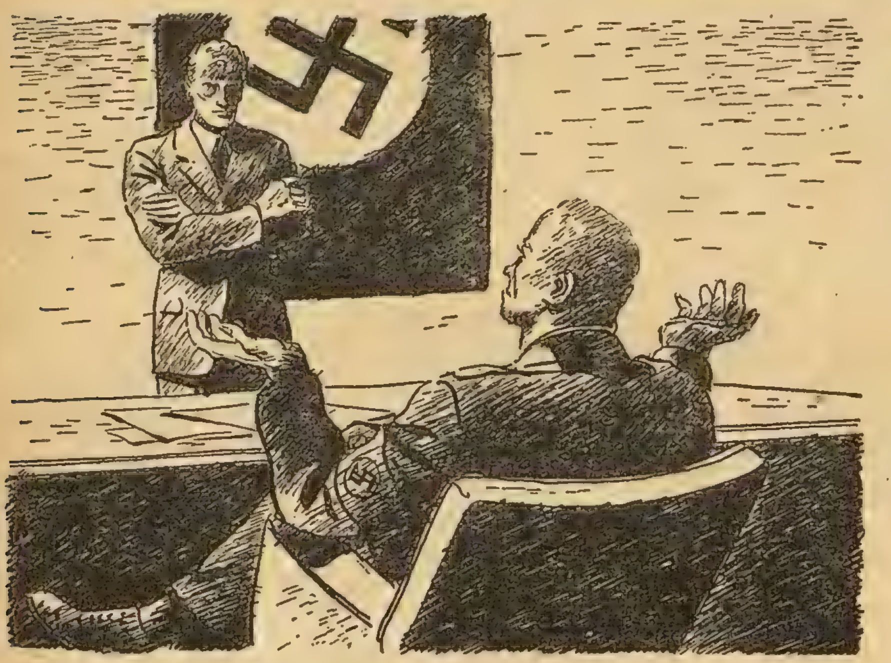
"Let me get your things ready." She rose.

"Good idea. I'll take my bag to Rhode tomorrow afternoon."

The day that followed was fittingly dark and damp. After lunch Buchet, carrying his suitcase, went out with his wife, who walked with him to the tram. On the way they passed the grocer in his white apron.

"Going away, I see, M. Buchet," the tradesman observed.

"Just a short business trip." Buchet was annoyed at the man's curiosity. He took the bag to the café in Rhode, left it with the barman, who could be trusted, and returned home for dinner.



"Everything's set," he informed his wife. "Freeman will bring me the reports tomorrow. I'll be getting up pretty early, you know. I'll write from Charleroi, dear."

Denise said nothing. She ate little. When she had finished, they cleared away and sat together in the living room, not speaking. Occasionally their hands met and clung. Buchet was almost ready to go to bed, when the bell rang.

"You answer," he told his wife. "I'm going up to the attic. If it's any one suspicious, say I went away today to get food. Whatever happens, don't change your story. If it's nothing, then come upstairs and sing any little song."

Near the top of the stairs he paused to watch. Denise opened the door, and a shadow blocked the space.

"Buchet there?" a tense voice asked.

"No. Who are you?" Her voice was equally tense.

"Valentin. I was hoping Buchet could put me up."

Buchet recognized the voice and started downstairs. "O. K., Denise. Bring him in."

Mme. Buchet had to cling to Valentin's arm; she almost collapsed into a chair. Valentin explained that the previous night he had stayed with Freeman, but he did not want to excite suspicion in the neighborhood by returning.

"I'm sorry, Jean," he added. "I know you're going away tomorrow. But I had no choice. Can you let me stay? I'll sleep on the couch in the living room."

"Certainly. Make yourself at home."

Denise and Jean left Valentin in the living room. For a long time they stood beside Anne's bed, listening to the child's harsh breathing. Buchet passed his hand lightly over her hair and then led his wife to their room.

Neither of them slept. Buchet lay on the bed fully clothed, for he could not afford any loss of time in the morning. At the sound of the first streetcar they got up. Valentin was already stirring. Denise went into the kitchen to prepare her husband's breakfast, and offered some to Valentin, but he refused; he was eager to get back to Antwerp.

He had barely started up the street when two men in civilian clothes stopped him. "One minute, Buchet!"

Valentin understood at once. "What the hell is this?" he shouted as loud as he could, hoping that Buchet would hear him and be warned. Indeed, Buchet ran to the living-room window and lifted a slat of the drawn blinds to see.

"Deutsche Polizei!" he heard the men tell Valentin. "Aren't you Jean Buchet?"

Buchet was shaking. He could see his neighbor, Schumacker, on the opposite sidewalk.

"Go lock the door!" he called to Denise. He could see a number of men in front of the house. Schumacker had crossed the street and was apparently informing the police of their mistake. As he saw Valentin being led away he heard scratching at his own lock.

"I'll go to the attic, Denise," he said. "Remember, I went away yesterday to look for food. If they don't get me, then, when you're sure they've gone for good, knock on the door and I'll know it's O. K. to come out."

On the way to the living room Denise passed through their bedroom, turned Jean's pillow, and arranged the bed to look as if only one person had occupied it. Then she ran to the kitchen. She heard the front door open. Two uniformed men, guns in hand, entered.

"Quiet!" she warned them. "My little girl's asleep."

"Where is your husband?"

"He isn't here."

More policemen were pouring in, and they went through all the rooms without success. Mme. Buchet heard Anne crying and asked to be allowed to pick up the child. A policeman went with her, then led her to the living room. She told the story that Jean had given her.

"Is your husband in the attic?" the leader asked.

"Of course not."

"Where is the key?"

"The grocer next door has it. We let him use it."

A policeman was sent for the key, and the officer took her and Anne to the grocery, where he asked her whether any one had entered or left the house that morning. She replied negatively.

The frightened child was weeping hysterically in Denise's arms. A woman got out of a police car that had drawn up outside; she wore a German uniform.

"I regret to say, madame," the police officer said to Denise, "that I must arrest you. Your child will be sent to a German institution for the rearing of children."

"No!" Denise screamed. "Don't take her!"

"Do not compel me to use force, madame."

"But the child is ill!"

"She will have the finest care. If no charge is lodged against you, you will have her back in a few days. And if she's ill, as you say, she'll get the best treatment."

Denise hardened herself. "Be a good girl, Anne," she soothed the child. "Go with the nice lady. Daddy would want you to." But Anne still screamed as she was handed to the policewoman.

At the Gestapo office Denise was questioned. The Gestapo officer told her that her husband had been arrested and that it was useless for her to lie, but an intuitive caution kept her silent. She was remitted to the women's division of St. Gilles.

FROM the early streetcars young men, singly or in pairs, alighted to go into the Café des Roses. Freeman had arrived before any of them and taken a seat. From minute to minute he looked at his watch.

Dawn had long since yielded to full daylight. One of the young men approached his table to whisper: "Aren't we going, after all, La Hulpe?"

"Your guide isn't here yet."

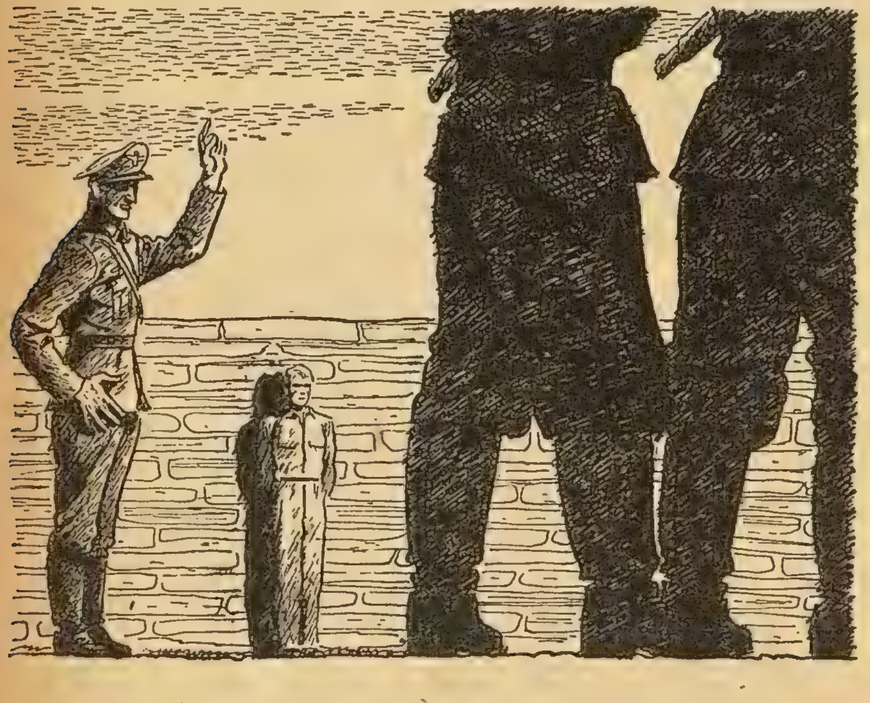
That was at eight o'clock. At nine Freeman was pacing up and down, uncertain whether to let the men try to flee without Buchet or to send them home.

At ten o'clock a tram stopped. A German soldier got off, followed by a peasant woman with her basket on her arm, and finally by Jean Buchet.

"What's up?" Freeman demanded. "Why are you late? And you're absolutely white!"

"I've just escaped a firing squad!" Buchet retorted. He had to gulp a drink before he could tell his story.

When he had heard the police in his house, he opened the trap door of the attic and stepped out to the roof, remembering to close the trap door behind him. He went across the roofs until he reached a kind of platform on which another window faced. He knocked, and an old woman came. By signs he made her understand his plight, and she opened the window for him. "You must be the saboteur from Number 88," she said when he came in. "The whole street is full of cops."



Buchet sent the old woman out to keep him advised of what was happening. At eight thirty, when the police had gone, he dashed into the street. A glazier told him that his wife and child had been taken away.

"I can't leave while they're in jail, Paul," he pleaded. "It's utterly impossible."

"I know. Wait here. I'll talk to the others and send them off with somebody else."

Left alone, Buchet buried his head in his arms on a dirty table. The situation could not continue. He could not allow his wife and child to buy his freedom; he would have to give himself up.

"I'm going to give myself up, Paul," Buchet said, when Freeman came back. "I can't let them stay there."

"Don't be an ass!" Freeman retorted sharply. "That's what they're hoping for: Denise and the kid are just being used as bait."

"But I can't let them suffer!"

"You have a duty to the Brigade. I am your superior officer. I have the right to command, and you have sworn to obey." Freeman's voice was glacial. "I order you to come home with me."

"I refuse." But Buchet's mind swung madly between the pull of emotion and the duty that he knew was his.

"You have no right to be a traitor," Freeman replied. "Before I'll let you turn yourself in, I'll shoot you myself. I swear to you that I have only one aim at the moment: to free your family. But you're absolutely incapable of thinking now. If you want to see them again, you must listen to me. Will you trust me?"

Buchet's vitality was sapped by the emotional conflict. "All right, Paul. I'm sorry. I'll do as you say."

Denise Buchet was shifted from St. Gilles to De Forest Prison. She sat down on the metal bed and tried to imagine what had happened to her husband and her child. Soon she heard a tapping on the wall, then the murmur of a voice. Denise put her head against the wall. "What's your name?" the voice asked her.

She answered then; asked why she was imprisoned, she poured out her story.

"Don't worry too much," the voice counseled her. "If you're here, it means they haven't got your husband. Your little girl will be all right. But in any case don't talk to the Germans. Be particularly careful if they give you a cell mate—it's sure to be an informer."

Denise asked the identity of her adviser.

"I am Marina Maroutseff," the voice replied. "I'm in for slapping Germans."

Marina told Denise that there were about six hundred women in the prison—including a spy who was awaiting trial and a countess who had been arrested while she was distributing copies of the underground paper, La Libre Belgique.

She told Denise how to communicate with the women in the cells above and below her own. She stopped at the sound of footsteps and keys.

"Be careful, Denise. The guards are making their rounds."

In the silence that followed, two lay sisters accompanied by two prisoners came round with coffee and bread crusts.

While Denise tried to swallow the stuff, a guard opened the door of her cell. She would be questioned in half an hour.

FOR hours queries were hurled at her. When had her husband left? Where had he gone? When was he supposed to come back? Did she know that her husband had called himself Souci?

The questions were interspersed with promises to return her daughter to her if she would give a few helpful answers. The child was now in the sanitarium of Overyssche, she was informed. Denise told the Germans nothing, and she was taken back to her cell.

On her return, Marina told her the news. The woman in Cell 115 had been executed. Two new arrivals had been brought in, accused of espionage. One of them had provided information for train wreckers at Hal, and the other had flashed lights to guide the R. A. F. at night. Jeanne Mathy, in 147, was going to be released the next morning.

Denise felt a sudden resurgence of hope at the news that it was possible to be free again. "Do you think we could give Jeanne Mathy a message for my husband?" she asked.

"It won't be easy," Marina replied. "She's on the other side of the corridor. But we can try. Make it short and cautious."

Denise pondered a moment. "All right, here's the message: 'Everything's all right. I'm well. Anne is at Overyssche.' Tell her to give the message to Paul Freeman in La Hulpe."

The next night Denise received a parcel. It contained a little food and some comforts, including a needle case hidden in a loaf of bread. When she opened this, she found a note that read:

"Don't worry. Everything will be all right. Where is Anne? I was very sorry to hear what had happened to your husband, for everybody knows he is a fine man and would do nothing to injure the Germans."

It was signed "Aunt Marie," but Denise knew it was from Jeanne Mathy.

One morning Denise was interrogated again. In the anteroom of the Gestapo she saw Valentin, and when the guards left them alone for a few minutes she asked what charge was lodged against him. He replied that he had been accused of the murder of Jean Oedekerke. He was being kept in Breendonck, the most infamous of the German prisons in Belgium.

Denise was called into the inner room. As before, she stuck to her story that Jean had left, the day before her arrest, to find food for the family. Her questioner asked whether a man could not have escaped from their house through the attic and over the roofs. Denise replied that the attic had been locked. When the lieutenant pointed out that she might have locked it herself, she replied innocently:

"But how would we have known you were coming in time to do all this?"

The lieutenant made a gesture of annoyance. "You will be released tomorrow morning, Mme. Buchet," he said. "Obviously you are innocent. We cannot say the same of your husband, since he is a fugitive. Your child will be kept, therefore, as a hostage."

Denise fell to her knees before the German's desk. "Be good to my little Anne, I beg you!"

"I regret to have to tell you, Mme. Buchet, that your daughter is seriously ill. I ask nothing of you, but I promise to return your child to you as soon as your husband gives himself up. I might add, incidentally, that that will be a mere formality, since we have no serious charge to make against him."

The next afternoon Denise was back in her empty and musty house in the Rue Sans-Souci. She sent a post card at once to Freeman, asking him to meet her any evening at six in the Café des Arts on the Rue de Luxembourg. Each evening thereafter she walked slowly past the café, looking to see who was inside, until one night Freeman was there.

"Is Jean all right?" she asked as soon as she had joined him. "I didn't want him to come."

"You are more sensible than he. He saw your card, and raised hell when I forbade him to come with me."

Denise told Freeman of her experiences in the prison, and of the conditions that the Germans had set when they released her.

"I'll have to make an appeal to your patriotism," Freeman said. "You must make no attempt to see Jean, even for a second. It's much too dangerous. Promise that you won't tell him a word about the child or the Germans' offer to release her if Jean gives himself up. He'd do it in a minute."

"I should hope he would!" Denise said warmly. "Why shouldn't he? There's no danger for him—the Gestapo told me that."

"Of course they did," Freeman replied. "That's part of the act. But it's a lie. He'd be shot in three days!"

"I don't believe you! Why?"

"I will tell you. It was your husband who killed Oedekerke. Now do you understand?"

ON Sunday Denise went to Overyssche. Anne was too weak to be brought downstairs and Denise had to see her in the children's ward. Anne's face was almost transparent. Denise asked the nurse in attendance to tell the truth about the child's condition, but the nurse could not speak.

Denise understood. When the half hour allowed for visits had passed, she kissed her child's forehead and went to the station to take the train back to Brussels. Freeman was waiting on a bench, puffing on his pipe.

"How's the little one?" he asked.

"Bad. But don't tell Jean. Is he all right?"

"Yes; but he ought to have guts enough to leave," Freeman said rather sharply.

"Tell him I want him to go," Denise said.

Two men in civilian clothes were approaching them rather ominously. "Do you know the lady?" one of them asked Freeman.

"Yes," he smiled; "we're old friends of two minutes."

"Your identity card, please."

Freeman produced it, and the two men looked it over carefully. "All right."

As they turned away, the train for Brussels arrived. Denise boarded it, and Freeman slipped out of the station to go home.

As he neared the first café a man rose out of the shadows beside the road. It was Buchet.

"Get out of here, you fool!" Freeman ordered. "Didn't you see? The Germans are here."

"I know; I was looking in the window. I'm sorry, but I had to see my wife. God, how thin she is!"

"She has more guts than you," Freeman said dryly. "What just happened ought to show you how dangerous it is for you here. Your wife wants you to go to France."

"Don't be a fool, Paul. How can you ask me to leave the country when my child's a German prisoner?"

"All right, but you've got to leave La Hulpe. How about Mons? Soupart has plenty of work to be done there."

Buchet knew that his friend was right and he yielded.

Four days later the papers announced the blowing up of a coal mine near Mons. Twenty-five men, masked and armed, had trussed up the watchmen at night, gone down a shaft where explosives were stored, and seized the entire stock. Buchet had been one of these twenty-five. He entered into the work with a certain zest, for at least he would have his revenge on the Germans.

One Saturday shortly after that, Soupart, the White Brigade leader of the Mons district, was trapped and shot.

Buchet decided to return to Brussels. But it was too dangerous to take a train; he must go by the slow interurbans. He intended to make straight for La Hulpe, but an irresistible attraction drew him to the Rue Sans-Souci. His hand closed over the door key that was still in his pocket and he turned almost involuntarily toward his own street.

When he reached the corner, he peered into the darkness. The street was empty.

He almost ran to his door, tremblingly fitted the key into the lock, and opened. The house was quiet. He mounted to his bedroom. The door was shut. He knocked three times.

"Who's there?" Denise's voice was thick with sleep.

"Jean."

The door opened violently and his wife stood before him, fear in her eyes. "What's happened, Jean?"

"Nothing. I just had to see you."

He took her hands and kissed her feverishly. Denise broke away. "Aren't you being terribly foolish, coming back like this?" she asked fearfully. "You'll surely be arrested and—" She dared not finish her sentence.

"I don't know; I don't care. I simply had to!"

A spasm of coughing shook her, and Jean put his arm around her. "You must take better care of yourself!"

"I'll go to the Ixelles clinic today. Sunday I'm going to see Anne again."

"Let me stay here awhile, Denise," Buchet pleaded. "I'm tired, and I haven't been home for so long!"

She protested that the house was probably still watched; but he promised to remain indoors all the next day and to leave only in the evening for the Brigade meeting.

In the morning Denise went to the clinic. The line was long and racked by a kind of universal coughing. On her return, Denise saw a uniform at her door. As she drew nearer she saw that the wearer was a telegraph messenger.

Denise took the message from him. It said only: "Come Overyssche soon as possible."

She went inside and met Jean coming down from the attic. Without a word she handed him the message.

He read it and crumpled it in his hand. "What did they tell you at the clinic?"

"Nothing. I have to go back next week. But this afternoon I'm going to Overyssche."

She changed her clothes and left, after an agreement that they would meet in the evening at the Café des Arts, which Buchet chose because it had two entrances. He remained in the house until it was quite dark, and then took advantage of the blackout to go to the Brigade meeting.

BUCHET was greeted with mixed feelings. They knew the risks that he ran and that he brought to every one with whom he associated. But even more surprise was occasioned when Valentin entered. He limped and he seemed emaciated.

Valentin stilled the questions that met him. "I escaped from Breendonck," he said. He had fashioned a crude saw and he and his cell mate had sawed enough of the bars in his window to permit them to escape.

Valentin was reluctant to talk of what he had seen in Breendonck. He spoke of the octagonal-wheeled barrows loaded with stones, and the fiendish rule that no one who did not work might eat. For each group of ten men only nine barrows were provided. Maddened by despair and hunger, all the prisoners had at first battled one another every morning for the privilege of this torture. But soon their comradeship taught them to put up only a sham fight. The weakest in each group then went back to his cell, and each of the others saved a portion of his day's food to give to the tenth man.

"You have to get out now, too," Freeman told him.

Buchet left early to meet his wife. He took a table in the rear of the café. At last he saw Denise come in, looking even older and paler than before. She stopped by the telephone booths and seemed to be absorbed in the study of the directory. Seeing no sign of any one following her, Jean joined her.

"What's wrong with Anne?" he asked at once.

"She had a crisis. I'm going back Sunday. You're not coming home tonight, are you?" she asked apprehensively.

"No; I'm staying with Chaudron."

"I want you to leave Belgium, Jean. Soon. Now! If you love me, please go."

"We'll see, dear. I have to leave now."

Their hands touched briefly and separated. Buchet slipped out to the dark sidewalk and walked swiftly to a streetcar.

PAUL FREEMAN was sent to Ghent to cope with serious difficulties that had arisen in one of the boldest sections of the White Brigade. Twelve Brigadiers had been arrested. The Gestapo made it known that it believed it had seized the brains of the organization, and sent in specialists in torture to extract every iota of knowledge from them.

Freeman's first task was to reorganize the Brigade with new leaders and to render valueless to the Germans any information that they might wring from their captives.

Meanwhile the Black Brigade was jubilant at what it believed was the crushing of its enemies. To celebrate, it planned to hold a great rally in the banquet hall of the Swan Restaurant in Brussels. It was also Freeman's job to spoil this, and Buchet, whose departure now awaited only a favorable opportunity, was given a leading role.

Freeman and Buchet went to the restaurant and drank beer. Buchet, announcing loudly that he was going to the lavatory, had an opportunity to examine the electric meter. A few days later a man in the uniform of the electrical service came to the restaurant early in the morning. He made mental notes of the layout of the whole floor, and then shoved a little boxlike package under a small stage that overhung a kind of orchestra pit.

Later that day Buchet met his wife in the rug department of a large store in the Rue Neuve.

"How's Anne?"

"She was worse again. But they say she'll be much better now. Some new kind of crisis, the nurse told me. But how long are you going to stay, Jean? You mustn't take such risks!"

"Not long, Denise. But you look ill, dearest."

"No, Jean; I'm just tired—and worried. I'll be all right when I get Anne back and you've left."

They left the store separately. Denise looked at her reflection in the shop windows that she passed. She looked very ill indeed; but she had had the strength not to tell her husband that, on her visit to the clinic that morning, the doctor had informed her of the existence of a lesion in one lung.

Buchet met Freeman and Chaudron near the Great Square.

"All set, Jean?" Freeman asked.

"Yes, I think so."

The police were holding back the sparse traffic to permit the celebrators to march into the Swan Restaurant. The meeting was to begin at nine o'clock.

"What time did you set the alarm for?" Chaudron grinned at Buchet.

"Nine thirty. Plenty of time yet. But we'd better break up. Chaudron, suppose you hang around to see how it comes off. We'll meet you here later."

They waited anxiously, separated, until a sharp explosion burst on the air. Glass showered from the windows of the Swan Restaurant. Chaudron found the banquet hall, when at last he pushed his way to it, full of broken furniture and panic-stricken men. A number of those on the stage had been killed or injured and many had been trampled as they rushed for the exits.

The next day's papers reported that seven men had been killed and thirty-five injured. The press made much of the investigators' discovery in the wreckage of a placard that read: "The White Brigade punishes all traitors."

The Germans' reply was to commence at once the trial of the Ghent Brigadiers in their prisons. The prosecutor admitted to the military court that he had been wrong in thinking that he had the head of the organization in his grasp: the White Brigade had a hundred heads.

IT was Sunday. Denise had gone to Overyssche to see their daughter with an agreement to meet Buchet at five o'clock in a church in Malaise. The vesper hour would protect them.

Freeman walked to Malaise with Buchet. When they left, a number of cars were drawing up before Dr. Bratt's house. At a café near the church Freeman left his friend, who went on into the dimly lighted building. The vesper service was already in progress. Buchet knelt in the back of the church and waited for the congregation to leave. As the crowd thinned out, he saw a woman kneeling nearer the front of the church. It was Denise in tears. She looked up when she heard his step, and took his hand in hers.

"Anne is dead."

Buchet dropped to his knees beside her. He had brought death to others; now it was his. He chafed his wife's cold hands.

"When did she die?" he asked in a broken voice.

"Last night. The funeral is tomorrow."

Denise crossed herself and closed her eyes. At length she mastered herself somewhat.

"I am going back tonight—to be with her. Do you remember, Jean, when you began with the White Brigade, you took me into her room and pointed to her and said it was for her? It's all over now!"

In a sense, it was true. The impelling motive of all that he had done was gone. He had thought to save the country from the Germans for his daughter. But they had slowly killed her. He remembered how she had grown whiter and whiter. He thought of all the children of Belgium, and he remembered the statistics that marked the progress of what the doctors called "the 1941 tuberculosis." It was not only with the products of Krupp and Skoda and Creusot and Tessenderloo that the Germans waged war.

"Denise," he said, "we do not belong to ourselves or to each other any more. We have to sacrifice. We have no right to give up. We've lost our child. How many thousands of Jews have seen their children killed before their eyes in Poland!"

There was a step behind them. It was only Freeman.

"Time for Jean to go, Denise," he said.

Denise gripped the top of the bench to steady herself. "Anne died last night, Paul."

"I'm sorry." Too shocked to say more, Freeman turned and went out.

"Go, Jean," Denise said. "It's doing us no good to stay here. Please go. Let me go back to Anne."

He kissed her and went out.

Before dawn the next day Buchet got up. He was there for hours before the gate of the sanitarium opened to allow a little procession to pass into the road. Six peasants carried on their shoulders a tiny coffin. Buchet knelt and tried to remember how to pray. He watched the little cortège go up the road and through the cemetery gate.

He had no idea how long he remained on his knees before he rose and turned for a final glimpse. Two armed German soldiers stood at either side of the gate of Anne Buchet's last resting place.

DENISE and Jean Buchet spent their last days together in Belgium in Freeman's house in La Hulpe. When the mornings were fine they walked together in the countryside, sharing their grief in silence. For him in the immediate prospect was flight through France and Spain, a prospect that was for her like a second death in their family. Denise knew, too, that she was tubercular, but she said nothing to Jean now.

Shortly before Buchet's departure, Valentin arrived at Freeman's house, to the general surprise, since it was believed that he had left for England. His explanation was sufficient, however.

In Valentin's Brigade in Antwerp were two young airmen who had fought in 1940 and whose sole ambition was to resume the battle. Jean Gilet and Jacques Dumont worked diligently in the underground movement. Their names had long been among the lists of potential fugitives, but there were many ahead of them. It was Gilet who suggested at last that they flee by plane.

He remembered that an old trainer was still kept at an improvised airfield near the canal on the new road to Brussels. Gilet and Dumont decided to investigate the plane's condition. Valentin was to accompany them in their flight.

The two flyers bicycled to the airdrome that night. The field had been taken over by the Germans and there were sentries on post. But the farm that bordered the field was still undisturbed; in fact, cows still browsed or slept in the meadows.

The old trainer had been kept in a barn. Gilet and Dumont made their way carefully to it and managed to get in.

The next day they met Valentin again. They told him that not only was the instrument panel missing but the gasoline lines were broken. The machine had not been used for two years and, while the motor seemed to be in good condition, it was questionable whether it would turn over. After much discussion they decided to try to repair the plane and procure gasoline and oil.

They turned to the black market, where anything could be had—for a price. Soon they had a cache of high-quality gasoline. But the black market could not supply an instrument panel. Gilet and Dumont decided to build one, confining themselves to the most necessary materials. Their first task was to construct a level-flight indicator, and they managed to acquire some glass tubing and red ink. Metal tubing was somehow found for the gasoline lines.

A turn-and-bank indicator was constructed with a ball bearing mounted in castor oil and sealed in a half-bent glass tube.

A major necessity was an air-speed indicator. Gilet took a bedspring, stretched part of it straight, and attached a piece of tin to the end. This he mounted on a flat board and then attached it to a friend's automobile. As wind pressure forced the spring back, he marked out the mile-per-hour speed.

Night by night, as their instruments were completed, they took them to the barn where the plane was kept. Working by the shaded flashlight, they cleaned and set the spark plugs and the ignition system.

Each night they had brought a tin of gasoline and buried it near the barn. At last the entire stock was at hand, and one night Valentin borrowed a bicycle and went with them to test the plane. They set up a relay system to get the gasoline tins to the barn.

When the plane had been fueled they all climbed into its two cockpits. They were extremely cramped, and whether the plane would take off with so much weight could be determined only at the last minute.

GILET and Dumont tossed a coin for the task of piloting. Dumont won. Gilet and Valentin opened the big barn doors and pushed the plane out into the field. The sentry, in the distance, had his back turned. Gilet swung the propeller while Dumont maneuvered the engine controls feverishly. The roar that they feared yet longed for would not come. But they thought the sentry had heard something. Quickly they rolled the plane back into the barn. As they rode home, Dumont suggested that the carburetor must have been clogged, so the motor would not take the gasoline.

Another night was required to take down the carburetor, clean it, and reassemble it. On the second night they went to try again. Far across the field the sentry was walking his post and a few cows lay in the grass. While the men were waiting in the bushes, a sudden rumble filled the sky. One after another, searchlights flashed on and swept the darkness toward the west. Scarcely believing the good fortune that had brought an English raid at this precise moment, the three men broke cover and dashed to the barn.

Antiaircraft guns were barking as they rolled the plane out. Valentin climbed in and tacked a map, torn out of an old atlas, to the dashboard. Dumont took his place at the controls, and Gilet swung the propeller.

The motor spat and sucked and suddenly roared into life. They cried out together in joy. Gilet jumped into the front cockpit with Valentin, and the plane began to roll across the grass. But the nose refused to rise, and a cow lay stubbornly in the path.

"Sorry, Valentin," Gilet shouted. "We can't take you. You'll have to get out and chase the cow."

Dumont, in his cockpit, cried out: "Awfully sorry, old chap. Can't be helped."

Valentin grinned wryly, shook their hands, and jumped to the ground. "Good luck!" he cried, and ran to rout the obstinate cow.

The plane roared again and began to pick up speed. Valentin saw the tail begin to lift, and then, even in the dark, he could discern a bit of empty space between the grass and the wheels.

VALENTIN stayed all the next day with Freeman. Buchet and his wife sat with them as they speculated endlessly on the possible fate of Gilet and Dumont. At nine o'clock Freeman shut all his doors and windows and turned his radio to the BBC. The program began with the customary, *"Allo! Ici Radio Belgique!"* and gave the latest war news. Then there was a pause.

"We are very fortunate," the announcer resumed, "in having with us tonight two young Belgians who have just made a daring escape from the occupied country. They landed in England last night under extraordinarily dramatic circumstances. I shall take the liberty of questioning them now."

The interview began with the story that Valentin had told to Freeman, and then they heard the rest:

"We got up to 12,000 feet and headed for England. Our homemade instruments worked perfectly and our air-speed indicator kept us out of trouble. As we passed the Belgian coast the R. A. F. raid ended and we heard no sound but the regular beat of our own motor.

"Three enemy searchlights went on as we came over the coast, but they didn't find us and nobody fired on us. But just then the engine died and we began to lose height rapidly."

The announcer said something, rendered inaudible by Valentin's shout:

"That was Jean Gilet!"

Then Dumont spoke:

"I told Jean to get out on the wing and be ready to jump as soon as we hit the water. But when we were only 400 feet off the water the motor picked up again and we went up to 6,000. Jean sat down again. But not for long.

"The motor started to miss again and we began to drop. But we kept going somehow, and I tried to load the motor with more gas. All of a sudden Jean began to shout: 'Look, Jacques, land! England! We've made it!' He was crying when he pointed down to the coast. . . . And it wasn't the wind that made my eyes wet, either!"

“God, I wish that I were with them!” Buchet breathed.

“When are you leaving?” Valentin asked.

“Within two days.” Buchet turned to Freeman. “I'm worried about Denise's health, though. Keep an eye on her, will you, Paul? See that she takes care of herself?”

THE town clerk of La Hulpe received Freeman alone in his office. “I asked you to come this morning,” he explained, “out of patriotism. Yesterday I was visited by a Gestapo officer who had come down here especially from Liége. He's got a reputation for brutality.”

“What did he want?” Freeman asked.

“You, I think. He asked me all kinds of questions about you. Anyway, I thought I ought to tell you.”

“Thank you very much, sir.” Freeman smiled.

“One other thing. I meant to tell you that when he left I saw Dr. Bratt waiting for him in a car.”

Returned to his house, Freeman found the Buchets in the back garden. Valentin had left that morning.

“Well, we've got to get out, my friends,” he greeted them. “Now.”

“What's up?” Buchet demanded anxiously.

“I'll tell you later. Let's get started. We'll go up toward Gaillemarde and then to Waterloo or Espinette.”

They returned to the house, filled their pockets with prime necessities and such money as was at hand, and slipped out through the garden gate.

“I guess I'll have to go across France with you, Jean.” Freeman smiled.

In the outskirts of Brussels they turned in at a café and telephoned Chaudron. When he arrived, Freeman explained briefly what had happened and what he planned to do.

“But what will we do without you?” Chaudron protested.

“You will be the leader, Chaudron. You can do the job.” He turned to Buchet. “I'll see you at dawn tomorrow at the Prussian Monument in Waterloo. I'll have false identity cards for us. . . . Good-by, Denise. You're a brave woman and I'm honored to have known you.” He kissed her hand.

Before dawn they were at the tram station. Though the air was warm, Denise was trembling. When the car came round the curve toward them, she pressed Jean's hand. “I'll be waiting, my dearest! *Vive la Belgique!*”

Buchet mounted the rear platform as he saw Freeman enter at the front. At the top step Buchet turned and lifted his arm in farewell. “Be well again when I come back,” he said, and vanished.

Two days later Freeman, Buchet, and a few others with them had crossed the French frontier. This stage of the journey was to be made with the group broken up. They were to be reunited that night in the waiting room at Verdun. Buchet walked with Freeman.

After they had had a brief rest and snack to eat they set out for the station. The Verdun train was already in, and they saw their companions, singly or in pairs, inconspicuously entering different cars. Buchet was about to get aboard when he remembered that he had left his notebook in the café. Without it he could not continue. He told Freeman to wait for him on the train.

Buchet retrieved the notebook and ran back, but at the train gate a railway employee stopped him. The Verdun train had just gone.

Buchet was desperate. Without him and the notebook his companions would be lost. He found that the next train would leave almost a full day later. He had told Freeman that they would all meet again that night in Verdun. How was he to get there in time? As he puzzled, he saw a platoon of German soldiers in field kits march through.

A grease-marked man beside him leaned over and muttered: “Look at that bunch of —— They're eating us up!”

Buchet looked at the stranger and noticed the grease of his hands. “You a railroad man?”

“Yes; a shop foreman.”

Buchet studied him again. “Listen. I have to be in Verdun tonight.”

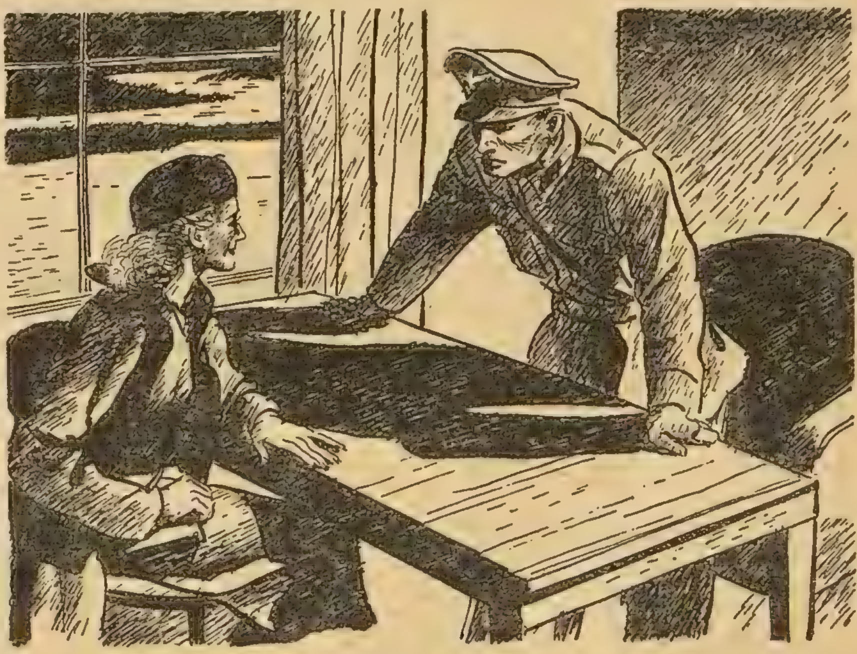
“Let's see,” the railroad man said reflectively. “No, it's impossible. The last train just left.”

“Look,” Buchet whispered. “You've got to help me! I have to help some fellows who are on their way out—you know, over there.”

“I see. Wait here a minute; I'll be right back.”

The man disappeared, and Buchet went into the bar, where he ordered a glass of beer. Before he had finished it he saw the railroad man returning.

“I think I can fix you up,” the man said. “But it isn't going to be easy. You saw those Boches? You can go with them. Now listen to me. Go buy a ticket to Attigny. Of course you won't go there. But with the ticket you can get to the trains. Go to Track 10. I'll be there with a coverall for you.”



Buchet did as he had been told. His friend was waiting at Track 10 and handed him the coverall. “Put it on. And get rid of that hat.”

Buchet tossed his hat under the train wheels. The foreman smeared his face and hands with a greasy cloth. “Now go over to Track 19,” he said. “There's a freight train there, the one that's going to take the Boches to Dijon. Get into the locomotive cab and wait.” Buchet obeyed, and shortly a huge man in coveralls like his own mounted the cab.

“You the Belgian? Louis told me about you. Say, you'll have to jump, you know.”

“What do you mean?”

“We don't stop at Verdun. But there's a long curve as we come in. I'll slow down and you can hop off.”

GRIMY and dusty, Buchet entered the waiting room at Verdun at three o'clock next morning. Freeman and the others were asleep on the benches. When he had convinced them of his identity, they laughed aloud in relief. They made their way with intolerable delays to Marseilles, the loadstone of all those who were escaping the Germans. The cafés were full of fugitives who would vanish in a split second just before a party of police swept into any of the places.

Buchet soon found the Frenchman who was charged with expediting the journeys of fleeing Belgians. He was a white-haired man who had been a banker before the war. He found houses where the party could stay until it was time to start the next stage of their journeys, and provided forged papers and money.

The banker handed Buchet a letter that had come for him. It bore no postmark save the prints of many fingers. When Buchet opened it he saw that the date was already long ago.

> My Dearest:
>
> I am very proud of you. This is all very hard for both of us, but it must be done. I am taking good care of myself. I understand Val got home all right, so he'll probably be waiting for you.
>
> Some of our friends have been so ill that they had to be taken to the hospital, though they didn't want to go. There were guests the other night, and some

fool walked off with my boiler—the only one I had for my washing.

Take care of yourself and be strong. I love you.

DENISE.

"A letter from Denise," he told Freeman. "If she means what I think she does, Valentin has left for England and some of the others have been arrested, including Chaudron—she says her boiler's been taken away."

("Boiler," in French, is *"chaudron."*)

"Anything else?"

"No, that's all." Buchet swallowed abruptly.

A MONTH later Buchet was in London. He went immediately to the Belgian government's offices in Eaton Place, where he was closely questioned on his identity and on the strength of the underground.

Buchet reveled in the freedom that for two years had been a myth. But he was eager to get back into the war and he applied for service with the Belgian Squadron of the R. A. F.

When at last he was assigned to his airdrome, he found an old friend, Reval, a lieutenant in the R. A. F., with the word "Belgium" on his shoulder. As soon as Reval gave him the opportunity, Buchet asked, "Have you heard anything of Valentin?"

"Valentin? I don't know the name. Why don't you try the Belgian Receiving Home in London?"

The following Sunday Buchet went there.

"There's no one here named Valentin," the nurse replied to his inquiry, "but Emile Borman is on our list."

She called an orderly, who led Buchet to Borman's room. He greeted Buchet with joy. The nurse, who had followed Buchet, warned the men not to talk too much, for Borman was still weak.

"Val was killed on the way," Borman told Buchet. "He wasn't the only one!" There was a momentary flash of color in his face, and Buchet remembered the warning.

"You're getting excited, old man," he warned.

"I know. I have to rest—and I hate it. Look, Buchet—in the inside pocket of my coat in the closet there's a little journal I kept on the way. You read it while I rest."

Buchet took a schoolboy's notebook out of the coat and read the terse and vivid account of the trip across the Channel in a tiny open boat. Five men had started, but a German airplane spotted and machine-gunned them. Only Borman had survived.

Borman was asleep when Buchet closed the stained notebook. He left on tiptoe and rejoined the nurse in her office. "Is he going to be all right?" he asked anxiously.

"It will take a long time," she replied evasively.

THE White Brigade was resurgent in Liége. Despite the diligence of the Gestapo under an official named Dumke, Germans had been killed by a bomb tossed into a building in the Rue Snapeux. The Tollet workshops had been destroyed. The night that a German propaganda film was to be shown, other Brigadiers had cut the power wires. Thus far only one man had been arrested.

Dumke was tired when he strolled one evening into a café frequented by German officers. He stretched out in a chair beside a table near the sidewalk, where he could watch the few passers-by. Among those pedestrians were three men and a woman who stopped outside the café where Dumke was sitting. A mild discussion arose among them. One of them seemed to be carrying a thermos bottle.

As Dumke stretched his legs a little more luxuriously he saw one of the men make a gesture in the direction of the café. A second later the four had dissolved into the night. His suspicions aroused, Dumke straightened and rose—and crumpled in the center of a frightful explosion.

The bomb tossed by the stranger had fallen almost between Dumke's feet. So heavily was it charged that the whole forward part of the café was in ruins. The noise had sufficed to give the alarm. Police cars came screaming through the darkness and foot patrols were running toward the scene.

Apparently the assassins had fled into a cross street. A cordon was thrown around the whole area and every one found within it was summarily seized.

Though the Germans questioned thousands of persons and tortured them endlessly, they could learn nothing. No one had seen the act itself or its perpetrators, save to establish that they had been three men and a woman.

When the next day's papers related the incident they published the news of the punishment imposed on the city. The people of Liége had to pay a fine of 2,000,000 francs. All public places were to close daily at 7.30 P. M. And 500 bicycles and 500 radio receivers were to be surrendered immediately.

But this was only the beginning. Fifty Jewesses in Liége were to be taken without delay, and alive. One after another was taken, from her sickbed, from the child whom she was nursing, from the parents who clung to her. By noon the fifty had been selected and delivered to the freight yards. There, on the cattle-loading platforms, a sergeant checked them off against his lists.

Then they were separated into two groups—the appetizing and the homely. The latter were taken to a boxcar for transport eastward as slave labor, but the others were led singly into another car where a makeshift laboratory had been set up. Here they were quickly examined for symptoms of venereal disease, and those who passed the test—there were none who did not—were brought back to the platform and given their orders:

"You are about to enter a train that will take you to the Russian front. You will serve the German war machine as do its horses and its dogs. You are being sent to the Army brothels, where you will have the undeserved pleasure of serving the Führer by making love to the heroes who are destroying Bolshevism. You should be happy to give yourselves to the business of gratifying the desires of our heroes."

Even this was not all. A hundred hostages were next arrested. If the killers of Dumke were not to be found within three days, fifty of these hostages were to be executed without trial. If another week elapsed without the discovery of the murderers, the rest would be similarly dealt with.

TWO days passed. On the third a woman knocked at the door of an office in the Kommandantur in Liége. She said that she wanted to discuss the Dumke killing. The official to whom she was taken was named von Mallincroth.

The German wasted no time. "What do you know about the Dumke affair?" he demanded.

"The name of the killer," she answered calmly.

"What is it?" von Mallincroth barked.

"I will tell you," the woman said, "when I can be certain that the hostages will be released."

Von Mallincroth tapped his desk nervously. "Very well."

He wrote hurriedly on a pad on his desk and passed the paper to his visitor. She read it and nodded again. The German summoned his orderly and instructed him to take the paper to the warder of the prison where the hostages were held.

"There you are, madame." The officer smiled. "Now, tell me who killed Dumke!"

The woman's face did not change as she murmured: "I."

Von Mallincroth leaped from his chair. "You?" he shouted angrily. "Do you take me for a fool? I'll countermand the order, and I'll get the truth out of you."

"Do not excite yourself, sir," the woman replied, still outwardly unchanged. "You have the truth. I have been in prison before, and no one has ever been able to get more than the truth out of me."

Von Mallincroth sat down again and filled a pipe.

"Will you swear that you killed Hauptscharführer Dumke?"

"Yes."

"Be good enough to tell me how it was done."

"Sometime after nine that night," she said, "I threw a bomb into the café where Dumke was—"

"Did you have any accomplices?"

"No. I was with three people I didn't know."

"What do you mean?"

"In the Place St. Lambert," the woman recounted with composure, "I met three young men who had lost their way. I went with them to put them on their road, and we stopped a moment in front of the café. When I threw the bomb, they ran away."

Von Mallincroth tapped his cold pipe against his desk. "And how did you get away?"

"I ran."

The woman was remanded at once to a cell. For a week she was questioned, browbeaten, and occasionally struck. But she never altered her story by a word. In the meantime, she learned through the devious communications from one cell to another that the hostages had been released.

At the end of the week of questioning she was brought before a court-martial. Throughout the three days of her trial the judges and the prosecutor were unable to make her change her self-inculpation. On the third day the death sentence was imposed.

Two nights later she was informed that she was to be executed at dawn. The prisoner wrote the traditional two letters of farewell and drank the proffered rum. Shortly after 10 P. M. a chaplain visited her.

"Are you a patriot, father?" she asked him.

"My child, I am a subject of heaven. But I love Belgium too—"

The condemned woman's eyes were burning as she whispered: "I have something to tell you, father." He took her hand and she went on: "But only under the secrecy of the confessional." The priest reassured her, and she sat down on her pallet, the priest beside her.

"I didn't kill Dumke!" she said in a dry voice.

The priest was silent for a moment. "Then why did you give yourself up?" he asked gently.

"To save the hostages."

"I can understand that; but what was the reason for such a sacrifice?"

"The Germans might as well have sentenced me to death long ago," she said. "I'm dying of tuberculosis. My husband has had to flee Belgium. And they starved my daughter to death!"

The chaplain bowed his head.

The next day the woman who had put herself into the hands of the Germans was shot in the routine fashion. She was buried in an unmarked grave.

But Jean Buchet never knew the names of those who had laid her away. Always he was sure in his heart that one day he would return to his liberated country where his wife awaited him. It must have been his last conscious thought when he was shot down in a night raid over Belgium.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

LAST year **John Hersey** took an incident which happened on Guadalcanal and turned it into a stirring story symbolic of the courage and fighting quality of American men everywhere. This book, Into the Valley, marked Hersey as a writer of extraordinary talent and more than ordinary understanding.

This year, in **A Bell for Adano,** he has taken the case of an Italian town occupied by the American Army and written a novel which demonstrates that his ability was no flash in the pan.

This story centers in the struggle of an Italian-American major to bring order, happiness, and democracy to a town that had been stripped of all that, and more, by years of Fascism.

John Hersey

Major Jappolo, to whom this task was entrusted, is an AMG officer, a man of good will and of perhaps better than average ability. He has been trained for his task by the Army and he has studied to be able to fulfill it. He knows, too, the advantage of substituting common sense for rules when a situation requires. He is, in short, the typical intelligent, understanding, democratic American. And, because of his ancestry and background, he has a greater feeling for the people who have now become his responsibility.

His task, difficult enough, is complicated, however, by other Americans who display attributes not so praiseworthy but (we might as well face and understand it) also American—thoughtlessness, a sense of superiority toward all foreigners, and sometimes arrogance in high places.

Quentin Reynolds

The latter is displayed by an American general of whom Jappolo runs afoul soon after taking over command of the town, whose order he finds it necessary (for the health of Adano's inhabitants) to countermand, and who, in the end, has him removed.

But, before the major is relieved, he has brought to Adano all that he had hoped to give it; order and certainly a chance for happiness and democracy.

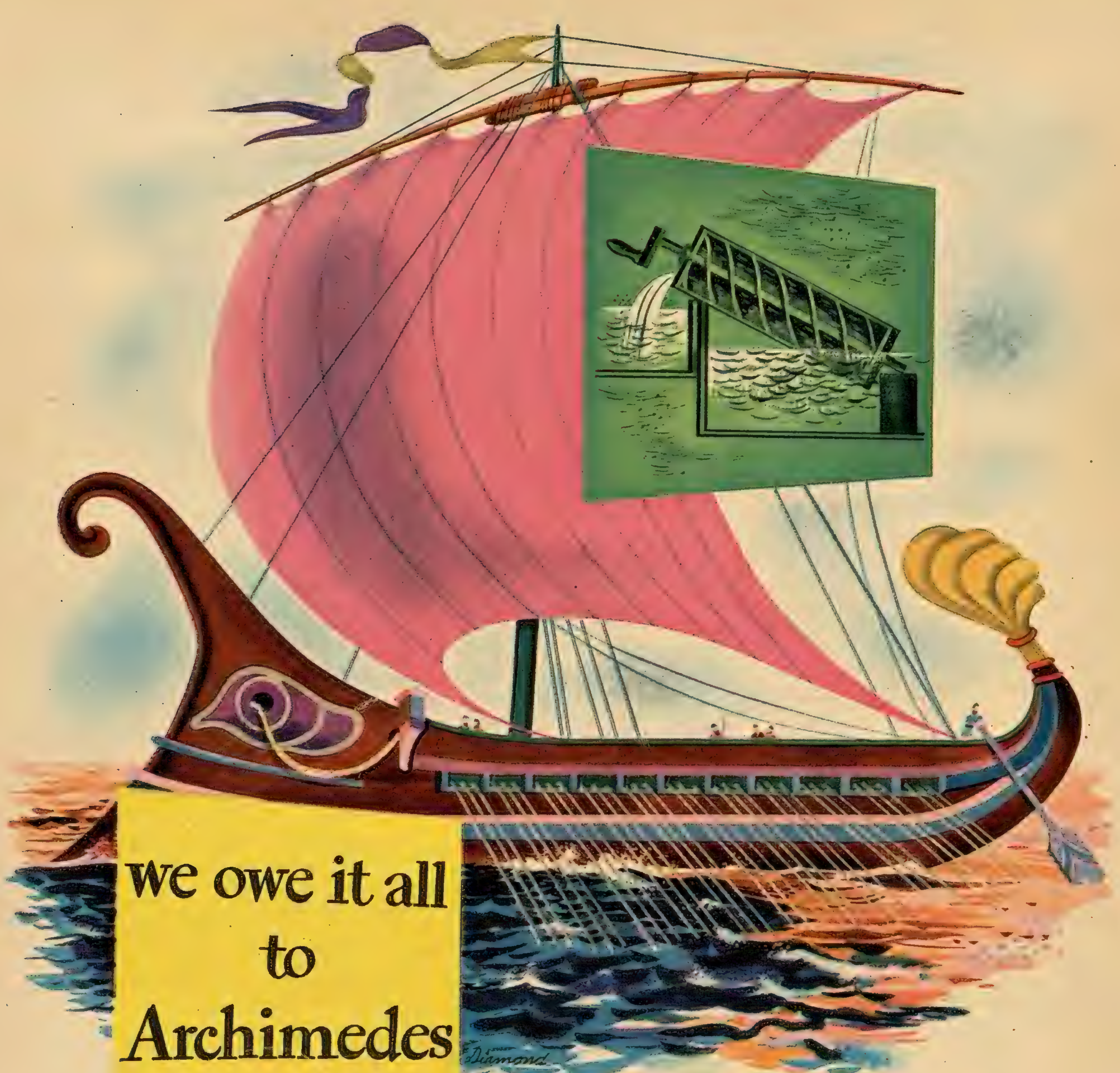
In telling this story, Hersey gives a splendid picture of the people of Sicily and, I imagine, an accurate picture of the problems that confront us in some of the other countries we anticipate taking over. Best of all, he has given us a story which is symbolic of America—a country which can be pulled to and fro by men of little understanding, by thoughtless men, by men of limited vision, but which contains enough men of good will and intelligence to assure its steady progress toward the ideals of a humane democracy.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Price, $2.50.

A RECENT top-notch report you ought not to miss is **Quentin Reynolds' The Curtain Rises**—a round-up of action and events in Russia, Africa, and Italy. It is personal reporting and there is a lot of Reynolds and his friends in it (including a highly humorous chapter on how Reynolds, Steinbeck, and more other reporters than any one room could reasonably accommodate, pre-empted the quarters which a British vice-consul hopefully thought of as his own).

But there are also any number of stirring pieces—on life in wartime Russia, the problems of a correspondent there, the ravages of the Russian towns retaken from the Germans. There is a swell interview with General Montgomery, some wonderful accounts of the landings in Italy, and a remarkably wise chapter at the end which I hope finds the widest possible audience.

Published by Random House, New York. Price, $2.75.



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HE WANTS TO FLY

Continued from Page 15

his frowning concentration—all—all Fred. Only Ricky's coloring had been hers, shining hair and blue eyes. As if he were his father's son—she often thought—and his relation to her were a surface thing, like paint. And so it seemed; for as the boy grew older, his hair darkened to tan, a compromise between hers and Fred's, and his eyes became blue gray.

"Is Ricky staying with you?" Fred asked when they were on the way again.

"Yes. He came down night before last. I waited until yesterday to wire you, because I thought—I hoped," she corrected, "I could make him see how cruel he is. I told him he might just as well kill me. But suddenly he's stone. I might be an intruder instead of his mother."

Neither said anything more. It was as if too much had to be said and there were no words for the moment to encompass all of it.

PARK AVENUE, wet after a rain, slid away glistening under the wheels. The spring morning had a moist undiluted gentleness. Save for the fact that few cars passed, the war might have been remote, except to these two.

The intensely modernistic building in which Isabel lived showed a greater display of window than of wall. Last summer she had asked Ricky to look over the five-room flat before she signed a lease, since it was to be his home too.

He had warned with a laugh, "It's a glass house. Careful, Bel! Don't throw stones." He never called her mother or mom or any pet name.

They found Ricky having breakfast in pajamas and a bright flowered-silk dressing gown, Isabel's gift. He kept the dressing gown at the apartment. "Save the nuisance of packing it," he had explained, but Isabel suspected he thought the pattern too sissy for college. The dining alcove consisted practically of casement windows. Thus light surrounded Ricky's tousled head and made deeper the dark dents under his eyes.

He sprang up, surprised. "'Lo, dad!" He took Fred's hand warmly, affectionately, as if in that clasp were a heartbeat. "How come?"

"Just arrived from Washington."

"Oh! I see." Ricky's quick glance from one to the other made it evident that he did see. Plainly. Conclusively. Never in the eight years since their divorce had he encountered his parents together in the home of either one. Isabel read resentment in his sudden frown, the thrust of his hands into dressing-gown pockets, the working of a jaw muscle. She read more. Frustration. He stared down into her tear-dimmed eyes, "So that's that," and turned toward his bedroom.

"No, that is definitely not that, my boy." Fred gripped his arm. "Nothing is settled until you and I settle it between us. First I'd like a shower and shave. Show me the way to your bathroom."

Seated at her dressing table near the door leading into Ricky's room, Isabel could hear the murmur of their voices, Fred's deep laugh, the boy's answering one. She took off the fantastic hat, tossed it with the scarf and her smart navy coat on the bed. A string of carved lapis lazuli that must have taken most of Ricky's allowance last Christmas lay dense blue against the whiteness of her neck. She ran a comb through her hair. It wove around her face a spun-gold veil. And she thought how Ricky kept saying the night before, "You look such a kid, Bel—I hate to do this to you. I'm a hound dog! But I've got to get into it."

She sat there quite a while trying to choke back the tears, waiting for all trace to vanish from her eyes and from her voice. She even spoke softly to test both: "Ricky, please, dear, forgive me. . . ."

And those were her words when she joined him in the dining alcove. "Ricky dear—please forgive me. I had to send for your father. I had to ask his help."

The housekeeper, an elderly Scotchwoman, brought in fresh wheat cakes. Ricky spilled quantities of thick honey over them. "O. K., Bel. I can't expect you to understand how a fellow feels." It was a lighter tone with a note of confidence.

Instantly she asked herself, "Has Fred consented without giving me a chance?"

"I tried last night to make you see how a mother feels, Ricky. It may sound selfish, but you're everything I have."

"Sure," he answered with the indulgent smile of having heard it all before. "Sure, I know. And you've been a swell pal."

Putting their companionship in the past, a part of his life over, done with! She had expected, of course, to have him leave her for some girl; his wife and a home of his own. But at seventeen, to leave her gaily for a rendezvous with death!

She poured a cup of coffee and the heat of it was a relief, as though it melted ice in her throat. She was able to ask calmly, "Did you speak to your father just now—about enlisting?"

Again Ricky gave her that measuring stare. "Look, Bel. I wish you wouldn't let yourself get all balled up about this. Millions of fellows are doing it. Not because the government drafts them, but because they're hell-bent for action. Nothing else counts. See, darling? Nothing else—not a darned thing. Dad hasn't said a word yet, but I'll lay a hundred to one he'll back me up. He's such a human guy. See what I mean?"

HE was attempting to explain Fred to her, trying to tell her that he was like Fred and they spoke the same language. That hurt—Ricky must never guess how much it hurt. "Yes, I see."

"He'll understand how it burns me up, being a year too young. My Lord, what's a year in a lifetime?"

What's a year in a lifetime? Seventeen not dreaming how long and empty a year can be. Or how filled with despair. Oh, Ricky, if you only knew, darling, if you only realized! . . . But she managed to say without sign of dread, "Three hundred and sixty-five days, Ricky! Anything can happen in half that time—a lot of changes."

"You got me!" he triumphed. "It's exactly what I'm driving at. Fellows who can enlist without asking anybody, they'll have plenty to crowd into this next year. Plenty and then some! You can't count living by the number of years you're on earth, Bel. Those guys will know what it means to live even if they're killed. That sounds cockeyed but it's true. Easy, everything soft, everything smooth—who wants that kind of life?"

Suddenly the thought hit Isabel hard.

MY FACE LOOKED LIKE A BATTLE MAP—
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But that's the kind I wanted. From the day I married. No, long before. When I was an only child of doting parents, when I was voted the prettiest girl in the senior class at high school, when Fred took me in his arms and said he loved me—always, always a smooth life was what I wanted. Silken, without ragged edges. That's why I can't handle this. I don't know how. . . .

She had put herself in a defensive world. Defense against the problems, the dangers of human experience. And now she found it a world apart—from the husband who had adored her and from the son she adored. She longed to say to Ricky, "It's the excitement you want." But that wouldn't be true. It was something deeper and more complex, something he had no need to express to his father and no ability to explain to his mother.

"I want to be fair to you, darling," was what she said. "Don't think I mean to hamper you. Don't—please."

Ricky jumped up and pulled her out of the chair roughly, tenderly, as he kissed her. "You're the sweetest thing on earth, Bel. Don't ever forget that's what I think. But I can't expect you to see my side. It's not as though you were a fighting so-and-so." He ran his hand across his chin. "Say, I must look like a bum—better follow dad's lead. A shave and shower."

An excuse! She knew Ricky wanted to get to Fred, to be with him alone.

For a while she sat motionless. In this world, this smooth easy world she had demanded as her right, she had barred herself from the greatest of all gifts: understanding. She knew that now. It had come to her in a blinding flash. From Ricky it had come; awkwardly, affectionately, but just the same with unconscious brutality, the frankness of the very young.

IN her bedroom once more, Isabel flung herself on the chaise longue, her face pressed into the nest of lingerie pillows.

Once before in her life she had lain tearless and shaken. In another bedroom, hers and Fred's, eight years ago, at the end of a summer spent with Ricky in the glamorous Europe of those days.

The very morning after her return a woman friend had called to tell her about running into Fred at a picturesque Long Island inn, very secluded, very safe. With him on a week-end had been a stunning brunette.

She could have borne the hurt, perhaps, if Fred had lied out of it. But Fred was not the sort to lie. When she faced him accusingly the same night, he had not even attempted to excuse himself.

All he said was, "I begged you not to go so far away. I wanted you and Ricky where I could be with you at least for week-ends. An empty flat is no place for a lonely man to come home to."

"Well, you needn't be lonely any more. You can marry her."

"Isabel! Can't you see it was only . . ."

"What would you say if I'd allowed any of the dozens of attractive men I met abroad to make love to me?"

"I wouldn't have left you alone four solid months, Isabel. I beg of you, for Ricky's sake, don't smash us."

For Ricky's sake it had been a Reno divorce. But the terms were entirely Isabel's. Fred had said, "Whatever you want." So Ricky made his home with her. The amount of time he spent with his father was a matter of her generosity. That had been balm for the

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wound in her heart. Or was the wound in her pride? She was not sure.

Again the murmur of voices came through the thin wall. She straightened. She had to hear their talk—find out if Fred was on her side. She must know what they had to say to each other. She *must!*

HUDDLED on the floor beside the door leading into Ricky's room, she heard Fred's troubled "Why do you want to fly? Why has it got to be the most dangerous branch of the service?"

"It's not the most dangerous. No more than convoying or submarines or tanks or infantry. It's just the most fascinating." There was a long pause. Then Ricky went on, "From the time I was a kid, I used to watch planes rip through the sky—nothing in their way—nothing to stop them. I'd say to myself, 'There's where I belong. Up there. Free!'"

"What do you mean—free? Was I too strict? Too tough on you?"

"You know better, dad. When I'm with you—" Again that break, the drop of his voice, almost to a note of apology. "Bel loves me too much. Good Lord, she never used to let me ride a bike or get on a horse or drive a car that she didn't beg me to be careful. I always knew she'd worry herself sick till I got home safe."

"Isabel has given you pretty much your own way. Too much your own way sometimes."

"Sure she spoiled me. That's not what I'm driving at. Look, dad. Once when we had a house in the country, a couple of sparrows built their nest right over the front door. Well, the little things hatched out their young and fed them and kept them warm and taught them to fly. And then, by golly, they kicked them out to shift for themselves. That's what I mean."

Isabel could actually feel the slow smile lifting one corner of Fred's mouth as she had often seen it. The smile of a thoughtful man whose humor was tinged with compassion. "So it's simply because you want to try your wings," he suggested.

"Not try my wings," Ricky said huskily, "but earn them. I've never had to earn anything. It's all been given to me. I've never been any darned use."

"You're only seventeen, boy. You've plenty of time."

"She said that—Bel. But there isn't plenty of time. There's no time at all, not a minute. I've got to learn how. I've got to be a flying cadet first. It may be over before I get my chance."

There was such anguish in the young voice that Isabel shut her eyes. It was as if he said to her, "It's you! It's you who rob me of my chance! You ought to help instead of hinder!"

Fred was saying, "Whatever is best for you, that's the thing your mother and I want—not to rob you of your chance but to help you toward it."

"Then let me fly. Don't stop me."

There was a long silence. Too long. In that potent stillness, in the certainty that Fred's decision was made, Isabel felt suspended in mid-air with nothing to hold to. She heard the renewed murmuring of voices but not what they said. Her ears were closed, like her throat, like her tear-blinded eyes.

She clung to the knob of the door and presently it turned in her hand.

Fred stood looking down at her. He shut the door quickly behind him.

"I couldn't help listening," Isabel told him.

"It's just as well. I'm glad in a way. Ricky wouldn't have talked to you quite so frankly."

"You're letting him go?"

"Not without your consent."

"Is it because of what he said? About wanting to be free? He said I loved him too much. Perhaps that's true. Perhaps my very love has—well, chained him. But if we lose him, won't we always feel it was just a gallant gesture? After all, Ricky's only a boy—how can he know what he wants?"

"Ricky is a man. I know his mind. I know his heart. You can't live a man's life for him, Isabel. You can live it with him but not for him."

She was sitting on the chaise longue. She glanced up at him, then hastily at the hands clasped in her lap. It was plain what he meant. Once they had crushed his happiness, those slender white hands, and taken his son from him. Now they were trying to drag Ricky from the will to live that was his birthright, the will to choose his way of life. She asked, "And if he should be killed?"

"Better to have his body die than to kill his spirit." Fred said it quietly, as so many fathers must be saying it. In his eyes as Isabel looked up was the compassion she had fancied there when she crouched against the door.

"You mean—we mustn't consider our loss if to die gloriously means more to Ricky than to live safely."

"That's it. That's exactly what I mean."

"You can feel it, Fred, honestly? You can believe it when your whole life is bound up in his?"

"When all this is over, he'll have to live with himself. If he's failed to keep faith with himself, it'll be tough going."

"Yes, I know." She said nothing for a while and when she spoke, it was as one to whom confession is the abandonment of pride. It was not new, this thing she had to confess but had never dared sum up in words, even to herself. "I've kept him from you, Fred, whenever I could. I had a crazy idea I could make you pay for the hurt you gave me. All I succeeded in doing was to pull you two closer."

FRED sat down beside her. He unclasped the delicate hands and held them, very white against the tan of his. "Will you let Ricky go, Isabel? For his sake, will you let him feel that you want him to fly? You want him to fight for us—your battle and mine? It's what he's asking for. To be free. Will you release him?"

"Until today I didn't dream I was holding him prisoner. It never occurred to me to try to put myself in his place. You've been able to think his thoughts. I've only thought my own. I've always thought what I wanted for his happiness, not what he wanted. That's why he's your son, Fred, more than mine."

"He's ours. Nothing can change that, Isabel. He's both of us."

"Could we—" She paused and began again because what she had to ask was so hard. "Do you think, perhaps, if we told Ricky he was coming back to us—together, I mean—it would help? He could fly through the clouds—and know it would be a happy landing. Is it too late, Fred, to make a home together so that he'll still feel free, not shunted from one to the other? If he comes back . . ."

"When he comes back—not if," Fred broke in softly. "When he comes back, my dearest."

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

Frank BEAVEN

"Unless I'm mistaken, it's carrying a sign, saying, 'Drink Pepsi-Cola, 5¢.'"

THE INVISIBLE COLONEL

Continued from Page 13

his desk, and are often nonplused to find that the panel which has just slid to behind them can't be distinguished from other panels in the wall. Yes, it's true that he always has a German shepherd dog with him, and that the dog has a way of leaving her place at her master's feet and sniffing around visitors' legs as if looking for a good spot to take hold. No, the dog's name isn't Lottie—it's Lotta.

"But who's he afraid of?" you say.

"He's afraid of us," somebody shouts, laughing. "He's afraid of the people."

"If he doesn't like us, who does he like?"

"He doesn't like anybody. He doesn't go around much socially in Chicago. He's said to be very fond of dogs and horses and of Robert Rutherford McCormick."

"His wife is dead," says another man. "He has no children. He used to have a taste for grand opera."

"Nobody ever saw him sit through a performance. Now his weakness is for light opera and bad puns."

"Do the people who work for him like him?" you ask.

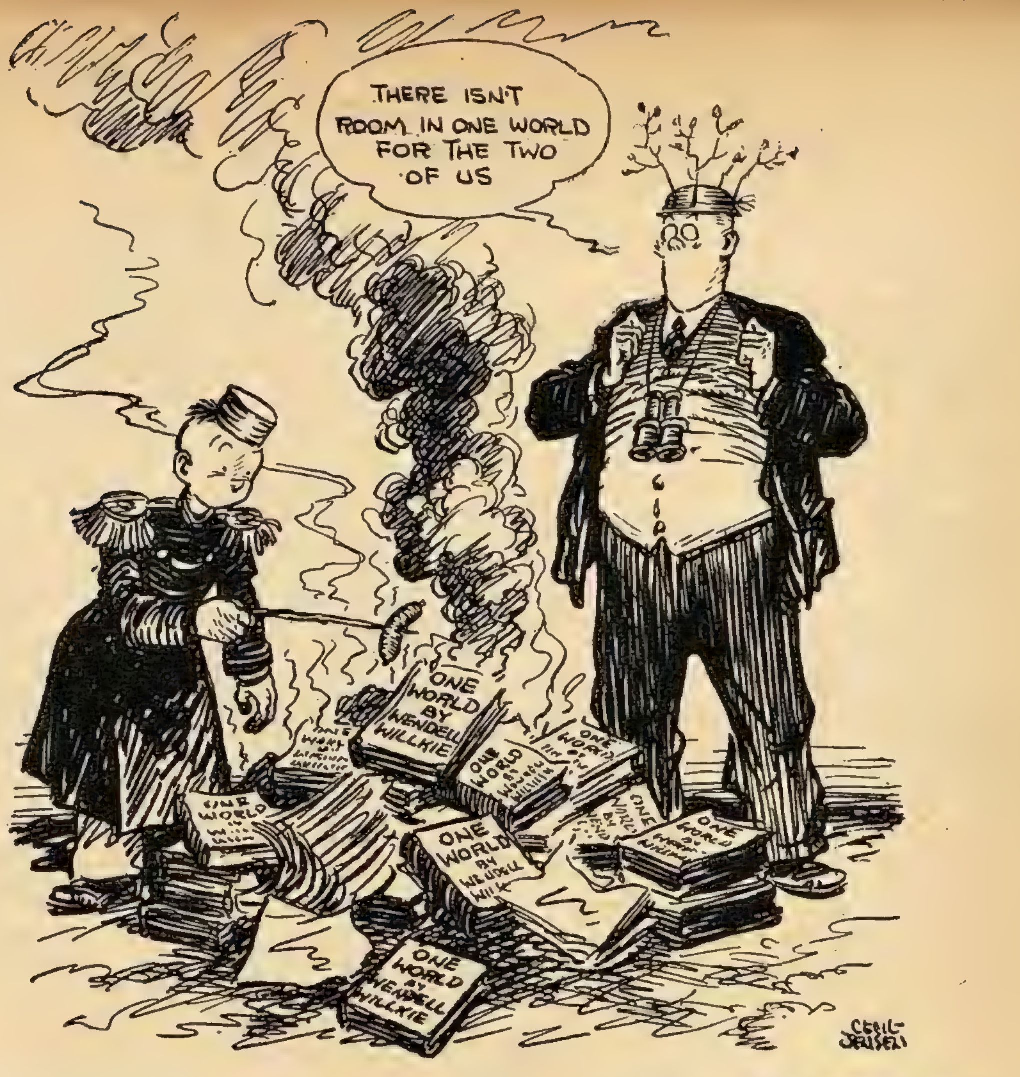
Silence is the answer. Few of his employees ever see him. The Tribune is run by remote control. Orders come down from above. The Colonel in the Tower is as invisible as the Grand Lama in a lamasery. He has some faithful retainers of the bulldog type, but many of his employees regard him in the same light as servants in a Miami mansion regard the week-end gentry they wait upon. In certain departments of the paper he's referred to as the Klunk.

"NOW look here," somebody interrupts. "He's not a bad employer. People don't suddenly find themselves out on the street, like they do in some other papers. There have even been cases where the old codfish has shown a certain fatherly regard for a man's feelings. What burns you up is the Colonel's undisguised conviction that he lives in a different sphere from the rest of us little toddlers here below."

Somebody breaks out a story. An editorial writer who had been called up to the Colonel's office was being coached on how to behave by one of the men higher up while they were waiting for the elevator. "Be deferential," he was told, "but not obsequious." The man who tells the story worked on the Tribune at the time. He can't explain why it made him so sore.

"Aw, to hell with him. Let's have another beer," say several men at once. The waiter comes with the tray of beers and the subject changes, but not before the man who once worked on the Tribune has a final fling.

What he couldn't take, he says, were those entertainments at the Colonel's estate, where the people who worked for him felt themselves cast in the role of the grateful peasantry come to kiss the master's hand. They always had the feeling of being under the eye of a cordon of flunkies posted to keep them from picking the flowers or butting in on the higher-ups. He was invited out there to a movie once, he says, and they sat there for hours waiting till the lord of the manor and his guests got through dinner and pulled themselves together enough to come in and sit in the best seats. Hell, he hadn't wanted to see the movie, anyway. He'd just sat there to be polite. And at one picnic the Colonel had been driven up on horseback in a truck, and had ridden down among the mob, graciously bowing and nodding, and then had ridden his horse back on the truck and been driven away again. Who did he think he was, Napoleon?


THERE ISN'T ROOM IN ONE WORLD FOR THE TWO OF US
ONE WORLD BY WENDELL WILLKIE
CECIL JENSEN

CECIL JENSEN IN CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Opponents of Colonel McCormick see his counterpart in the Chicago Daily News's "Colonel McCosmic."

"The man's peculiar," says another fellow sourly. "Power goes to a man's head. There's not an independent newspaper owner in the world who doesn't go a little dizzy with it."

"I'd like to have about one eighth of the Colonel's drag in Illinois politics," says a redheaded young man. Nobody has anything more to say.

It's because of this power over the leg men and the writers and the presses that resides in the push buttons on his desk that Colonel McCormick, who is hardly a Hearst or a Northcliffe, can sit tall and stiff and friendless in the top of the Tribune Tower and have any chance notion that pops into his head treated as a revelation from on high and turned into a column of print. In a couple of hours his least penciled jotting has been amplified, skillfully rigged to catch the attention and hook on to the prejudices of the casual reader, and spread on every newsstand in the Middle West. There's no personal power in the world more direct than that. No wonder if it makes a man think of himself as worth more than other men.

Though, listening to his weekly radio talks, you get the impression that the colonel thinks of himself as having risen to eminence strictly through his own abilities, the fact is that he cut his teeth on a silver spoon if ever man did. His father was a nephew of old Cyrus McCormick of the McCormick reaper, and his mother was a daughter of Joseph Medill, a friend of Lincoln and one of the founders of the Republican Party, who made the Chicago Tribune, in the years after the Civil War, into the most influential newspaper in the Middle West.

By 1880, when Robert Rutherford McCormick was born, Chicago editors were already referring to the Fairbankses, the Fields, and the McCormicks as "our great merchant princes." Robert R. was a younger son. The elder brother was the Medill McCormick who married Mark Hanna's daughter and went into politics and died a United States senator. Robert R.'s earliest memories were of the Ontario Flats, one of the first apartment houses on the North Side, where the family lived during his early formative years. In reminiscent speeches he likes to tell of spinning tops on the old boardwalks that kept people's feet out of the mud in the better residential districts in those days, and of riding a high-wheel bicycle around the Waterworks Circle.

WHEN the boy was nine years old his father was appointed secretary of the U. S. legation in London. The family moved to England. When his people settled in London, young McCormick was sent to school at Lansdown. He hated it. From being at the top of the social heap in America, he found himself near the bottom in England. In those days an American or a colonial had no place in society. A schoolboy in England found himself locked into an intricate system of codes and taboos where, every moment of the day, what you were, whom you talked to, what you didn't say, were parts of a ritual that nobody would explain. When he told them an American boy could pitch a baseball in a curve, he got the cold stare. He came out of it all marked for life with an upper-class English accent, and he had acquired English habits of dress and behavior and the knack of believing in a master class. But he never liked the English.

When the family returned to America after Robert Lincoln retired as U. S. minister to Great Britain, young McCormick was sent to Groton. There he was just one form ahead of his great enemy of later life, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Summers he spent on his grandfather Medill's farm, or on the ranch near San Antonio to which the old publisher retired before he died. The Medills were strong-minded people. The boy was brought up more as a Medill than as a McCormick.

From Groton, the year his grandfather died, he went to Yale. His college years were the years of T. R. and the Big Stick and Manifest Destiny. It was T. R. and the feeling that the Better Element should run the country that dominated his thinking for the rest of his life. "Any one who calls the United States a democracy shamefully traduces our Republic," he said recently in a speech. That the Republic should be in the hands of the Better Element, that the mob should stay in its place, has continued the keystone of his politics.

WHEN he graduated in 1903 he was an awkward, stiff young man, six feet four, who had been brought up to feel that anything in the world was his for the buying. His father and mother were in Russia, representing the United States at the court of the Czar. He was well intentioned. He felt his place was in Chicago and that his duty was to go into politics to take the country back from the foreign rabble who had inherited the machinery of government while the last generation of the Better Element was too busy making money to care.

He got himself bachelor quarters at the Union Club and started to study law at Northwestern. With the help of "Unser Fritz" Busse, the boss of the North Side in those days, he got himself elected to the Sanitary Commission. Old-timers tell you that he could never quite get himself to the point of rubbing shoulders with the electorate. About as far as he went was to walk into a saloon and clap a ten-dollar bill down and order up drinks for all and sundry. His best friend couldn't have called him a good mixer.

In due course he was admitted to the bar, and brought with him to his law firm as dowry the business of the Chicago Tribune. When he was thirty-one he was elected president of the Tribune's board of directors. Since old Joseph Medill's death the paper had been run by the managing editor, Keeley, the man who invented the slogan "The World's Greatest Newspaper" and defended it to his friends by explaining that the paper had the greatest number of advertising lines and the world's greatest advertising income. What did you run a newspaper for, anyway?

Those were the days when William Randolph Hearst inflamed the imagination of American newspapermen. Here was a rich young man who had not only made good but had become an immense power in the world. Now, young McCormick was no waster. He played a little polo and kept hunters, but he was far from being a millionaire's son in the grand manner. He might not be brilliant, but he was ambitious and persistent. He didn't have enough of the common barroom touch for politics, but here he was, part owner of a great newspaper. He began to see himself as a molder of public opinion.

He became fairly thick with his cousin Joseph Medill Patterson, who was a very bright fellow indeed. In 1914, when a majority of the directors had just about decided to sell the paper out of the family, young McCormick and young Patterson went before a meeting and induced them to let the pair take a try at running it themselves. The story goes that McCormick still wears the striped trousers and the cutaway he wore to that fateful meeting at each annual reception he gives at his country place to the Tribune employees.

The two men had very little in common except a fervid desire to run a newspaper, so they decided that each would control the editorial policy in alternate months. They hired Max Annenberg away from Hearst. In their battle with the Herald and Examiner, Max, from all reliable accounts, had quite a hand in turning the city into a no man's land of gang warfare. Chicago was a feudal town. No one thought the worse of a merchant prince for having a few plug-uglies among his retainers.

Young McCormick had always had a taste for military history. His father had collected prints of the life and times of Napoleon. As a boy he had listened to his grandfather's stories of Lincoln and Grant and the Civil War. When World War I broke out in Europe, he sent himself to France as a correspondent. Through her friendship with the grandees of the Russian court, his mother arranged for him to be invited to the eastern front as the first correspondent that the Russians, shrinking as always from the eyes of the West, allowed there. He dressed up in tails and a white tie at high noon to be given an audience by the ill-fated Czar Nicholas at Tsarskoye Selo, and he had a Kalmuck prince attached to him as an aide. Before he left home, in order to keep his end up in these exalted circles, he had taken the precaution of getting the governor of Illinois to appoint him an honorary colonel.

When trouble started at the Mexican border, he joined a cavalry outfit as a major, bringing with him four machine guns at his own expense. Although the Tribune officially opposed our entrance into World War I, Major McCormick jumped right in, was sent overseas and saw action with the artillery in the First Division. At the same time his cousin Patterson enlisted as a private. McCormick was on Pershing's staff and was eventually promoted to lieutenant colonel, and toward the end of the war was put in charge of Fort Sheridan just outside of Chicago. From all accounts, he was somewhat of a martinet and not any too popular with his men.

Meanwhile, he and his cousin had thought up between them the highly original idea of the tabloid and in 1919 founded the Daily News in New York. Eventually Patterson moved to New York to take complete charge of the News, while McCormick remained in his office on top of the new Tribune Tower in Chicago, undisputed master of The World's Greatest Newspaper.

THE Colonel is not a brilliant writer, but he knows the technical side of his business. He's very much interested in the Tribune's pulp and paper mills, in its steamship line (which flies the Canadian flag) and in new presses and color processes. He likes to think of himself as the patron of scientific invention. He has owned at different times two planes, named, rather oddly for a professional isolationist and anti-Britisher, the 'Untin' Bowler and the 'Arf Pint. He has subsidized the invention of a synthetic rubber which he calls tri-buna. He likes to think of himself as a student of American history and has published a life of Ulysses S. Grant in two volumes and a work on the freedom of the press.

He writes well about freedom of the press, but what he seems to mean is the freedom of a merchant prince to run his own business without any interference from the groundlings. He abhors the Democratic Party, except in Chicago, where he gets along very well with his old friend Mayor Kelly. The policies of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he will tell you daily if you read his paper, can lead only to Communism, Caesarism, and dictatorship. Ingrained in him from childhood is the fear of the common man. Bomb-throwing anarchism, dictatorial Communism, and a vague bogey that smells of a certain beer hall in Munich—a bogey which he calls "International Finance" in his speeches —are all the same to him. In his way, he's a patriot.

It is as a patriot, a rather peculiar kind of patriot, that the Colonel has his greatest personal following. Chicago is the center of a loose network of "patriotic" groups that form a lunatic fringe of the anti-Roosevelt party. Among these groups you meet an odd com-

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

VERBAIT'EM: Repeating your big-fish story.

A STAB LISHMENT: A place where you get the needle.

INFURRIER: A guy who sells mink coats made from skunk.

TALLEGRAM: Wire to a high official.

CALM-ET: A star with a tail that doesn't wag.

DEAFINITE: Not even ears!

REPRODUCKTION: Old Lady Flatbill hatches an egg.

CHILLDREN: Eskimos' offspring.

DIRE-RY: A dreadful day-by-day account.

ALLAHMONY: What the good Mohammedan pays his ex-wife.

bination of the dregs and leftovers of peace-at-any-price isolationism, America Firsters, and of the Irish Nationalists, welded together by a reflection of German Nazi theories and plain old American Know-Nothingism. They all have in common the hysteria of dread. Their bogeys are the Jews, International Finance, Liberalism, Communism, and the British Empire. They are led by a number of fly-by-night führers, male and female, many of whom—whether rightly or wrongly I don't know—are in the toils of the Department of Justice. Whether they are enemy agents or not, they are a crew that bears watching, like all irresponsible demagogues. The Colonel is one of their heroes.

There's a curious similarity about their meetings. In Chicago many of them take place in a small hall on the second floor of an office building in the Loop. When you go in from under the clattering Elevated, you find a strange scurry and bustle among the people milling around the entrance and about a long table stacked with pamphlets, presided over usually by the same red-eyed, gray-haired woman in a floppy broad-brimmed hat. At the door a quaint old man with drooping mustaches, dressed in a sort of revivalist uniform with an old-fashioned mail carrier's pouch slung from his shoulder, is likely to be handing out sheets of smeary print under the headlines U. S. A. HELP YOURSELF. The pamphlets on the table carry flamboyant titles attacking the Reds and the New Deal. Always there's the innuendo linking the "Jew Deal," as they call it, with International Finance, the Communist International, the Elders of Zion, and all sorts of dark forces that are preparing to enslave the American people.

GNOMISH, moist-eyed men and women hum around the pamphlets. The men are mostly elderly; a number of them are crippled. The women wear oddly assorted dresses and old-fashioned hats of formidable shapes. There is a glazed glitter about their eyes; eyelids droop and the corners of mouths twitch. Many of them look crazy enough to be in a madhouse. As they find themselves seats, there's a great deal of waving back and forth. The women, particularly, all seem to know one another. You overhear remarks such as "We'll drive those Reds out yet," "Don't forget we're fighting the good fight." As an old man settles in his seat he mutters, "Too many vomen. Ve got to show force." He clenches his fists. The accent is unmistakably German.

The late-comers tend to be more normal, moderately unprosperous, suburban-looking people such as you would see at almost any political rally. The meeting always opens with The Star-Spangled Banner. The chairman this time is a big black-haired bull of a man. He bellows out that this organization is for America first, last, and forever. He's not ashamed of the name America First. Women yell and jump to their feet and hold their hands above their heads to clap louder. It's obvious that they have come to yell and to boo and to have themselves a time.

The chairman goes on to say that this is a meeting of a private organization and that no heckling will be tolerated from the hall, nobody but duly invited speakers will be allowed to speak. What they say will be twisted around by hired men of the New Deal press—they know that. Yells of rage from the women. The chairman pulls his shoulders back in a hero pose. "We're not ashamed of being Americans!" he shouts. The women jump yelling to their feet again.

"Do you suppose Vogue could have forgotten something?"

As the speeches go on, at every mention of Reds, Roosevelt, Willkie, the New Deal, International Bankers, they boo hysterically. They cheer the Chicago Tribune. They boo the Chicago Sun. There's a dead silence when a speaker mentions United Nations victories in the theaters of war. When somebody suggests that none but Christians be allowed to take part in the Peace Conference, there are yells and clappings. A speaker ends up by nominating, as the candidate for President for a Nationalist Republican Party in 1944, Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, owner and publisher of the Chicago Tribune. He brings a storm of applause.

RECENTLY, in response to these insistent demands, the Colonel has announced modestly that he does not choose to run. He went on to explain that he felt he was serving his country better running a newspaper. Undoubtedly he believes it. He feels that the Chicago Tribune is a sacred trust, to make money for the limited group of stockholders and to keep America safe for the Better Element. The feudal lord is defending his domain. The Tribune Tower is his castle. From his office high above the lake front he glares out at the skyscraper strongholds of his competitors. Hearst is almost gone, but round the bend of the river Marshall Field III has set up a new challenge, rank with the heresies of Roosevelt and the New Deal.

As it was to the old-time Federalists, to Colonel McCormick democracy is a bogey word meaning mob rule, ruin, bankruptcy, and destruction. He balances against it the time-honored glory word Republic. The Republic must be the stronghold of law and order and of the privileges of newspaper owners. When he says, "Any one who calls the United States a democracy shamefully traduces our Republic," he is expressing the creed and convictions of three generations of ruthless, power-loving business barons who were lords of Chicago.

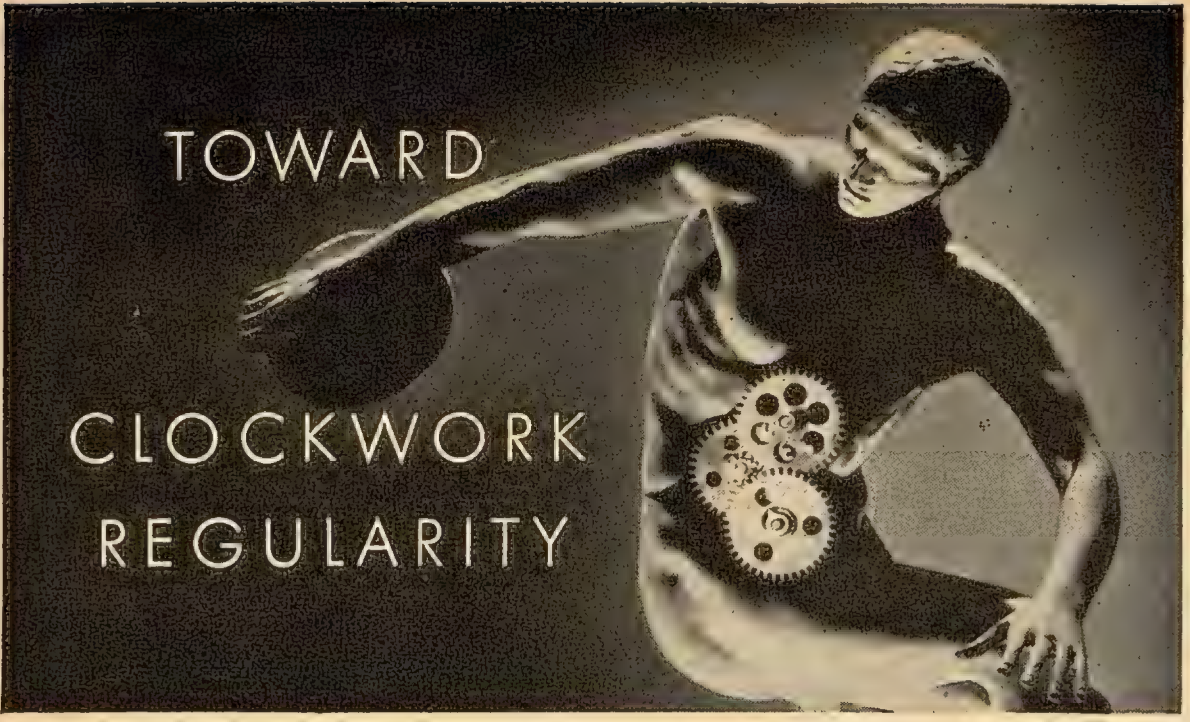
THE END

ADV.

WHEATIES
WHEATIES

"Now, ain't this better than chasin' that cow all over the pasture?"

It's a possibility — but fixing your "Breakfast of Champions" is so all-fired easy now, that additional convenience seems unnecessary. Do you know how easy it is to acquire that satisfied feeling in the morning? Start with a bowlful of milk, fruit and those easy-to-fix, easy-to-eat Wheaties.



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NO SPRINGS
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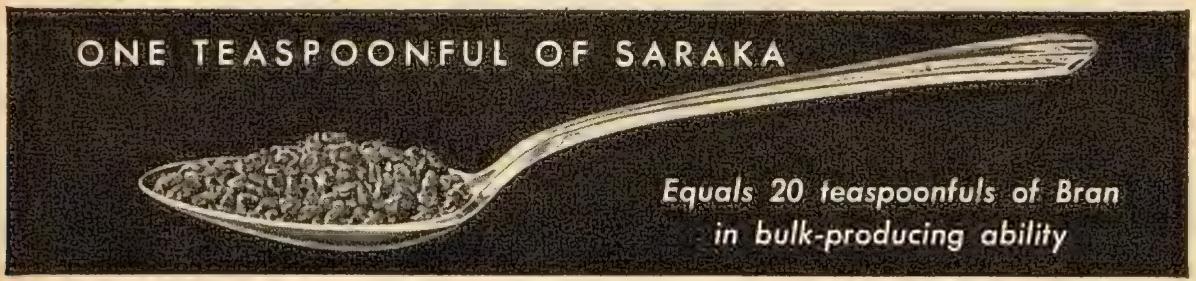
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SARAKA

BUY WAR BONDS—THE FINEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD

NEW TACTICS IN SEA WAR

Continued from Page 17

For one thing, the planes need plenty of air room. Congestion might be fatal, particularly if a night rendezvous were involved. Then, too, the carrier is too tempting and too important a target: an enemy airman would rather pick one off than a troop-laden convoy or even a battleship, because he knows that, with the carrier and her planes out of the way, the others will be easier pickings.

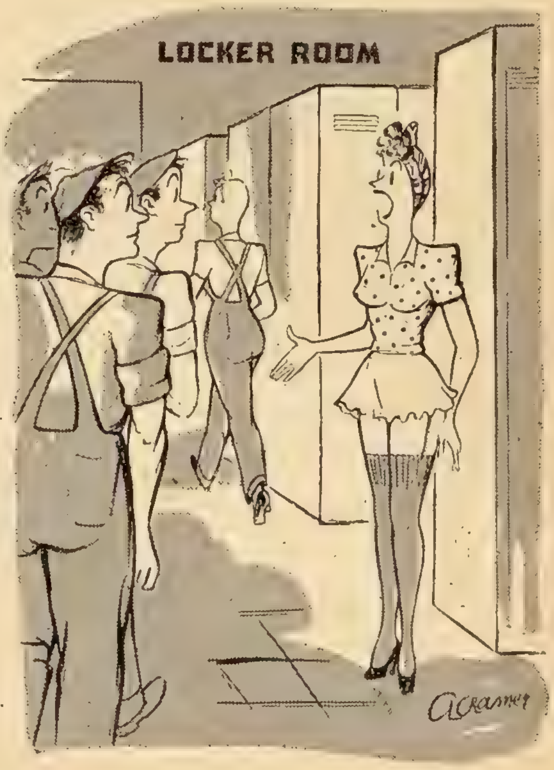
"We don't put too many eggs in one basket," an air officer succinctly stated. "We don't care to make omelets out of our carriers."

Another extremely important and fundamental principle is that an escort vessel should not be tied in tactically with a faster carrier, and, conversely, a slow carrier, such as a converted merchantman, should not be tagged onto faster men-o'-war.

When Admiral Ramsey discusses naval aviation tactics he speaks with the knowledge of twenty-eight years' experience, for his flying career goes back to 1916, when he was designated Naval Aviator No. 45. He also is a veteran of a carrier task force battle which, next to Midway and the Coral Sea engagements, was one of the most decisive in the early phases of the Pacific war.

This was the Battle of the Eastern Solomons, fought on August 24, 1942, during the crucial days of the Guadalcanal campaign. The Sara, which "Duke" Ramsey commanded, and the Big E, between them, knocked down seventy-one Japanese planes, seriously crippling the enemy's air strength. The Saratoga came through without a scratch, although the Enterprise was hit. Planes from Ramsey's ship alone accounted for a Jap carrier and a destroyer and damaged two cruisers and a battleship.

Commander "Gave" Mitchell, from Copper Hill, Tennessee, a naval aviator for fourteen years, shares Admiral Ramsey's enthusiasm for carriers. Now back in this country as a training director, after crowding enough experiences into the two years since Pearl Harbor to last the average man a lifetime, Mitchell is particularly eloquent on the beauty of the big new carriers and the new



"Somebody stole my overalls!"

battleships as a team. He regards them, when properly handled together, as virtually invincible—the carrier's planes beating off the incoming fighters and the battlewagon's guns knocking down those that sneak through, if there is air opposition; the battleship's sixteen-inch guns and the carrier-based planes' bombs combining to make a bloody shambles of enemy shore installations.

Commander Mitchell was skipper of Fighter Squadron Eight on the Hornet. He saw Doolittle's boys take off for Tokyo, and then led his own fighters into the air to protect the Hornet against possible enemy attack as she reversed her course.

HE went through six days of some of the worst hell a man can endure when, in the Battle of Midway, his squadron's ten planes, out of gas, fell into the water, and he spent six days on a life raft wondering if any one ever would find him. He saw the gallant Hornet lost, after dishing out terrific damage, in the Battle of Santa Cruz. He wept unashamedly on the deck of a destroyer which took him off when the destroyer had to send its own shells crashing into the crippled Hornet and sink her to prevent the possibility of her falling into enemy hands.

He got his revenge, though, as "Duke" Ramsey's operations officer on the Sara, baiting the Jap fleet nightly to come out and fight in the New Georgia campaign (something it never did in the Saratoga's vicinity), pounding Wake on the devastating raids of October 5-6, and helping direct some of the softening-up operations against Tarawa and Makin in November.

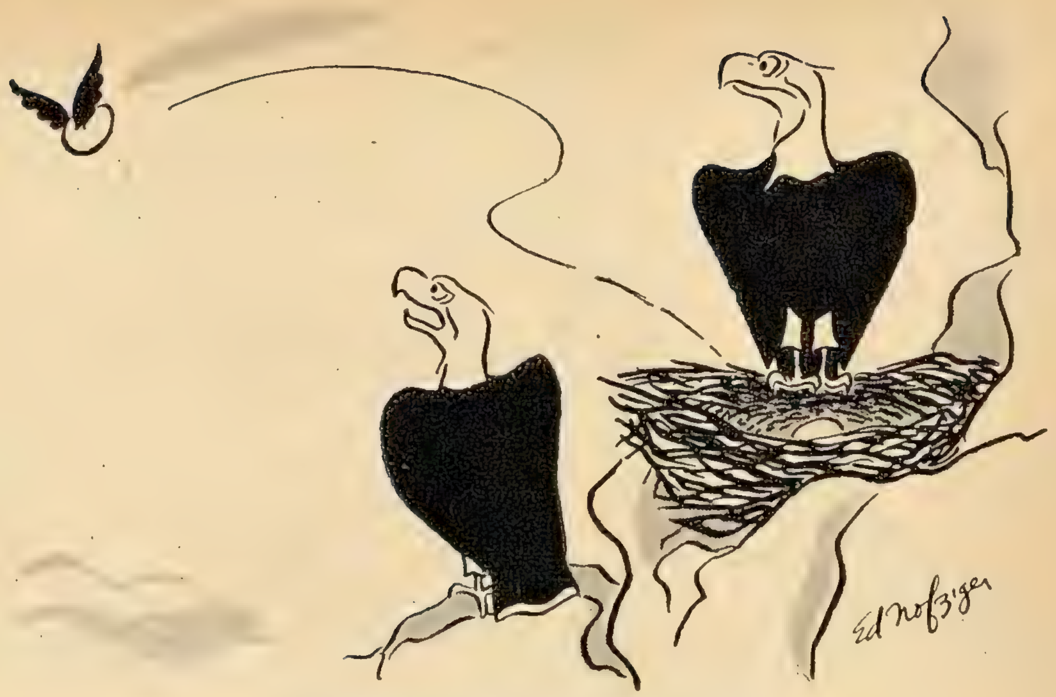
That Wake raid, Commander Mitchell relates, was one of the sweetest examples of carrier task force tactics ever executed up to that time. It was carefully worked out by Vice-Admiral John H. Towers, air commander under Admiral Chester W. Nimitz in the Pacific, and Rear Admirals A. E. (Monty) Montgomery and Radford were in charge.

The task force units moved in on this operation, catching the Japanese completely by surprise. There was an air melee in which thirty-one Zeros were knocked down in the air and thirty Japanese planes were strafed on the ground. The planes from the carriers and the guns of the warships pulverized the enemy installations, and then, for good measure, on the evening of the first day, Navy Liberator heavy bombers flew over from Midway and bombed the runways, making it difficult for the Japanese to receive any further air support.

Our carriers withdrew after the initial assault—that also is good tactics—but the forces returned the next day to finish the job, Commander Mitchell relates.

"It was even worse for the Japs," he says. "With the damage we had wrought the previous day, it was easier for our flyers to see what they were doing. When our 'airedales' got out of their planes and told us what they had done to the Japs, I felt better than I had since the day I saw the Hornet die."

THE END



"Precocious little fellow, isn't he?"

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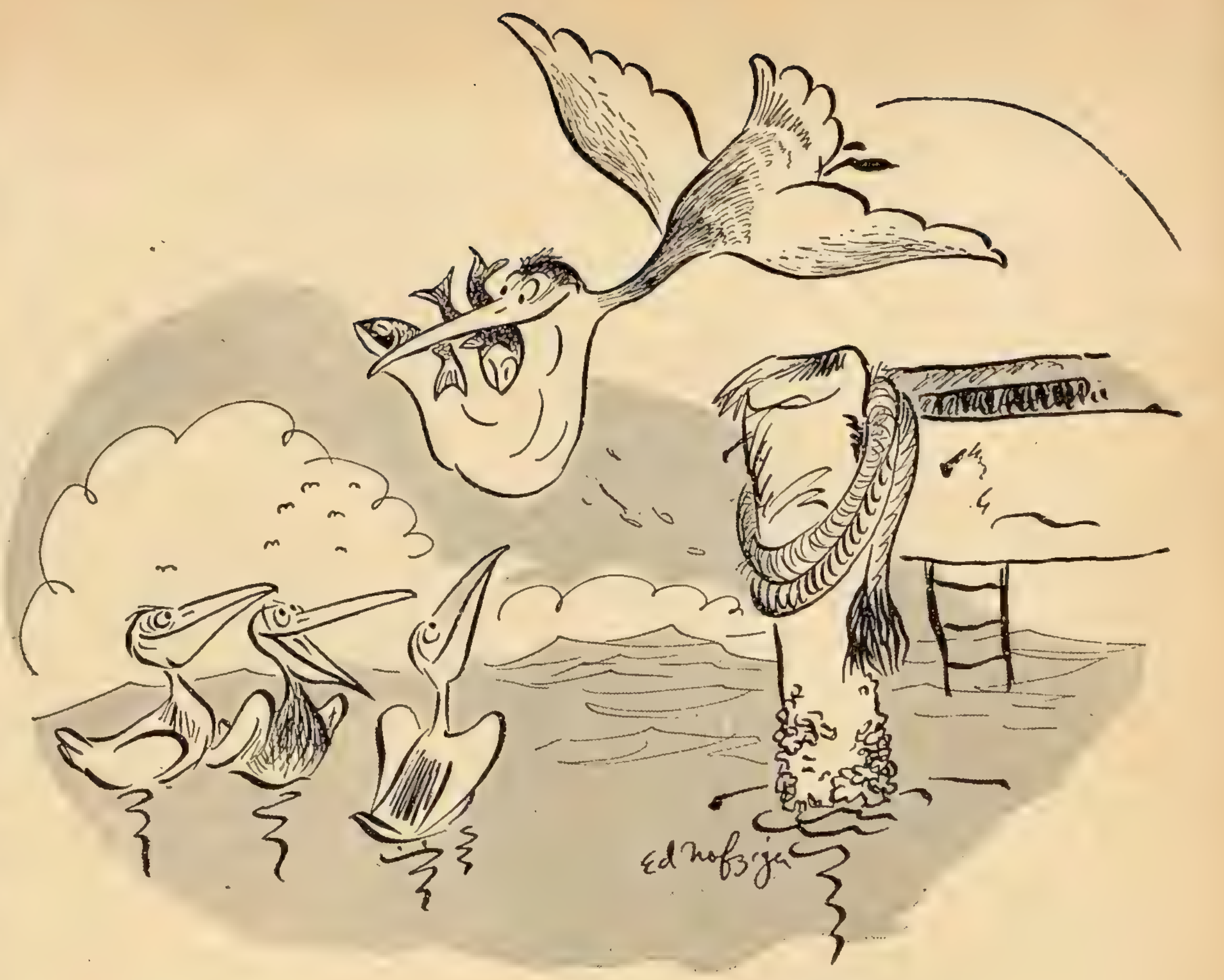

"Here comes our piscatorial-packin' mama!"

MIRACLES OF MICROFILM

Continued from Page 23

has welcomed photography as an aid in keeping track of Treasury checks. To safeguard against the possibility of loss, theft, or the misplacement of forms, the Social Security Bureau has installed photographic equipment and intends to record its tremendous volume of reports. Both our Social Security records and our war-bond purchases are microfilmed by Recordak.

Microfilm is safeguarding our culture, preserving books, music, and paintings for posterity. A microfilm book is merely the result of photographing consecutively each page of an ordinary printed book. Afterward, reading machines enlarge these micro-copies to full size or larger. This canned literature is of the utmost importance. Recently the Chinese government sent 3,000 of its rarest volumes for safekeeping to the Library of Congress, and for the duration Chinese scholars will have to content themselves with studying the micro-copies on reading machines. In the summer of 1942 Columbia University photographed its card catalogue, the key to its priceless library. That catalogue could not be stored, for it had to be kept in daily service. Now the Rockefeller Foundation has appropriated $170,000 for a project to photograph the contents of the British Museum, the indexes of the London Public Records Office, and the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge—in a word, our complete Anglo-Saxon cultural heritage.

MUSIC and painting are similarly indebted to this process. No musician wants to ship original scores overseas today. When Toscanini decided to play the war symphony of Shostakovich, the famous Russian composer microfilm-recorded the entire orchestration on more than 2,000 prints, which were brought here by Clipper. Pictures are bulkier and even more hazardous to transport. So the renowned Phipps Art Collection, of more than 350,000 paintings, is being photographed on color film. Projects such as these go far beyond the question of safety. At a minimum of expense, twenty dollars for the usual size 320-page novel, they make available to libraries, universities, museums, and individual scholars the culture of the ages.

AS the advantages of microphotography become more evident, new frontiers are explored. For instance, there is the perplexing question of the identification of Merchant Marine seamen. A sailor carries a variety of documents, including a birth certificate, citizenship and shipping papers, a lifeboat ticket, and a passport. But if his boat is torpedoed and he is lucky enough to escape with his life, frequently his papers are lost. Sometimes a lifeboat or a raft lands upon some lonely stretch of beach, and the Coast Guard doesn't know what to do with the survivors. Especially if they are foreigners, there may be a legitimate doubt as to whether they are genuine victims of a disaster at sea or are planted Axis spies. Obviously there must be a rigid investigation. Despite the shortage of shipping personnel, it sometimes takes months before the government feels it safe to put these men back on ships. Now the War Shipping Board is testing out a process of photographing seamen's identification papers on a tiny strip of film, which is permanently sealed in a transparent locket carried on a chain around the neck. Duplicate prints of the film are also distributed to the chief ports of the United Powers. By these means, even if a man loses his clothing, he can confirm his status immediately.

Maps are now almost as essential as bullets. Every time our armed forces prepare for a new offensive, microfilm duplicates available maps and photographs of the region by the thousands.

But more ingenious maps are being evolved for specific purposes, such as dredging or mine sweeping, one of the most perilous naval operations. The ordinary hydrographic charts are not detailed enough for this work. Depth has to be indicated in exact feet or fathoms for 400 to 500 locations to the square mile. So a large-scale map is prepared for the limited area to be dredged. Then it is microfilmed and the negative is placed on a slide, which is slipped in a frame over the lens of an ordinary flashlight. A magnifying glass is clipped over the frame. Both the officer on the bridge and the officer in charge of the deck are provided with this equipment, which enables them to synchronize their movements and direct their ship with infinite caution.

Costs and ease of operation favor the future development of microfilm. A commercial Recordak, capable of 6,000 check-size exposures an hour, installed and serviced, leases for $30 monthly. A smaller machine, Recordak, Jr., fitted for average office work, can be had for $12.50 monthly. A 100-foot roll of film, including development, costs $3. Now that leased equipment is available only on priority, the Recordak Corporation photographs customers' letters at $5 per 1,000 exposures complete with a minimum charge of $10. Microstat Corporation, however, estimates its fees on the number of exposures, and the price covers all charges, including the first year's insurance premium on the cost of the negatives. Ten thousand exposures on a customer's premises, with eight letters on a frame, are 16 cents an exposure or 2 cents a letter; 100,000 exposures, 9 cents a frame or about 1 cent a letter. These prices may vary in different sections of the country.

In the postwar era, microfilming will play an important role. Already thousands of feet of film have been sent to Britain, Norway, and the Low Countries to make photographs of property records and even of the property itself. These will be invaluable evidence for claimants in reparation settlements.

Indeed, the entire world is becoming microfilm-minded. Observers predict that business men will have film readers on their desks, where sales or credit information and confidential reports will be received on film in tamperproof form. In the shape of things to come, it is not improbable that a man will carry his library in a cigarette case and his business records where they belong—in an aspirin box.

THE END

U.S.
VING FULLER

"He took to me like his mother."

SPEED 35
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Contrary to popular belief, today's slow driving dirties spark plugs quicker. *Regular cleaning and adjustment* are more necessary. When you need new plugs, get the *longer life* that is engineered into AC Spark Plugs.

CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

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—wilts whiskers faster
—snowy white in color
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—soothes dry, tender skin
—not messy, washes off easily
—goes farther, costs less per shave

CREAM
NOT GREASE

A Novel Radio Program
"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
CBS Monday nights
7:15 pm EWT 9:15 pm MWT
6:15 pm CWT 8:15 pm PWT

HOW FREE IS FREE ENTERPRISE?

Continued from Page 19

coffee long before the New Deal came into power. It was the economic prescription put into the hands of combinations in restraint of trade by our ever-mounting tariff laws that prepared and administered the lethal dose for poor little Free Enterprise.

It was not under the sleep-filled eyes of the New Deal that the trusts were organized and grew strong and powerful. The Sherman Antitrust Law, which has been on the books for fifty-three years, is evidence of the fact that even that long ago combinations in restraint of trade had grown to such a threatening degree that wise statesmen had come to realize that legal restraints must be laid upon trade restraints.

I am sure that I agree with what I think Mr. Willkie was talking about in St. Louis when he adverted to the subject of free enterprise. I am ready to throw my mace over my shoulder and help to knock the daylights out of those who lawlessly make free with the enterprise of others. I concur in his view that "where enterprise, whether by necessity or by default, excludes competition, such enterprise must be regulated in the interests of the people." I was fighting on these planks of Mr. Willkie's platform while Mr. Willkie was organizing his Commonwealth & Southern Corporation.

The world wants an economy of plenty. We cannot hope, nor should we expect, that we can feed and clothe and house ourselves within an economy of scarcity. Given the opportunity to work within their capacity, people by their labor will buy food and clothing and shelter, and in the interchange of goods upon an honorably competitive basis industry in general will hum and the people will prosper. If wealth is to be created by a free exchange of goods, then there must be goods to exchange. In that direction, and in that direction alone, lie the happiness, the welfare, and the sense of security that can be woven into the pattern of permanent peace.

We Americans know the economic and moral value of "free enterprise." We still believe that it could be, even if it isn't. We have cherished the expression even when we have done violence to the principle. But it is not too late to get it back for ourselves as the necessary lubricant for a well organized and well conducted civilization. If our Allies will adopt the same principle, and if all of us together either instill it into or force it upon those monsters who would have let out every ounce of blood from the veins of civilization, we can make a peace that will be worth the making, and which will endure.

THE END

* * *

The newly rich oil farmer, unable to write, deposited his first royalty check in the bank and arranged that his signature should be two crosses. Soon a check showed up signed with three crosses, and the banker summoned the farmer for an explanation. "Well, my wife is gettin' into society," he explained, "and she thinks I should have a middle name."

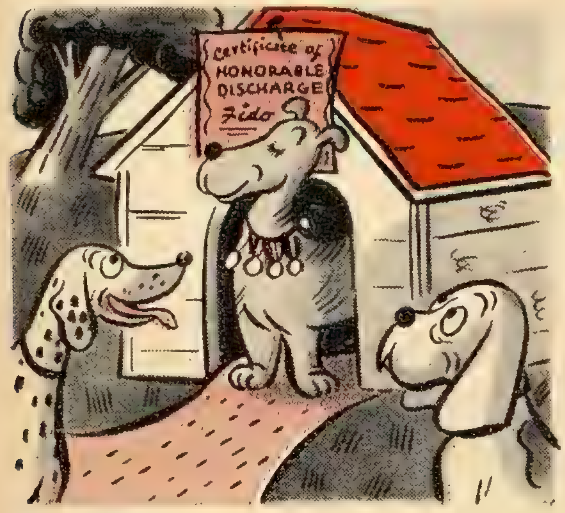
* * *

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I'M going to try to pack into a nutshell the most important facts about family allowances. Here's hoping this answers hundreds of questions about Army "high finance":

Three classes of dependents. Class A dependents include lawful wife, children, and divorced wife who has not remarried and to whom alimony has been awarded by the court. Class B-1 dependents include parents and minor brothers and sisters—dependent upon the soldier for *chief* support. Class B dependents include the same group as B-1, except that they are dependent only for *substantial* support.



Recognition

Payments for Class A. Dependents in Class A get their allowances automatically, whether the soldier wants them to or not. These are *mandatory* allowances. The monthly payments in the main categories are: Wife—$50. Wife and one child—$80. Wife and two children—$100. Each additional child—$20. The maximum amount a divorced wife can get is $42. The soldier contributes $22 a month from his pay for these allowances and the government puts in the balance.

Payments for Classes B-1 and B. Allowances will not be paid in both these classes. First consideration is given to B-1 dependents. If they get allowances, none will be paid to B dependents. In other words, *chief* support is given preference over *substantial* support. Both these classes of dependents may receive allowances only with the soldier's consent. They are *not* mandatory. If a soldier has B-1 or B dependents only, $22 is deducted from his pay for these allowances. If he also has Class A dependents, a total of $27 is deducted. This is the maximum deduction.

Monthly payments in the main B-1 categories are: One parent—$50. Two parents—$68. One parent and one brother or sister—$68. Two parents and one brother or sister—$79. In Class B, a flat maximum allowance of $37 is paid, regardless of how many dependents there are.

How to apply for allowances. It is best for the soldier himself to apply for all allowances. Application forms (WD AGO Form No. 625) are available at all Army reception centers. If the soldier does not apply, his dependents may do so. They may obtain application forms at Army recruiting stations, the Red Cross, and Service Command Headquarters. The applications, completely filled out, should be mailed to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark 2, New Jersey.

Change of Status. The ODB must immediately be notified of any change of dependency status, such as a birth, marriage, death, or any change which makes a relative no longer dependent. The soldier may obtain a change-of-status form (WD AGO Form No. 641) at his post, or members of his family may obtain one at recruiting stations, Red Cross, Service Command Headquarters, or the ODB.

Whose dependents are eligible? Family allowances are paid to the dependents of enlisted men and women and aviation cadets. Prior to last November 1, only enlisted men in the lower four grades were eligible. Now all enlisted men are eligible, and the fixed allowances for Class A dependents are mandatory for all grades. Prior to November 1 the upper three grades were entitled to a dependents' quarters allowance of, roughly, $37.50 a month. Those who were drawing that allowance before November 1 may continue to do so, in lieu of the family allowance, if they wish. But men reaching the upper three grades after November 1 are eligible for the regular family allowance only.

Other branches of service. Family allowances for Naval personnel are handled by the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Casualties and Allotments Section, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. In the Marine Corps allowances are handled directly out of the U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C. In the Coast Guard—Military Morale Division, U. S. Coast Guard Headquarters, 13th and E Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

Here's hoping your Army "high finance" will be easier to dope out from now on.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Recently, Sarge, you said Navy men sometimes wear Army uniforms when serving with Army detachments, and wear their own insignia on the Army garb. Now my question is, what manner of animal is a guy in a Marine uniform with his chevrons upside down?

Pvt. J. D. C.,
U. S. M. C., Parris Island.

Very simple. He's a Navy man serving with the Marine Corps. The Navy, as you know, wears its chevrons pointing down, while the Army and Marine Corps wear them pointing up. This man is wearing Navy chevrons on a Marine Corps uniform, which makes them appear, as you say, upside down.

* * *

Two questions, Sarge. Does a warrant officer in the Navy rate a salute, the same as a commissioned officer? Is there such a thing as a *third* lieutenant in the Army today?

J. P. H., CM1/c,
Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

All warrant officers, both Army and Navy, now rate a salute. The Philippine Army is the only army I know of that has the rank of third looey. We did have one man, a Filipino, assigned to the U. S. Army with the rank of third lieutenant, but it was a Philippine, not a U. S., rank.

* * *

From what I see in the papers, man's best friend, the dog, is doing a great job in this war. How about some recognition for dogs who serve their country?

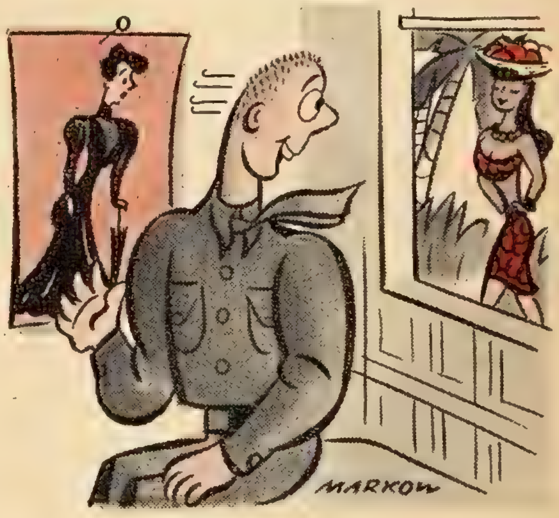
J. L., Jr., St. Louis, Mo.

The War Department has announced that dogs discharged from the K-9 Corps, after serving with the Army, will get "honorable discharge certificates" and will also have service records showing just what service they have rendered. Yes, sir, we dog lovers can be proud when Fido comes marching home!

* * *

Sarge, why don't they change the female styles—at least, till the war is over? We get pictures from home, and all the gals are in real short skirts and tight dresses, which makes 'em so gorgeous we get more homesick than ever. My idea is to switch back to 1900 styles for the duration. Then our pin-up girls would have skirts down to their ankles, great big bustles, and gaiter shoes—and we wouldn't be homesick at all!

Cpl. J. S. T.,
Somewhere in New Guinea.



Preference

Maybe the gals are afraid that if they dressed like that you guys would prefer the natives and never come home!

* * *

Recently in Richmond, Virginia, two sailors *tried* to push me around and wanted to know why I wasn't in uniform.

Sarge, I put in twenty-six months in World War I, nineteen of which were overseas. My discharge gives me credit for eight major engagements. Is there anything I can wear to show it? I have tried three times to get in this World War II. I can stand just so much—

Ex-Sgt. J. J. B., Charlottesville, Va.

Sorry about that, buddy. Here's one Old Sarge who knows just how you feel. There are two things you can wear to avoid a repetition: either the World War I lapel pin

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* * *

Adolf, ugly and hard-boiled,
Set out to conquer the woild;
But the paper hanger and jailer
Sure made a miserable failure.
Mrs. B. G. W., Cleveland, Ohio.

That's about the best four-line biography of Atrocious Adolf that I've ever seen. A few weeks back we had a limerick; now a jingle. C'mon, poets!

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

YOU HAVE AN OBLIGATION

BY MARGARET MITCHELL

Author of Gone with the Wind

SUDDENLY it had happened to you, this dreadful thing that would happen to *other* women but not to you—to other men but not your son, your husband, your brother. The news had come that he is a prisoner of war.

Prisoner of war! And you are powerless to help him. Is he sick or wounded? Is he fed and clothed against the cold? Is he suffering? And, oh, most of all, does he know you are thinking of him, that you have not forgotten him? Is he sitting in bitterness, behind barbed wire, thinking that no one cares, that the country for which he fought has abandoned him?

You are helpless, and so is he, but the Red Cross is not.

What a comfort to know that the Red Cross is at his side! For the Red Cross can pass through the walls of barbed wire and help your soldier. It keeps up his health with weekly packages of food—more than a million packages had been shipped by the end of 1943. It provides, too, warm clothing, medicine, toilet articles. The Red Cross will tell you how, under regulations, you can send him letters, food, clothing, cigarettes, books. Best of all, the Red Cross will bring your soldier the knowledge that the people at home have not forgotten him.

Those with men in the service need no urging to support the Red Cross. To all the rest—safe, comfortable, spared even the anxieties of a loved one overseas—isn't your obligation all the greater?

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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

Easily cut to any size or shape

NO MONEY IN MEDALS

Continued from Page 30

put it to Dan," I said. "But I don't think it'll do much good."

The game ended with Lila winning. The girls came over, smiling, their hair mussed. They threw sweaters around their shoulders and sat down cross-legged on the grass for a drink. We didn't talk any more about Dan Carmichael's land.

"A gal can play her heart out," Lila said, "and you two are too busy even to notice."

THAT night, when I told him what Ducane had said about the Williams ranch, Dan frowned at the table and made little drawings on ma's cloth with his finger. He didn't say anything about hanging on to his land. He didn't say anything at all. For the first time I got the notion that maybe he was wavering. After all, there had been a lot of sense in Ducane's suggestion.

Ma asked, "Did he mention anything about buying *our* land, Jeff?"

"No."

"That's queer. He always said—"

"I know. But he won't bother us till after he's settled things with Dan." I got up from the table and picked up ma's copy of the weekly newspaper.

Dan was still drawing figures on the cloth.

I was reading the story of how the Carmichael house had burned when a car squeaked to a stop outside. A minute later Ellie walked into the house with Tod Deever. I put down the paper. Everything inside me felt tight.

Ellie's eyes were flashing. Her face was pale. She gave me a quick look, but when she spoke, it was to Dan.

"Pa," she said, "Tod told me about this morning—how you wanted to borrow that money."

Dan leaned back in his chair. He seemed tired. "Now, look, Ellie," he said. "No use going through all *that* again. Tod knows how I feel about it."

Tod said, "I guess I was wrong." His voice was low. He had his hat in his hand, with his rusty hair spilling over his forehead, and he didn't seem very happy. I could see he and Ellie must have had quite an argument. "What I came to tell you was I'll be glad to let you have the money. We'll just forget about that lien."

Dan Carmichael stared at him. We all did, and nobody spoke. Then Dan shifted his eyes to Ellie, standing straight and pale. Everybody must have had the same idea about how she'd got angry and forced Tod into doing this.

"We-ell," Dan said at last, frowning and looking at his hand on the table. "Well, now. That's mighty nice of you, Tod."

"Any time you want the money—"

"Point is," Dan said, "I ain't so sure I want it at all now."

Tod Deever took a long breath. "I'd feel mighty low if you went to anybody else for it."

"Don't figure to," Dan said. "I been thinking maybe I couldn't build a house now even if I had the money. There's no hands to be hired, no material to be bought—"

Ellie cried, "You got to have a home, pa! You can't go live in the barn!"

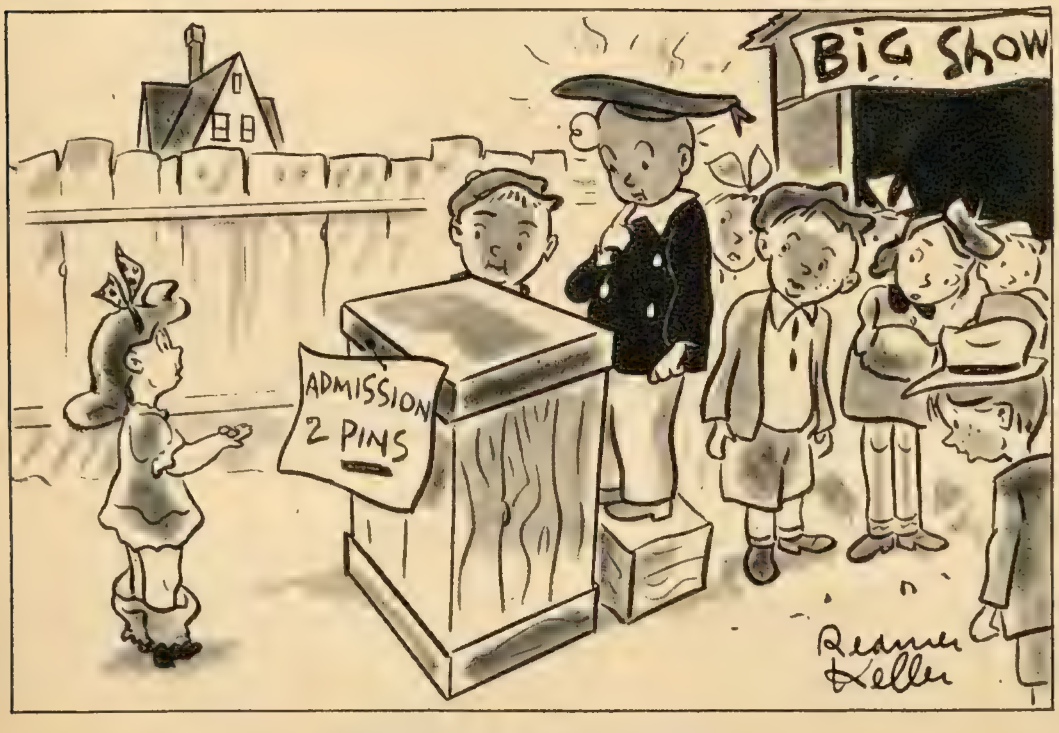
Then ma started telling them all how the Carmichaels were welcome to stay right here, and she'd be proud to have them as long as they wanted, but Dan shook his head.

"I'm thinking maybe I'll buy me another place," he said. "I'm thinking maybe I'll sell out to Ducane and make a deal on the Williams spread." He stopped a moment, and we all sort of held our breaths, because this was the last thing any of us had expected to hear Dan Carmichael say. He got up and gave Tod a smile that was kind of frozen. "Thanks all the same, Tod. If I change my mind, why, I'll talk to you again."

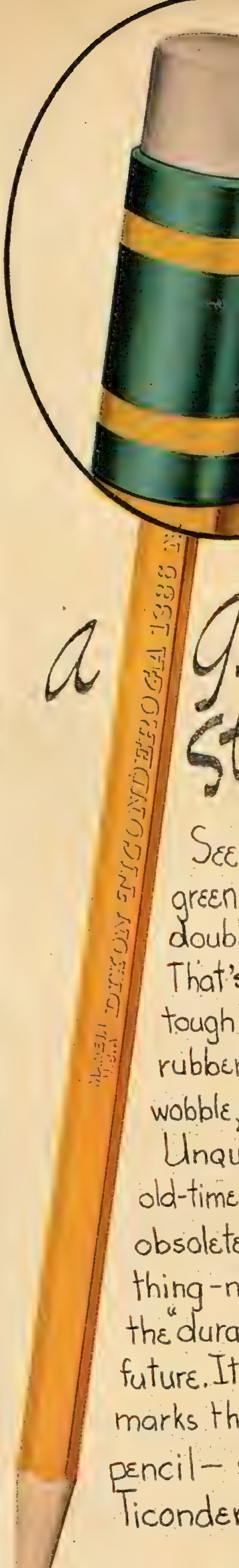
And that was the way it stood. Later, when Ellie left with Tod, I felt pretty glum. I went up to bed early, thinking I'd been a fool to hope that her argument with Tod would make any difference in the way things were between us. The sooner I stopped worrying about Ellie, I told myself, the better off I'd be. I got under the covers and made myself think of other things, things like the rocks in Ducane's saddlebags.

I HAD three weeks with Lila Ducane that could have been wonderful if there weren't other things on my mind. Even so, we had a lot of fun. I found myself spending more time with her than alone; more time around the Du-

HARDTACK



"Will two buttons be all right?"



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cane ranch than around ours. By the end of the first week, when I felt stronger, we started going on picnics.

First we drove over toward the Stillwaters and found shady spots in the foothills. Most of the times Peggy came with us, and twice we had Walter Murgridge along too — though he'd wander off to look at rocks and trees and what not.

Toward the end of the third week I told Lila about a place in the badlands not far from the valley where we could have a picnic without driving thirty miles. "All you do is follow a trail about a mile," I said. "It's a mighty pretty spot." I used to go there often when I was a kid—with Ellie tagging along.

Lila had some doubts. "You feel up to climbing a mile into the badlands?" she asked, looking me over.

"Oh, it's an easy trail. I'll make it without trouble."

It wasn't just that I wanted to picnic up there. The truth was I'd seen Will Ducane and Walter Murgridge ride their horses up into the badlands again that morning. They'd taken the same trail behind the Carmichael hill. I couldn't understand what they were doing — the notion of just collecting more rocks being sort of silly—and I guess I hoped we might bump into them; I hoped I'd see enough to make me quit feeling so puzzled.

Peggy didn't come along. She said she had too many letters to write. Lila and I carried a basket between us and went slow and easy, with her singing every now and then. After a while I took the basket and held her hand. We swung our arms as we walked, like kids.

She looked sweet. In slacks and a turtle-neck sweater, with a band tied around her hair, she was pretty enough to hug. Matter of fact, I *wanted* to hug her. But I didn't. Not yet.

We got to the picnic spot about noon. There were jagged rocks all around full of grass—rocks as high as a house—and the colors in them were something to see. Lila stared around with wide eyes.

"Gosh, Jeff," she whispered, "this is beautiful!"

Red and purple and yellow and green—you could see almost any color in those rocks. Here and there you caught flashes of quartz, like lights blazing in the sunshine.

"Let's eat right here," Lila said.

We sat near each other and ate out of the basket. Lila poured coffee from a thermos bottle. And all the time I watched her face, thinking how pretty she was. A funny kind of thumping started in my throat.

It was so quiet here that you could almost feel the silence. It sort of pressed on your ears.

After a time I looked away from Lila, with my eyes on the ground.

"What's the matter, Jeff?" she asked, sounding cheerful.

"Nothing," I said.

"Why so still?"

"Just thinking."

"About me, I hope."

"What else would I be thinking about?"

"You say the most romantic things," she said. Then she laughed and handed me another chicken sandwich, and when I unwrapped the paper it made a sound so loud you felt it wasn't decent.

After we finished eating she lay flat on her back, with her hands clasped under her head. She drew a long breath, letting it out with a satisfied sigh.

"This is wonderful, Jeff."

I stared down at her. She had closed her eyes, but she was smiling in a happy, lazy way. Some fellows, I knew, would think of a lot of nice things to say at a time like this. I couldn't think of anything at all. I felt choked up. She was so pretty, lying there, so young and sweet and slim.

I got down on an elbow, next to her, and sort of studied her face—the short straight nose, the way the lips curved in their smile, the turn of the chin. When she opened her eyes, I was very close to her, and she studied my face, too, still smiling.

I just couldn't help kissing her.

I bent over and did it easy and without hurry. And while I kissed her she put an arm up around my shoulders and held me tight. It was as if she didn't want to let me go, ever. Right then I felt I never wanted to let her go again, either. Everything in the world seemed to drop away from us, everything that had ever worried me, and there was nobody on all the earth except Lila and me.

When at last we sat up, she was dreamy-eyed, and she didn't say anything. She sat cross-legged, gazing away across the badlands. The little smile was still on her lips; it seemed thoughtful now. I didn't speak. Maybe I should have felt like a heel, considering how I'd set out to make a deliberate play for a girl like Lila. But I didn't feel like a heel. I felt surprised and full of wonder, and the only thing I could do was tear up some grass and

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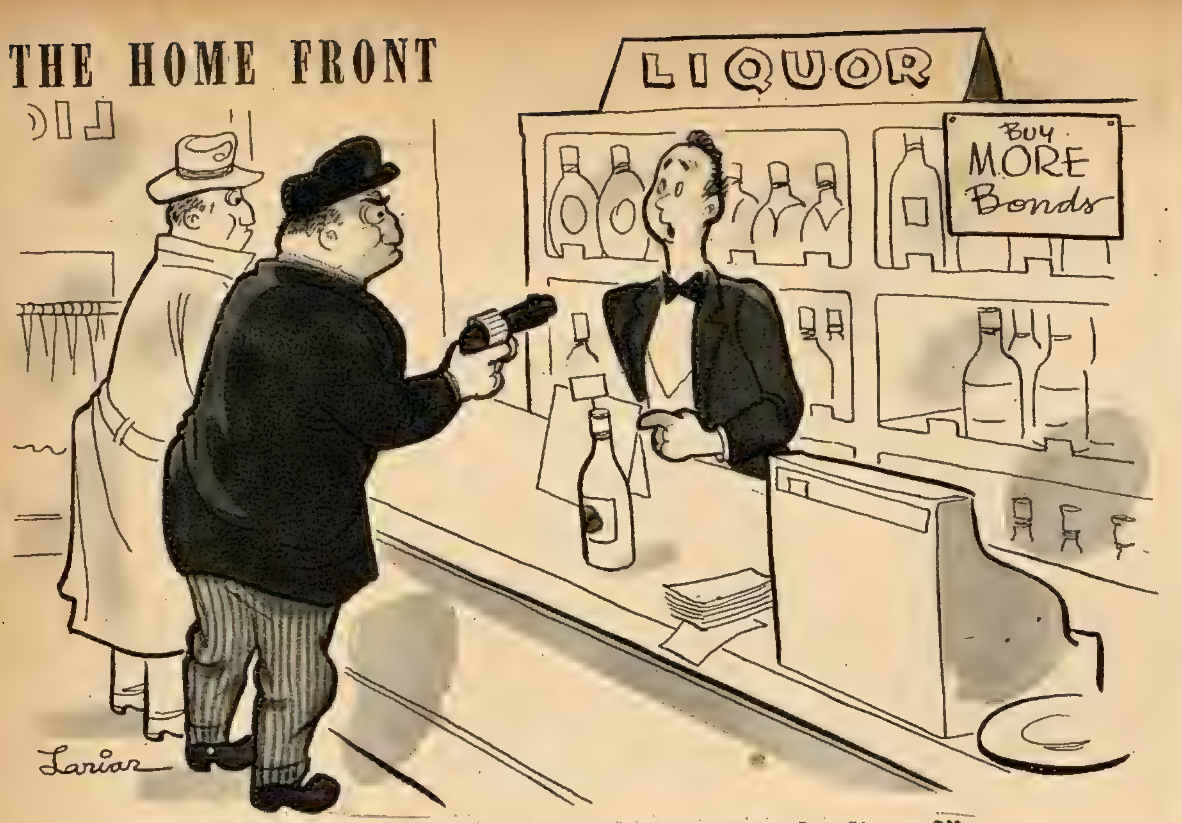

"Is this a hold-up or are you selling bootleg liquor?"

let my fingers play with it while I tried to straighten out my mind.

And as we sat there, each of us thinking, I heard something that made me lift my head. It came from somewhere up the trail—the voices of a couple of men. I turned, and so did Lila. Then she got up, brushing her hands on her slacks.

"Sounds like dad and Walter Murgridge," she said. She examined my face, and then she laughed. "If you want to make an honest woman of me, Jeff, better wipe the lipstick off your mouth."

So I rubbed it off with a handkerchief till she said it was all right; but the way she laughed I knew she wouldn't have cared much whether her father saw it or not.

By that time Ducane and Murgridge were in sight, coming around a few big boulders on their horses. They didn't see us yet. They were talking, and I noticed they had full saddlebags again.

Lila called out to them, waving her arms—and when they saw us, both men stopped their horses. They looked at each other. Then they came toward us, Ducane frowning.

"What the devil you doing up here, Lila?" he asked.

"Just had a picnic lunch. Feel like splitting a sandwich, you two? We've got one left."

"No-o." Ducane glanced at me. I didn't like the annoyance in his face. On the other hand, I could understand it. Maybe I'd have felt pretty grumpy myself, finding a daughter of mine up in the badlands with some man.

I tried to make it all cheerful and simple. "This is one of the nicest spots around the valley for a picnic," I said. "Notice those rocks, Murgridge?"

"Yes," he said, the words sharp. "I saw them."

"For color you won't find anything better."

"Very interesting," he said.

What was *he* sore about? I didn't like the way he talked at all. I decided maybe I didn't have to be so polite to Walter Murgridge. Another thing that bothered me was I didn't know any more about those saddlebags than I had last time.

"How about coming back with us?" Ducane asked.

"Why, we just got here!" Lila said. "I want to stretch out and laze a bit."

Sitting in his saddle, Ducane looked at me again. I got the notion he wasn't trusting me too much to be up here alone with Lila.

"I wish you would come," he said to her. "I've got to make the three-o'clock train for the Coast."

She stared at him in amazement. "When did you decide on that?"

"Got a long-distance call this morning."

"Oh, dad!"

She sounded put out. For my part, I didn't believe Ducane. He was making this up as an excuse to get Lila away from here. It wasn't logical that a man who had to make the three-o'clock train would go wandering off in the badlands, hunting rocks, till almost one o'clock. He'd have to make a lot of speed from now on. I was willing to bet that before three o'clock he'd change his mind about going.

The whole thing soured me. I felt sore because Ducane was putting me in my place—a valley man who had no right to be fooling around his daughter. Even if Lila and I stayed here now, I knew the afternoon would be spoiled.

"We'd better start," Ducane said.

Lila sighed in a helpless way. She looked at me with eyes that told how sorry she was. But she picked up the basket, and I took it from her, and we all walked down the trail.

Her yellow car waited for us down at the bottom. As she and I got into the roadster, I twisted my lips in a hard grin. You don't waste much time, Ducane, I thought; when you don't like a guy you don't care how you tell it to him.

And then Will Ducane said in a careless sort of way, "Wind's getting pretty cool these days, isn't it? Next week, Lila, you and I are going back to San Francisco for the winter."

He might as well have said, "So forget any notions you've got, Conley; you won't see Lila any more."

Will Ducane's edict end Jeff and Lila's friendship? And why is Murgridge collecting those rocks? You will find the answers in next week's concluding installment of this modern story of young love and greed.

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JUAN BECOMES A BANDIDO—Continued from Page 25

on his mother's side, Amelio de Treciado y Alarcon, gave him courage.

Hitching up his gun belt, he squared his shoulders and left the saloon. Across the street was Señor Roberto's bank. That would be a fine place to start, Juan mused. But first he must secure the necessary equipment. He wondered where he could buy a white horse cheap.

He did not find a white horse, but he found the next best thing—a bucket of whitewash and a brush. Stepping back from Diablo after half an hour's work, he looked admiringly at his handiwork. From the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail Diablo was a shining, glittering white. It had not been easy to persuade him to submit to being whitewashed, but with the help of frequent bribes of tequila Juan had managed it.

Juan tossed the brush aside and picked up the gunny sack he had secured. "Now," he murmured as he mounted, "we are ready to rob Señor Roberto's bank."

IN the alley behind the bank Juan dismounted and pulled his red bandanna up over his face. "Wait here," he whispered to Diablo. "We may have to leave in a hurry."

It was nearly noon and Juan found the street deserted. Pushing open the front door of the bank, he went inside and looked cautiously around. There were no customers. Charley Parks, the teller, was sitting behind his cage, dozing. Juan drew his gun and walked up to the cage and rapped on the bars. "Wake up!" he said. "Give me your money, or else!"

The chubby good-natured teller woke with a start. He grinned. "Howdy, Juan. Why the mask?"

"I want some money, or else," Juan snapped.

"Sorry. You'll get the 'or else.' Señor Roberto said your credit was no good."

Juan scowled. "You do not understand. You are stuck up."

Charley grew indignant. "Now, look here, Juan, you can't say that about me. Maybe Señor Roberto puts on airs, but I've always been your friend."

Juan pounded on the window with his gun. "It is not you who are stuck up, it is the bank. I am sticking it up. Give me the money, or else."

Charley looked down at the gun, frowned; then his face lighted with a wide grin. "Oh, I get it! A joke! You're imitating the White Horse Bandit!" He started laughing, his chubby body shaking with mirth. "Very funny, Juan. A very good joke. C'mon and put that gun away and I'll buy you a drink. It's about my lunchtime anyhow."

Getting up, the teller turned his back on Juan and took his hat off the rack. Juan scowled, then holstered his gun with a shrug. He did not have the heart to shoot a man in the stomach when his back was turned. Besides, Charley had offered to buy him a drink.

Charley had one drink with Juan, then said he'd have to be running along home. "My wife would skin me alive if she knew I was here," he confided as he left.

Juan wondered if Charley's wife made him plow, too.

The thought of plowing disturbed him. Either he must go home at once and plow the field or get started on his career as a *bandido*. He must not put off making up his mind another moment. He sighed and motioned at the bartender. "Another drink."

The second drink clarified his problem. The third made his problem lose much of its importance. The fourth made him feel he had no problem at all.

He had been in the How Many for some time, drinking steadily, when a disturbance outside roused him. The bartender rushed to the door.

Juan followed leisurely. Across the street a knot of excited citizens was gathered on the boardwalk in front of the bank. Juan could see Señor Roberto gesticulating nervously. Juan ambled across the street and reached the group just as Sheriff Hoss Perkins galloped up.

"What's the trouble here?" Perkins roared.

"My bank!" Señor Roberto cried shrilly. "It has been robbed by the White Horse Bandit!"

"Which way'd he go?"

An excited argument broke out. A dozen citizens swore they personally had seen the bandit ride south, east, north, and west. Hoss Perkins silenced the confusion with a wave of his hand. "We'll make up four different posses an' ride four different directions. Maybe we can surround him."

The citizens split up into four groups and deputies were appointed to head each posse. Juan looked on with interest but made no offer to take part in the chase. Hoss Perkins glanced at him.

"Which posse you gonna ride with, Juan?"

Juan shrugged. "All by myself I will be a posse."

Perkins snorted. Señor Roberto gave Juan a contemptuous look and murmured something uncomplimentary. Juan smiled and watched the posses ride off.

When the street had cleared, he mounted Diablo and set out at a jog trot for home. A crafty scheme was taking shape in his mind. He thought the White Horse Bandit would make a break for the Mexican border. From the hill where Juan's hut rested, he could see the trail which a man headed for the border must take. If the White Horse Bandit came that way, Juan would make a bargain with him: he would show him how to slip through the surrounding posses in exchange for information about becoming a *bandido*.

When he got home, Juan unsaddled Diablo and turned him loose in the yard. Then he sat down in the shade with his back against the adobe wall of the hut. Waiting patiently, he watched the country to the north. He must be very alert.

Waiting there was pleasant. The tequila gave him a comfortable feeling of peace and well-being. He yawned. A fly buzzed around under his nose. He must be very alert. He brushed feebly at the fly, then his hand fell to his side. Presently he was sound asleep.

JUAN was awakened very rudely by a kick on the shin. "Don't move," a harsh voice said, "or I'll shoot!"

Juan recognized the man as the White Horse Bandit. A red bandanna covered all his face except his eyes. A snow-white horse lathered with sweat stood near by. The bandit held a gun pointed at Juan's stomach.

Juan smiled pleasantly. *"Com'sta,* Señor White Horse? I have been waiting for you."

"So have a lot of people. But they ain't caught me yet." The bandit stooped and snatched Juan's gun from its holster and tossed it away. "I'm trading horses," he said. "Mine's got a bad stone bruise."

Juan started to rise. "Señor, I would like to ask you—"

"I'm askin' you to keep your mouth shut! Sit down!"

Juan sat down. "I only wanted to—"

The gun roared and a slug buried itself in the adobe wall not six inches from Juan's left ear. Juan grew very white. "Keep your mouth shut!" the bandit grunted. "Understand?"

"*Si,*" Juan whispered huskily. "From now on I am a little mice."

The bandit lifted his saddle off his horse and walked toward Diablo, who was dozing on his feet a few paces away. Diablo was still slightly drunk. He turned and gazed mildly at the bandit.

The bandit, carrying the saddle, approached from behind and patted him on the rump. "Whoa, boy. Easy, boy." Juan opened his mouth to speak, then shrugged fatalistically.

There were two thuds. One when Diablo kicked Señor White Horse, the other when Señor White Horse struck the ground some distance away. Diablo yawned and went back to sleep. Juan got up with a sigh.

The bandit was very unconscious. Examining him, Juan judged that it would be three or four days at least before he opened his eyes. It was too bad, Juan mused. Now Señor White Horse could not answer his questions. Searching the saddlebags, Juan found a heavy leather sack full of large-denomination bills and gold eagles. *Por Dios!* This *bandido* business was very profitable!

He heard the sound of many horses. Looking up, he saw a posse galloping hell-bent down the trail, led by Sheriff Hoss Perkins and Señor Roberto. He looked at the bag of money in his hands and was sorely tempted. Would keeping it be dishonest?

He gazed out at the field. The unused plow lay where he had left it. The soil was still unturned. If he had money, Juan mused, he could hire the field plowed.

The posse was getting closer. Suddenly a crafty gleam came into Juan's eyes. Señor Roberto had made fun of him. For that, Señor Roberto would pay.

"Now we will see who laughs out of which side of my mouth," he muttered.

When the posse rode up, Juan was hunkered down near Señor White Horse, nonchalantly rolling a cigarette.

"Well, if'n I ain't a seven-legged lizard!" Hoss Perkins marveled. "How'd you do it, Juan?"

Juan shrugged and lit the cigarette. "It was nothing." He carelessly massaged the knuckles of his right hand. "I am sorry I hit him so hard," he said, "but he called me an unpleasant name."

Señor Roberto was searching the bandit's saddlebags. Frowning, he looked at Juan. "Where is the money?"

Juan raised his eyebrows. "Money?"

Señor Roberto groaned and mopped his brow. "Ten thousand dollars have I lost!" He gazed pleadingly at the men in the posse. "I will give a five-hundred-dollar reward to the man who finds that bag."

"How much reward do I get for capturing the *bandido?*" Juan inquired.

"It is the money I want," Señor Roberto snapped, "not the bandit."

Hoss Perkins tugged thoughtfully at his mustache. "Was he carryin' the bag when you captured him, Juan?"

"He was carrying a gun," Juan said.

"Thet all?"

"And a spade."

"Spade!" Señor Roberto burst out. "Then he buried the money! Where did you see him?"

"Down by the stable. He was coming from my field."

"That is it!" Señor Roberto cried. "He knew he was cornered, so he buried the money in Juan's field—"

"I do not think so," Juan interrupted. "It was only a very short spade—"

"Be still, foolish one! We will go over the field like with a comb. If we cannot find where the earth has been disturbed, we will use the plow. It will turn up the bag. I will go to my hacienda and get more horses and more plows. Ten dollars to every man who helps search. Five hundred dollars to the man who finds that money!"

The posse headed for the field at a run. Señor Roberto mounted and galloped off toward his hacienda. Juan yawned and moved over into the shade. Sheriff Hoss Perkins, who had lingered behind to keep an eye on the unconscious bandit, said, "Ain't you goin' to help look for thet money, Juan?"

Juan shrugged. "I do not like to dig."

"Ten dollars would come in handy."

"I do not need it."

Hoss Perkins looked at him shrewdly, then busied himself putting handcuffs on the bandit.

The field became a scene of feverish activity. Men and horses worked in shifts with Juan's plow, turning the earth over rapidly. Other men followed along the furrows, eyes glued to the ground. Still others dug with shovels, picks, hoes, or with their bare hands in prairie-dog holes and other likely-looking spots. Soon Señor Roberto re-

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turned with twenty laborers and a dozen draft horses and plows, all of which were put to work.

Juan pulled his sombrero down over his eyes. Sight of so much work made him feel very tired.

"Shore are goin' after it, ain't they?" Hoss Perkins observed.

"*Si.* But I wish they would plow the furrows a little straighter."

Hoss Perkins chuckled softly.

Juan took a little nap. When he awakened, the sun was down. The posse was still plowing. Hoss Perkins said casually, "You know, Juan, I bet if you went out there an' dug around you could find thet money."

"Do you think so?" Juan said politely.

"They got the field nearly all plowed now. Besides, it's gettin' near my suppertime and I'm kind of hungry."

Juan got up, shaking his head. "I do not think I can find it. But because you are hungry, *amigo,* I will try."

Juan went into the house for a moment, walked out to the field and picked up a spade. No one was near. Juan dug for a moment, stooped, then kicked dirt into the hole. He stood leaning on the shovel for a moment, then, as Señor Roberto approached, sweating and disheveled between the handles of a plow pulled by a blooded draft horse, he sank the spade into the earth again.

"Get out of the way, ignorant one," Señor Roberto called. "I want to plow where you are standing."

Juan tossed out a spadeful of earth, picked up the money bag and said, "Is this what you are looking for, *amigo mio?"*

THERE was a full moon that night. Sitting on a bench in front of his house with his arm around Rosita, Juan gazed dreamily up at the star-sprinkled sky. He was very happy. If he had a guitar, he mused, he would play Rosita a love song—if he knew how to play a guitar.

She snuggled up close and kissed him on the ear. "My sweet one," she murmured. "I did not know how brave and strong you were. Plowing all that field—"

"I had a little help," Juan said modestly.

"—and capturing the *bandido—"*

"Nothing, my little chicken."

"—and getting the five-hundred-dollar reward."

Juan was silent, thinking. With five hundred dollars he could buy a very fine guitar. *Mañana* he and Diablo would ride to Matamoros and buy one.

"Juan," Rosita whispered.

"*Si,* my little flower?"

"Where is the money?"

"In my pocket."

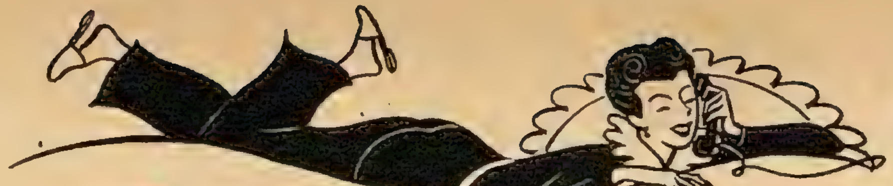
"Would you trust me with it? I want to buy something for you."

Juan hesitated, then smiled and gave her the money. Perhaps Rosita would buy him the guitar. "And what is this present you are going to buy me?" he asked.

Rosita slipped the money down into the bosom of her gown. "Señor Roberto says he will sell you twenty more acres for five hundred dollars. I will give him the money tomorrow. The earth is still soft from the rain. You and Diablo can plow the land in the afternoon."

Juan grew very silent. But after a while he shrugged and held Rosita closer. *Mañana* was a long way off. Anything could happen. Perhaps *mañana* Señor Roberto's bank would be robbed again.

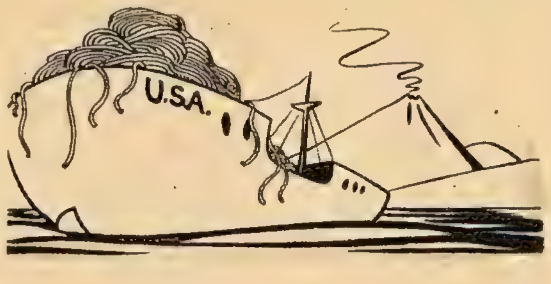
THE END



Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT: Thrifty housewives who know good food when they taste it, long ago took a tip from frugal French chefs who keep soup pots brewing on the back of the stove. Into these pots they fling all sorts of tasty and nourishing odds and ends. No meat bone or leftovers go to waste. Beet tops, celery leaves, and other vegetation help flavor a continuous majestic stew. Now, Fashion follows suit. The smart woman on a lean budget makes last year's suit look like next spring's with the help of new weskits, blouses, scarfs, and other accessories. Hats, too, lead a double life.



In a spring millinery show at a famous Fifth Avenue store, Designer Josephi showed a Holbein cap of dark net and lace, smooth and flat as a baby's bonnet, with points on the sides. Using this as a foundation, he fastened straw saucers or flower coronets to the top with hatpins. A large black maline brim was also superimposed for another effect.

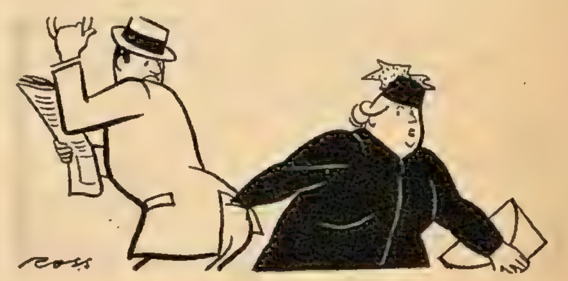
COALS TO NEWCASTLE: Naples, the home of spaghetti, is now getting its best spaghetti in three years at a fraction over two cents a pound. It is imported from the United States.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: One hundred soldiers donated blood to the Red Cross blood bank at the donors' center, 2 East Thirty-seventh Street, New York. . . . Six soldiers chosen from more than 200 volunteers hitchhiked 200 miles from the Army Air Base at Waycross, Georgia, to Atlanta, to donate their blood. . . . New York City's champion blood donor is a blind man. . . . Hundreds of thousands of soldiers already lending their lives to their country are lending their money too, by purchasing war bonds. The more we buy, the more likely they are to *lend* rather than *spend* their lives for victory.

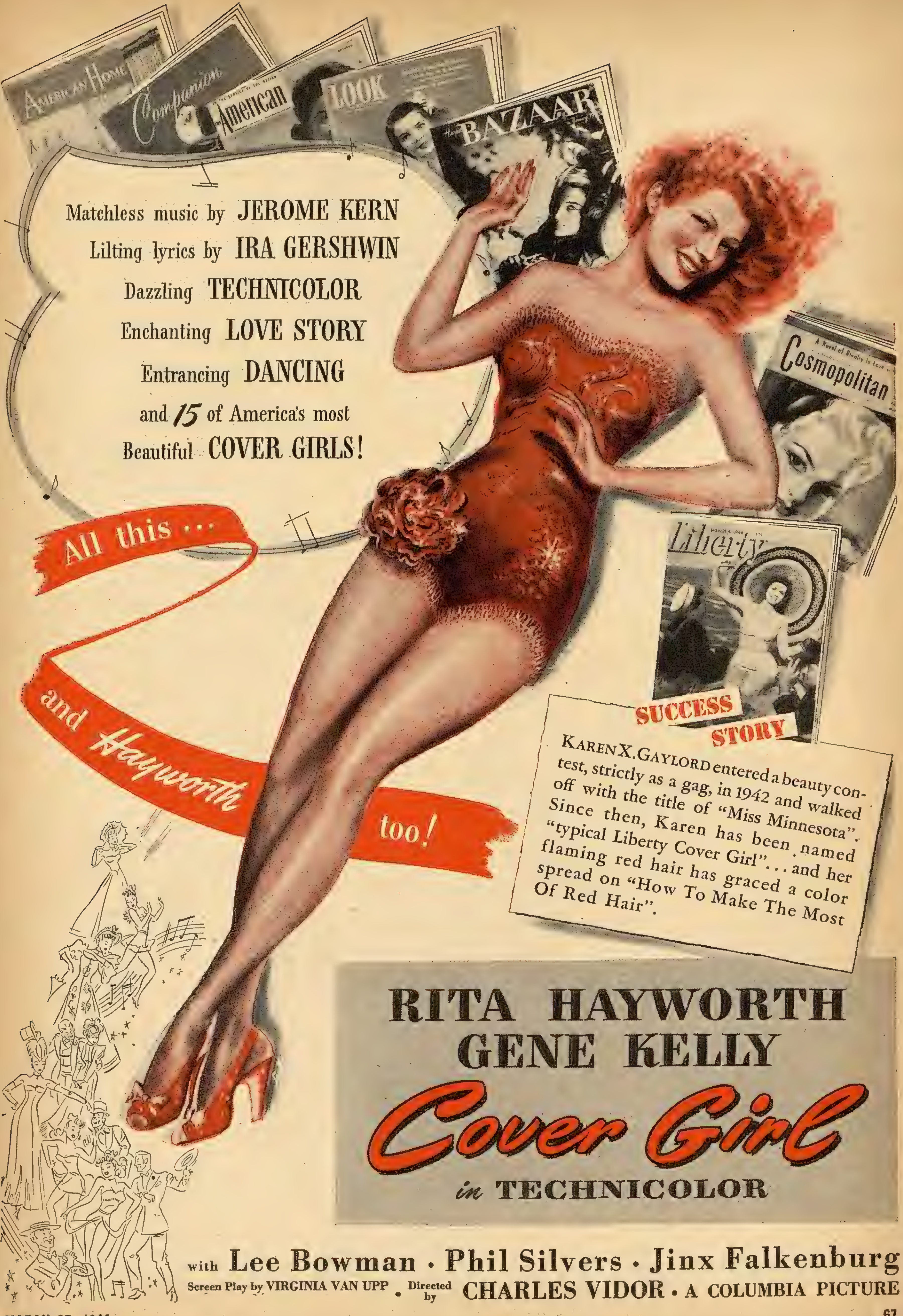
CONFINED IN A BIG WAY: Far from solitary was the precipitate confinement of Margaret Rivera, twenty-four years old, who gave birth to a five-and-a-half-pound son in a witness room adjoining the Women's Court on the second floor of the Criminal Courts Building in New York City. The mother, awaiting arraignment on a charge of loitering, told a matron how she felt, and was whisked into the witness room in time for the Event. This was the second baby born in the building since it opened on June 30, 1941. Ah, well, everybody can't arrive in style. Take the case of the unmarried mother about to give birth to a child in one of the city hospitals. She was asked who the father was, and when she said it might be either of two men, attendants got hold of the Lotharios, both of whom wanted to marry her. She took her pick, and an interne played the wedding march on the hospital chapel organ as the happy pair were wed, just in time to legitimatize the third party.

IRRATIONAL RATION NOTES: A furious female phoned M. J. Leumas, district OPA shoe-rationing officer in New Orleans, and complained that a woman in her neighborhood was selling loose shoe stamps above the ceiling price. She informed Mr. Leumas that the lady robber was selling loose stamps for three dollars each, and added, "I have never paid more than fifty cents!" . . . In Rochester, New York, a young woman visited her county rationing board. Determined to get a ration book for her infant son, she took him along and presented him to the board with the pointed remark, "Here he is. *Now* does he get a ration book?" She had misunderstood when told on the telephone that she would have to bring evidence of his birth!

BODY BLOW: Miss Rose Kramer, an experienced pickpocket, was allowed to plead guilty to petty larceny instead of facing a grand larceny charge. Thus she received six months in the workhouse instead of a possible life term as a fourth offender. Arrested thirteen times in the last twenty-five of her forty-four years, she tried to rob Lew Pratt in the subway. Her hand got stuck in his pocket and he nabbed her. Miss Kramer, though short, appears to weigh over 200 pounds, too much for one whose professional success depends on being inconspicuous.



BLACK MARKET IN AFRICA: A lieutenant in North Africa complains of the lack of price control. Says he, "You can't buy a hassock cover for less than twenty-five dollars. They try to ream us every time we start out hopefully to buy a gift for the folks back home. I mean stuff they have plenty of—native rugs, leather goods, Moroccan jewelry. As for the black market, it has reached such excesses that even medicinal supplies have to be bought via the back door. Of course this doesn't hurt us, as the American soldier is well cared for."


American Home
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A Novel of Rivalry in Love
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Matchless music by **JEROME KERN**
Lilting lyrics by **IRA GERSHWIN**
Dazzling **TECHNICOLOR**
Enchanting **LOVE STORY**
Entrancing **DANCING**
and *15* of America's most
Beautiful **COVER GIRLS!**

All this . . .

and *Hayworth* too!

SUCCESS STORY

KAREN X. GAYLORD entered a beauty contest, strictly as a gag, in 1942 and walked off with the title of "Miss Minnesota". Since then, Karen has been named "typical Liberty Cover Girl" . . . and her flaming red hair has graced a color spread on "How To Make The Most Of Red Hair".

RITA HAYWORTH
GENE KELLY
Cover Girl
in **TECHNICOLOR**

with **Lee Bowman** · **Phil Silvers** · **Jinx Falkenburg**

Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP · Directed by **CHARLES VIDOR** · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Typically American
COAST GUARD
Naturally Good
BOTTLED BY QUALITY BOTTLERS EVERYWHERE
MISSION ORANGE
Naturally Good
UNDER LICENSE OF MISSION DRY CORPORATION
BUY WAR BONDS

Return Empty Bottles Promptly

MISSION ORANGE

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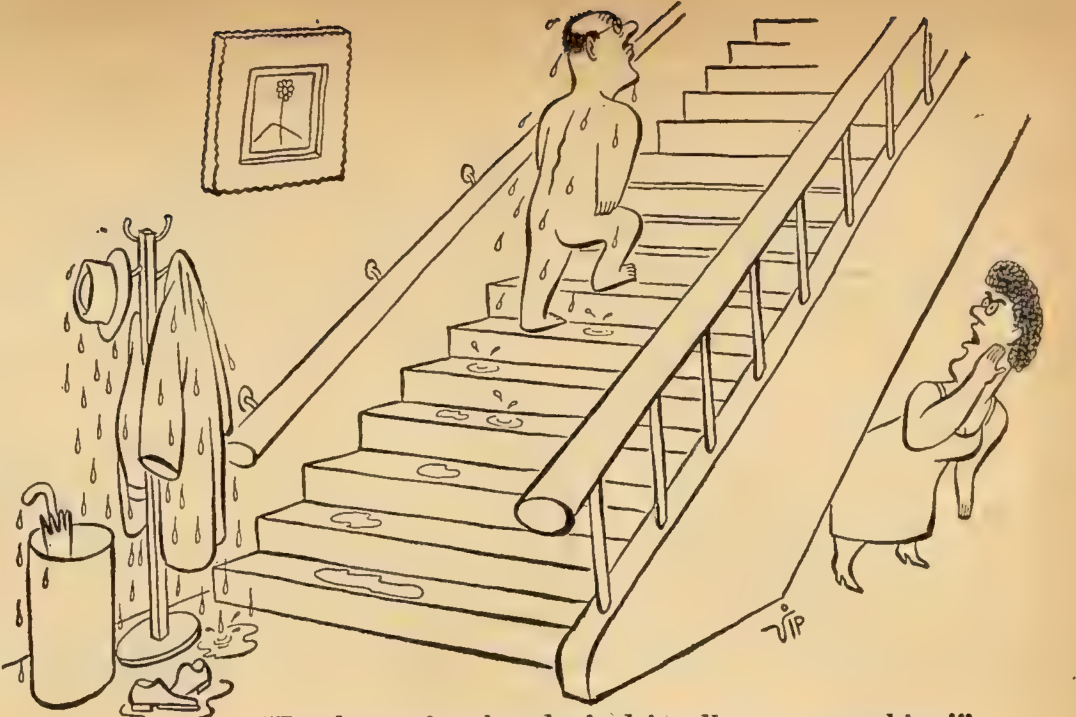


"For heaven's sake, don't drip all over everything!"

HI-YO, SILVER, AWA-A-A-Y!

Continued from Page 27

victims for sharp-eyed card sharks, will be dramatized in Lone Ranger episode The Belle of the Palace. To clinch his hold on her, gambler Hamilton Green is planning to pin a murder on her brother, but the valiant Lone Ranger gums up the game."

One more:

"His house ablaze, Walt Conover staggers through fierce flames to reach his trapped wife during the Lone Ranger drama A Match Was the Target. Conover saves his wife, but loses his sight. The heroic Lone Ranger befriends the stricken man and agrees to be his eyes in tracking down the fiend who set fire to the once happy home."

There is a "set" opening for every broadcast. It is always heralded by the William Tell Overture. Then, over the music: "A fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust, a hearty Hi-Yo Silver—the LONE RANGER." Next the commercial and: "Return with us to those thrilling days of yesteryear. . . . From out of the past come the thundering hoofs of the great horse Silver—the Lone Ranger rides again!"

The close is just: "Hi-Yo, Silver—awa-a-a-y!"

THE Lone Ranger has put close to 2,000 crooks and outlaws behind the bars. He always shoots to wing his opponent, seeking to stop the villain from destroying himself or others, or from making a getaway before the mills of justice start to grind. Hardly one in a hundred scripts now deals with saving the old homestead. They are mostly pitched on emotional conflicts "having an epical flavor." Writers work only four weeks ahead on scripts. Sorry, we can't cut you in on any "prevues of coming attractions."

Knowing that somewhere the sun is always shining on kiddies playing Lone Ranger, G. W. Trendle insists that the writers and production staff watch carefully so that no acts of violence or nuisance shall be perpetrated by either Lone or Tonto. He doesn't want the lads copying anything like that. That's good business, and anyway—with a hearty pat on the back for Trendle—the "boss" is as fond of his show as a housewife is of a pound of butter.

The Ranger and Tonto are the main characters of all shows. Early last year a third "permanent person" joined up and, while he has a minor role, he does appear with some regularity. The comelately is Dan Reid. He is the son of the Lone Ranger's brother, who was killed in that Texas ambush. Lone ran across Dan in the north-country badlands. Dan's mother, not knowing her husband had been set upon, started out in a wagon train to join him. Injuns shot up the wagon train and Dan's mother was a victim. A woman friend grabbed the boy and headed with the rest of the survivors toward Montana, where she raised the youth as a ward.

The Lone Ranger, coming into contact with Dan through a friendly sheriff, was immediately impressed by the boy's resemblance in face and speech to his dead brother. Inquiry into Dan's parentage led Lone to the woman who fostered the lad, and, because her health was failing rapidly, this gentlewoman of the plains gave over her guardian rights to the Lone Ranger and Tonto.

YOU have to give Silver, the Ranger's horse, a call in any comment on the cast. There is such a horse, and he *is* a beauty—a sleek, strong stallion standing sixteen hands high, entirely white, with coal-black eyes. He learns tricks as fast as a trainer pulls them out of a bag. He'll cross-leg step across the width of a quarter-mile track; he'll walk backward in a straight line for 200 yards; he bows, he "yeses" and he "noes." When "thrown away" by a Lone Ranger gesture, he'll race from the scene and not come back until called.

Trendle traveled many a mile and looked for many a moon before he found Silver. His patience finally bore fruit when *the* horse, young and full of oats, was found on a farm near the University of Michigan.

Silver has excellent parentage from the Chief line of saddle horses—McDonald Chief, Harrison Chief, Indian Chief, and Bourbon Chief.

The rest of the cast, changing voice and characters as necessary, is a nice, tight little Lone Ranger, Inc., "stock company." Most of them have played together for years. All are seasoned. The war has made inroads, and bigger, broader opportunities occasionally beckon. Johnny Hodiak, new movie find, jumped from a clerk's desk to get his first real tryout with the Ranger show.

Chuck Livingstone, producer for five years and assistant before that, has been hardest hit by the draft. It's made a flock of change-overs in his sound-effects crew. His "men" are mostly fourteen- and fifteen-year-old part-timers, in high school the rest of the working while. They catch on quickly.

Livingstone feels the Lone Ranger uses more "manual" sound effects than any other air drama. It wouldn't be fair to tell all his secrets, but—*sssh!*—those realistic hoofbeats are not Silver's. They are thundered by stomping oversized rubber cups into a trough of sand. Livingstone also boasts of more than 400 recorded effects in his control-room sound library.

All broadcasts are strictly private. Trendle definitely feels that the out-of-the-past illusion of an American legend would be badly shattered by public showings. Not daunted, several fans have traveled thousands of miles to bang on the studio door for the main seven-thirty show or the West Coast repeat at half past ten. They "won't tell anybody else if they can go in just this once." The answer is always no.

THE phantom mystery rider of the plains has a terrific hold on the public. When President Roosevelt "ran over" a few minutes on his scheduled half-hour report to the nation on Casablanca, grown-ups and kids alike phoned KDB, Santa Barbara, to find out if this meant "no Lone Ranger, huh?"

Every day 14,000,000 people follow the Lone Ranger in the comic strips, and before the war even more millions were doing it in Paris, Belgrade, Manila, and elsewhere. It is the only successful comic strip based on a radio program. The yearly output of two monthly cartoon books featuring Lone is 9,500,000 copies.

One sponsor, using fewer than half the Ranger stations, drew 2,500,000 premium requests in two years, each request bringing a box top and a dime. The Lone Ranger Safety Club was started by various sponsors on October 14, 1935, and today has more than 4,000,000 members. Arthur MacArthur, son of General MacArthur, is a member in good standing. The club has received the National Safety Council Award.

In twenty Eastern States another sponsor printed a juvenile newspaper, The Lone Ranger Round-up. Each month the print order was for 1,000,000 copies.

No other movie serial has ever grossed so much as two Republic Productions, the fifteen-episode The Lone Ranger in 1938 and the fifteen-episode Lone Ranger Rides Again in 1939. The take on the first for the "U. S. only" was $594,137, and on the sequel, $523,026. There was enough usable film left, salvaged from cuts out of the two serials, to turn out a Hi-Yo, Silver feature, which did a creditable business. Negotiations are now under way with a company for an all-color feature.

Since the start of the show there have been only four Lone Rangers. The first was a man named Deeds, who went to town for six programs. Next was George Stenius. Then the present Ranger, Brace Beemer, took over. An old hand at radio and WXYZ, he had been "narrating" the show almost from the beginning. Some time later he was promoted to station manager, and Earle W. Graser stepped in, with Beemer changing his voice to go back to his former role of narrator.

In the spring of 1941 Ranger Graser was killed in an auto accident, and Beemer, who had gone into the advertising business but still kept his voice on other radio programs, was called back to resume his old role for the next broadcast, and has been carrying on very well, most of the time anonymously, since.

He is the father of four children and lives with his wife and two younger sons and daughter in Detroit's "good neighborhood" Palmer Woods. Few of the neighbors know he's "the voice," but every one of them thinks he's a right guy.

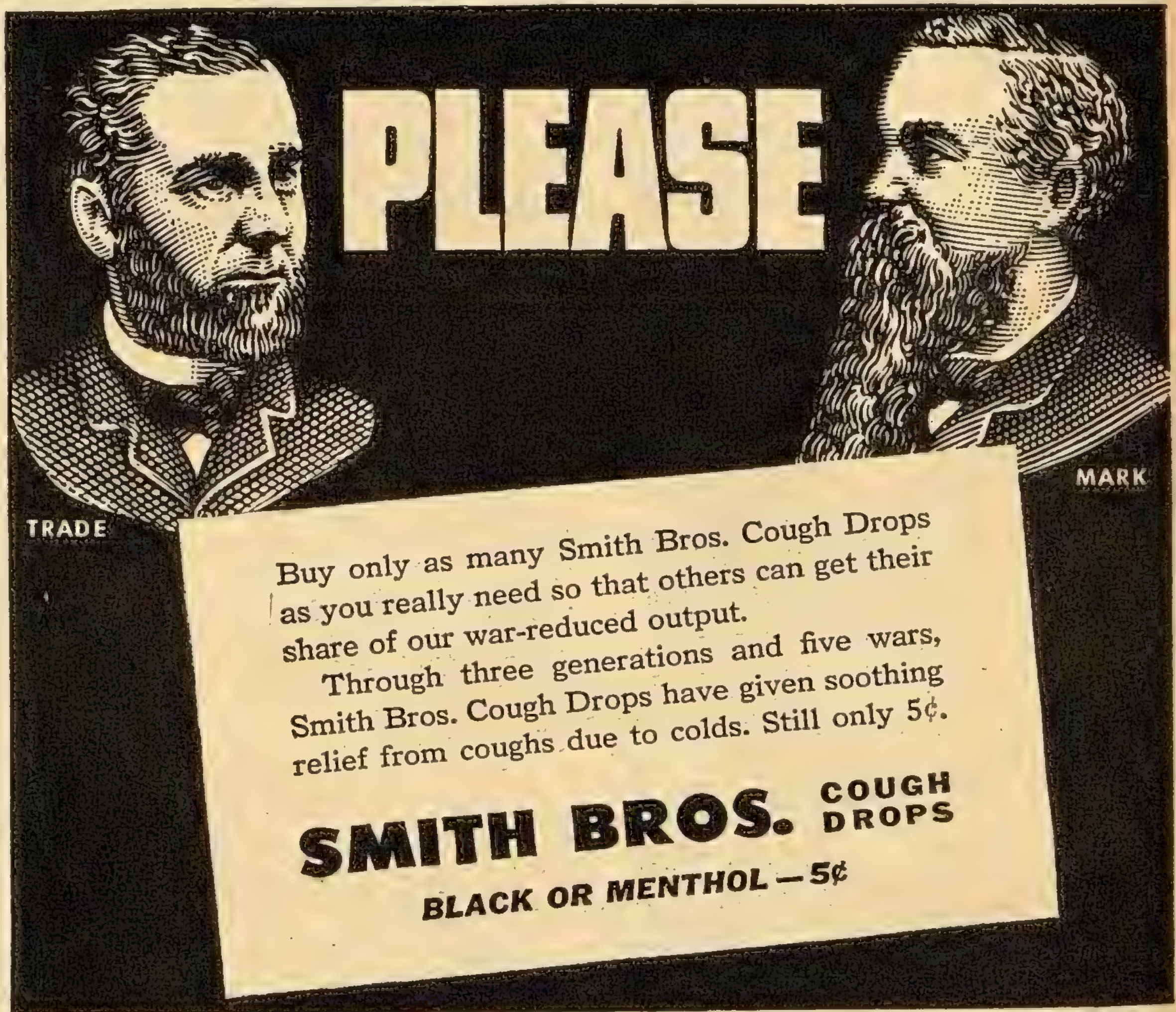
He stands six four, weighs a trim 200, and certainly looks the Ranger role. He would probably screen-test a lot like Warren William and a little like Gary Cooper. What more would Hollywood want for that technicolor possibility, especially when he already knows the words?

And he's crazy over horses. Born in old Kentucky, he was raised on his father's stock farm in Mount Carmel, Illinois. He joined up with the Rainbow Division in World War I when he was only fourteen years old—but big. He came out of the war two years later as the division's youngest survivor after seeing action at Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry, Lunéville, and the Argonne.

Gassed and twice wounded, he was awarded the Purple Heart, the Victory Medal with battle bars, and an "Accolade" from President Wilson.

Following his discharge from the

(*Continued on page 72*)


PLEASE

TRADE MARK

Buy only as many Smith Bros. Cough Drops as you really need so that others can get their share of our war-reduced output.

Through three generations and five wars, Smith Bros. Cough Drops have given soothing relief from coughs due to colds. Still only 5¢.

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢

It's the patented filter with its 66 mesh-screen baffles, that whirlcools the smoke—retains flakes and slugs—absorbs moisture—minimizes raw mouth and tongue bite. When filter is discolored, it has done its job. Discard it and put in a fresh one—costs only ONE CENT. Enjoy the benefits of Frank Medico Pipes, Cigarette and Cigar Holders.

REMOVABLE FILTER IS THE HEART OF MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

$1 WITH BOX OF FILTERS *FREE!*

X-RAY VIEW
ABSORBENT FILTERS for Frank MEDICO
PAT'D WITH BAFFLE SCREEN INTERIOR "CELLOPHANE" EXTERIOR
10 for 10¢

GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

TIARA
VERMOUTH
Made in the New World with an Old World flavor

SWEET
TIARA
SWEET VERMOUTH
Pale Dry
TIARA
PALE DRY VERMOUTH ROYAL RESERVE

TIARA PRODUCTS CO., INC.
New York, N. Y.
"INTERNATIONALLY ACCEPTED IN 18 FOREIGN COUNTRIES"

The Blade With The MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE..!

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

TRY MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless

JOIN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE

You Women Who Suffer From
HOT FLASHES then CHILLY FEELINGS

If *you*—like so many women between the ages of 38 and 52—suffer from hot flashes, weak, nervous feelings, are blue at times—due to the functional middle age period peculiar to women—start *at once*—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS—to relieve such annoying symptoms.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against such distress. They also are a great blood-iron tonic. Follow label directions.

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Humphrey Bogart and Michele Morgan on their prewar honeymoon in France.

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE

(Warner Brothers) *Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, Michele Morgan, Claude Rains*

YOU may be bothered and bewildered by the dizzying flashbacks in Passage to Marseille, but you'll be bewitched by the picture as a whole. The cast—headed by Humphrey Bogart—literally bristles with talent. But the plot is like a Chinese puzzle where you remove one box only to find another one underneath.

Primarily it's the story of five Frenchmen (Bogart, Peter Lorre, Philip Dorn, George Tobias, and Helmut Dantine) who escape from the dreaded Devil's Island prison camp at the beginning of the war, intent on getting back to fight the Nazis. A freighter plodding through the Caribbean toward Marseille picks them up—five thirst-ridden, sun-scorched, near-skeletons. A Fascist-minded major (Sidney Greenstreet) suspects they are convicts and wants them thrown into the brig until they can be formally arrested at Marseille. Another French officer (Claude Rains) warns them. In return, they tell him who they really are.

When the news of the fall of France is heard over the ship's wireless, an instant change comes over every man on the boat. The weaker ones turn Vichyward; the real patriots line up against them and a bloody civil war breaks out. But this fight is followed by an even grimmer battle when a Nazi patrol bomber attacks the ship. When the smoke clears away, the battered freighter heads for England, not France, and some of the men fulfill their wish to fight by joining a French bomber squadron. The tragic climax is a tribute to the fighting spirit of the Free French.

While the story is being unfolded, several sub-plots emerge—the personal histories of the five Frenchmen; the evil schemes of the treacherous major who wants to play ball with the Nazis; and a tender prewar romance between Bogart, as a liberal French newspaperman, and lovely Michele Morgan.

Bogart turns in his usual superb performance as a hero with hidden fires burning in his heart—a man with a Cause. And the rest of the Warner Brothers box-office brigade whom you have seen many times before, notably in Casablanca, are all excellent. As a matter of fact, the cast isn't the only thing that will remind you of Casablanca. The same murky melodramatic atmosphere pervades the picture. And there's even a haunting tune which the lovers share. (Someday I'll Meet You Again isn't any As Time Goes By, but it's going to become very popular.) Unfortunately, the plot structure gets in the way of the tough, tense action a lot more than it did in Casablanca. Nevertheless, Passage to Marseille is a gripping, memorable movie.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

JANE EYRE (20th Cent.-Fox). Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles. Drama.
LIFEBOAT (20th Cent.-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Drama.
NONE SHALL ESCAPE (Columbia). Marsha Hunt, Henry Travers. Drama.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
TENDER COMRADE (RKO). Ginger Rogers, Ruth Hussey, Robert Ryan. Drama.
THE SULLIVANS (20th Cent.-Fox). Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle. Drama.
THE UNINVITED (Paramount). Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland. Mystery drama.
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.

'BROADWAY RHYTHM'

BROADWAY RHYTHM is a sparkling concoction of specialty acts loosely tied together by one of "those" musical-picture plots. George Murphy is a talented show producer, fast losing his human touch as he piles up the dough. His father, an old vaudeville trouper (Charles Winniger), and his kid sister (Gloria De Haven) have one ambition: to be starred in one of George's big musicals. But George feels his family is either too young or too old for the stage. However, when he tries to sign up a lovely Hollywood star (Ginny Simms) for a new show, she sneaks off to the country with his family to produce one of the old shows that George has tossed in the basket.

Top-notch music and dancing are supplied by Lena Horne, Hazel Scott, Tommy Dorsey's band, and screwball Nancy Walker. No matter what kind of music you like—boogie, ballads, rumbas, or real old vaudeville bounce—you'll find plenty of it in Broadway Rhythm. (M-G-M.)

Chip off the Old Block
COPYRIGHT MCMXLIV BY UNIVERSAL PICTURES COMPANY, INC.

IF the new Personality Kid, Donald O'Connor, lays you in the aisle, you'll love Chip Off the Old Block. Otherwise you may walk out muttering you "wuz robbed." O'Connor and his zany dancing partner, Peggy Ryan, leap through some cute dance routines. And a doll-faced ingenue named Ann Blyth sings two or three nice songs in one of those thin little voices that has you out on the edge of your chair whenever she starts reaching for some of the high notes. The O'Connor comedy technique seems to be based on Mickey Rooney's familiar style; while in his song and dance numbers he is often reminiscent of a slightly corny Fred Astaire. However, there's something pretty likable about him that is all O'Connor. The Older Generation is solidly represented here by such good old stand-bys as Helen Broderick, Ernest Truex, and Arthur Treacher. All in all, there's a lot of lighthearted fun in Chip Off the Old Block that makes it a lot better than you'd think at first glance.

INSIDE Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

One of the loveliest flowers to bloom this spring is Paramount's exciting new discovery, gorgeous Gail Russell.

• • •

You'll fall under her spell in her first great role in "THE UNINVITED" . . . that famous "out-of-this-world" love story by Dorothy Macardle.

• • •

This celebrated best-seller, the most popular mystery-romance since "Rebecca," becomes an eerie picturization of a haunting romance . . . in the deft and skillful hands of Director Lewis Allen.

• • •

It is a strange, wonderful new kind of picture. Audiences scream as Gail and her lover, Ray Milland, face the terrible, malignant spirit that tries to destroy them.

• • •

Of course, you don't believe in ghosts! But we're not saying *what* you'll believe after you've seen the mysteries of the house of evil high above the brooding sea.

• • •

The big-name cast stars Ray Milland, Ruth Hussey and Donald Crisp—with Cornelia Otis Skinner, and—don't miss her!—Gail Russell.

• • •

And all over America eager eyes are awaiting that first dazzling glimpse of the celebrated "LADY IN THE DARK" . . . that minx in mink with a yen for men. This Mitchell Leisen production stars Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, Jon Hall and Warner Baxter. The spectacles are dazzling—the gowns are gorgeous—the girls are glorious! It's all in Technicolor! It's from the world-famed stage success—and, of course, it's a

Paramount Picture

WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND FOR SIMPLE PILES?

UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

There's a simple way to get relief from the itching and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Try *Unguentine Rectal Cones,* made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE.

They are *Easy to Use—Sanitary—Inexpensive.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician. *Sold with a money-back guarantee.*

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RECTAL CONES

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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RED—ITCHY—SCALY
ECZEMA
Effective Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Torture!

First applications of wonderful soothing medicated Zemo—a doctor's formula—promptly relieve the itching and burning and also help heal the red, scaly skin. Amazingly successful for over 35 years! First trial of marvelous clean, stainless *liquid* Zemo convinces! All drug stores. In 3 sizes. → **ZEMO**

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SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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(Continued from page 69)

Army, he entered high school. It didn't work out well. The teachers thought he was still a boy, but the Army had already told him he was a man.

His father took his family and horses to Indiana, and he followed. Young Beemer shortly quit horse raising and set out to see the world, and hooked on with Radio Station WKBF in Indianapolis—as a singer.

Lone-Rangering revived his interest in horses and, until recently, he had his own farm about thirty miles out of Detroit. He's still in demand as a judge at horse shows.

Now he confines his riding to several sessions a week astride Silver. He says Silver is the smartest horse he has ever known and that not even the Lone Ranger himself could have picked a more perfect pal.

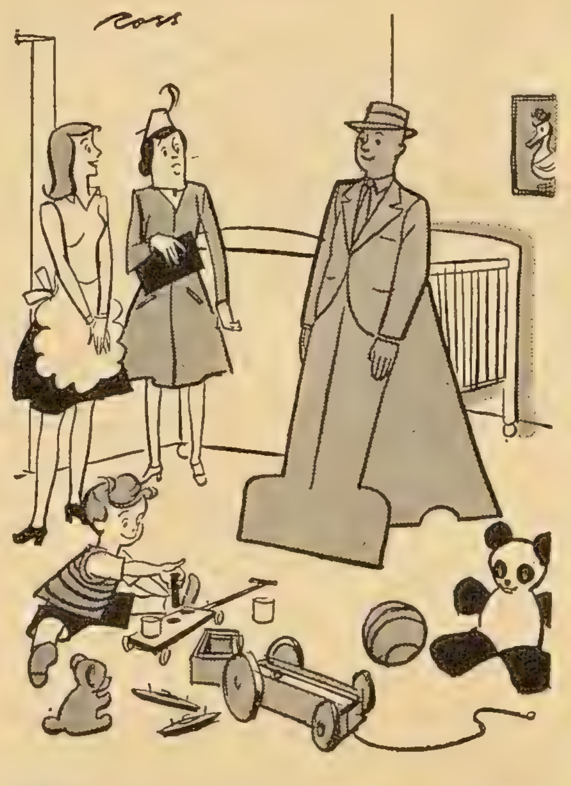
When he's decked out in his Sunday best, from silver spurs to white sombrero, a-sittin' in the saddle on the great white stallion, it's a picture most artists would want to paint. And that silver-mounted, hand-tooled leather saddle cost $2,500, mister.

The Lone Ranger packs a couple of Frontier model Colt .45 revolvers with silver-mounted ivory handles. And there are forty-eight rounds of silvered ammunition in that cartridge belt, too. What's more important, he can handle those firearms in pretty fair country style. He can also make sense with a lasso and he knows how to flick a thirty-foot bull whip in vulnerable places.

He's proud of a lot of things that have come his way—notes from teachers of the crippled children whose little corners of the world he has helped to brighten; a letter from the Treasury Department on his war bond activities; a picture of himself and Nick, a bellhop at the Drake in Chicago, with the inscription, "Lone Ranger cowboy he is real friendly gentleman to bell boys."

But what pleases him most is that he was welcomed into the Pawnee Indian tribe as a blood brother. Chief Shunatona and four Pawnee braves who had served overseas with him presided at the mystic sealing of bloods. They bestowed upon him the tribal name of Ne-Sah-Ro Kit-Ti-Puh-Ki. It means, they told him, "Chief of All Young People."

THE END



"That's so Junior will know his father when he comes home after the war!"

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

IF YOU'VE EVER WONDERED about the derivation of the name Dos Passos, the author will tell you that his paternal grandfather was a Portuguese immigrant. On the distaff side, his forbears came from Maryland and Virginia. John Dos Passos himself was born in Chicago, and as a child lived in Mexico, Belgium, and England, going to school for a short time in the last-named land. After graduating from Harvard, he went to Spain to study architecture, but World War I came along and he served in ambulance work, finally getting into the U. S. Medical Corps as a private. Following the armistice, he became a newspaper correspondent and free lancer in Spain, Mexico, New York, and the Near East. Recent books have been The Ground We Stand On and U. S. A. Number One. His The Invisible Colonel in this issue is something you won't want to miss in this year of political battle.

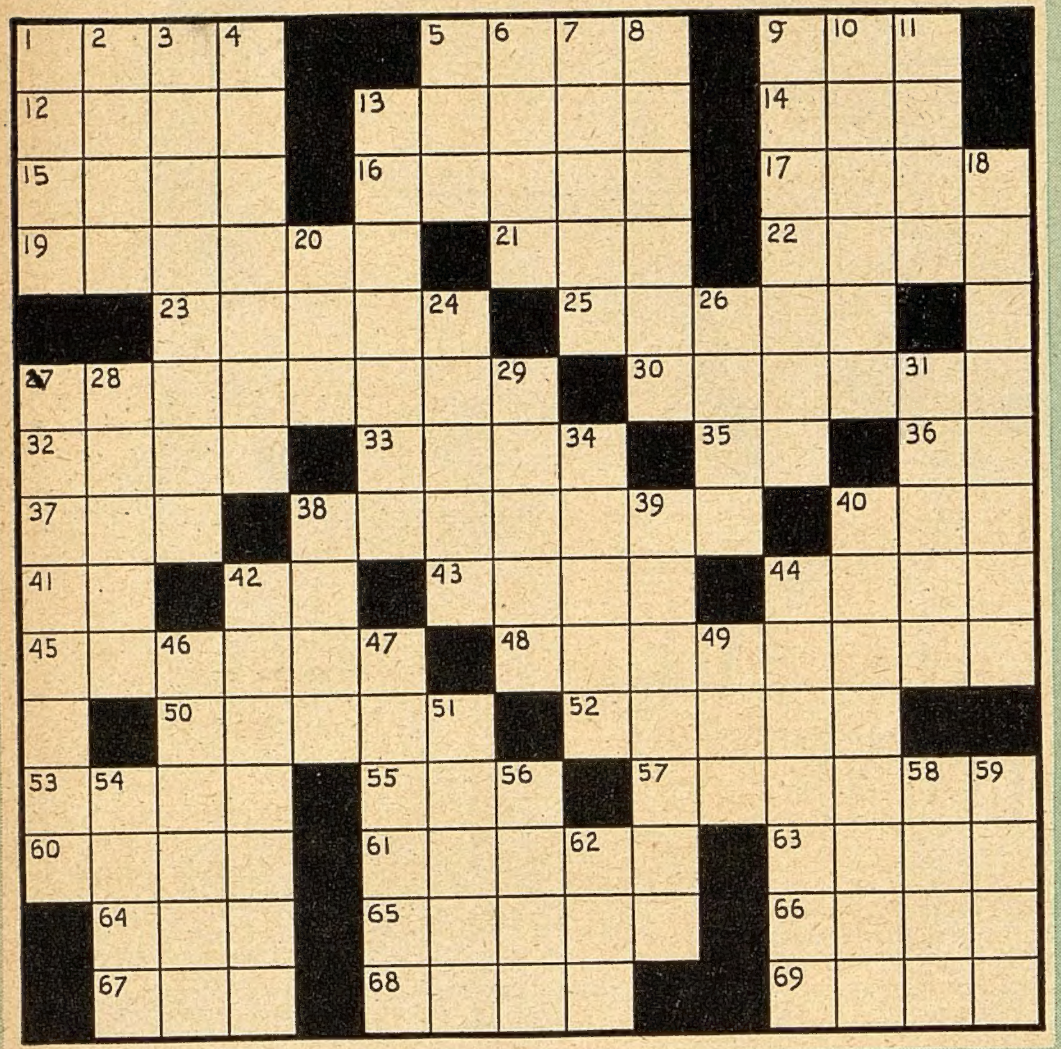
AS AN OLD AND ADMIRED friend we greet Rita Weiman, and are glad to have her with us again after too long an absence. Rita began her writing career on a newspaper. Assigned to cover famous trials for a syndicate, she became fascinated with processes of the law, and much of her fiction has shown that interest, as well as her play, The Acquittal, which ran on Broadway and the road for two seasons, and played a year in England with Godfrey Tearle in the lead. A number of her short stories have been adapted for the screen, and some of them have been translated into French, German, Swedish, and other languages.

UNTIL THE NAZIS invaded Belgium, Robert Goffin was a criminal lawyer there, but he's a man of manifold interests—jazz, ice skating, spiders, rats, and eels! Besides The White Brigade, he is the author of Jazz from the Congo to the Metropolitan.

THE EDITORS.

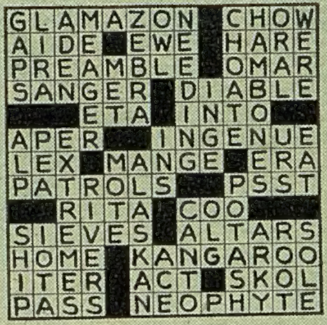
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 They're tuning one up for Hitler right now
5 Insect, with many stingers, soon will be buzzing around Japan
9 A Wave'll stick to this in a storm
12 Only a plummer can solve this
13 Zip, zizz and zenthusiasm
14 Sent food downstairs through the upstairs entrance
15 Skinny
16 He has only a foggy notion where the Aleutians are
17 Arboreal fuzz
19 A book people are always keeping, even when red
21 Litry gal
22 Political female relative
23 Bank presidents wear theirs made of checks
25 This kinda joke 'tain't funny, McGee
27 Dumb Dora thinks they take place afternoons on pirate ships
30 After russian in, the Nazis'll soon be russian out of it
32 Figleaf Manor
33 Dips
35 Earsplitting Soupsnufflers (abbr.)
36 Tubshaped Tartgobblers (abbr.)
37 Great thing to give a windy congressman next November
38 They lead igloominious lives, die with Arctic circles under their eyes
40 Kind of cent
41 It's a shane, but Ted is minus 500 here
42 Direction rear of a mule headed NW is coming from (abbr.)
43 After see saw, what?



G	L	A	M	A	Z	O	N	■	C	H	O	W
A	I	D	E	■	E	W	E	■	H	A	R	E
P	R	E	A	M	B	L	E	■	O	M	A	R
S	A	N	G	E	R	■	D	I	A	B	L	E
■	■	■	E	T	A	■	I	N	T	O	■	■
A	P	E	R	■	■	I	N	G	E	N	U	E
L	E	X	■	M	A	N	G	E	■	E	R	A
P	A	T	R	O	L	S	■	■	P	S	S	T
■	■	R	I	T	A	■	C	O	O	■	■	■
S	I	E	V	E	S	■	A	L	T	A	R	S
H	O	M	E	■	K	A	N	G	A	R	O	O
I	T	E	R	■	A	C	T	■	S	K	O	L
P	A	S	S	■	N	E	O	P	H	Y	T	E

Last week's answer

44 A great big place in the country
45 You've got to do this to get things done
48 Galloping bedrooms
50 Waste
52 Borscht Caesars
53 Hockshop song: Oh, How I Miss You Dear - - - - o'Mine!
55 111
57 More yawn-making
60 Senegalese beanie
61 This squeaks for itself in adoorable ways
63 Quote and unquote
64 Maximum amount of Little Indian Boys
65 Topes (anagram) in a medieval way
66 Thing
67 This is curvatious and hissable
68 Cease in a whoa-ful manner
69 Got balled up on the golf course before driving off

VERTICAL

1 Here's where you make your entrance
2 That windy X-word again
3 F'aming youth's favorite jaloppy
4 This bird wears his dinner jacket day and night, even sleeps in it
5 Women Underestimate Lovers (abbr.)
6 Lost on the wet prairie
7 Conks the coco to induce coma
8 A tomato that's been to a bloodbank
9 Mexican hot dogs
10 Says he's sorry
11 The hobo's first love
13 Holdups on the main stems
18 Girls squeal for them, they squeal right back
20 Kind of stein
24 What the hunter does
26 Cooler on Thirstdays (pl.)
27 Handy thing used by the lower classes while dining; original fork (slang)
28 So long to France
29 Porky's parlor bedroom, but no bath (pl.)
31 Westerners have a steak in this
34 This small fish sure did
38 'Er 'ose wore hout 'ere first (pl.)
39 1916 jitterbug St. Vitus' dance (2 wds.)
40 Highclass baloney
42 Whose army is expected in Berlin soon?
44 This belongs to a peachy family
46 The outline of women (pl.)
47 Scratches for a living
49 An excellent listening device
51 Git along
54 Nickname for Peterson Pratt Jessup III
56 Preposition
58 To be in France
59 Member of the Marshy Field family
62 Granpa's Old Political-pants (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Handy, Quick Way to

Make Nose Feel Clearer

VICKS Inhaler

Men! Women! . . . This handy new Vicks Inhaler makes cold-clogged, dust-clogged nose feel clearer—brings greater breathing comfort—in seconds. So packed with effective medication, just a few whiffs bring grand relief. You can use the new Vicks Inhaler as often as needed.

USE ANYTIME—ANYWHERE

VICKS INHALER

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm, brings comfort. **VICKS VAPORUB**

DOES YOUR LAXATIVE Suit You?

FREE
Generous trial supply.
Write Dept. 26B
INNERCLEAN CO.
Los Angeles 21, Calif.

It's easy to determine the exact amount of pleasant-tasting Innerclean Herbal Laxative you may need occasionally for pleasant yet *satisfying* thoroughness. Follow the simple directions on the package, for a single, natural-like movement without purging. No brewing, no fuss, no bother. Economical! A 50c package lasts months. Must satisfy 100% or money back. All druggists.

INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

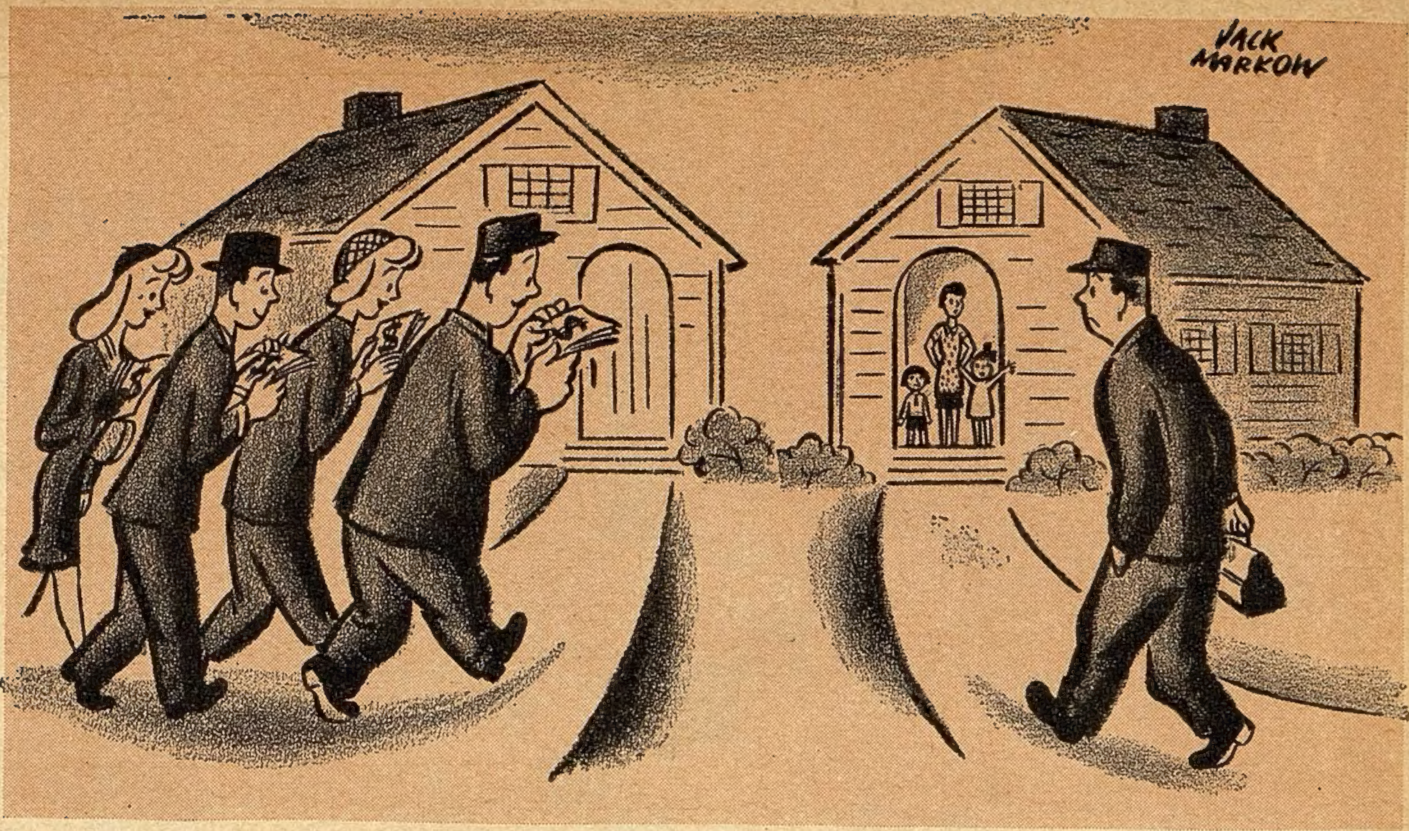
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

MARCH 25, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



WHO'S GOT ALL THE EXCESS BILLIONS?

OUR income-tax schedules are supposed to be set up to distribute the tax burden in proportion to ability to pay. We believe Congress and the Treasury make every effort to accomplish this, but it sometimes seems they are not too aware of the facts of life as it is being lived today in the U. S. A.

Over twenty-five billion dollars of excess purchasing power are supposed to be rattling around in the public's pockets. The economists are afraid this sum may be used to bid up prices, thus producing inflation. It's this money F. D. R. has his eye on when he asks for ten billion more in taxes and Willkie thinks about when he recommends sixteen billion more.

Who has all this money? Many a family can't find any cash left in its pockets after the bills are paid. But, still, it's somewhere. Let's forget statistics for a minute and get down to actual cases.

For purposes of observation let's set up a typical American working family. Pop is, say, a boilermaker and the head of the house. He earns $2,500 a year. He has a wife and three grown children. Two of the kids still live at home. In these days of labor shortages, every one in the family has a job. Here's about how the family's finances stack up:

	Income	*Taxes*	*Spendable Income*
Pop	$2,500	$312	$2,188
Mom	1,500	220	1,280
Son	1,500	220	1,280
Daughter	1,500	220	1,280
	$7,000	$972	$6,028

But it so happens this typical family has another boy, Bill, the oldest. Three or four years ago he worked up in the boilermaking trade to the point where he was earning as much as his old man. So he got married. Now he has a wife and two children and maintains his own household. On his income of $2,500 a year he pays $178.61 in taxes, leaving a balance of $2,321.39 of spendable income.

It is obvious there is very little excess money jingling around in Bill's pockets. While the four people remaining in his ancestral household have $1,507 apiece to live on, the four in Bill's family must live on $580 each.

Furthermore, Bill's need for income over living expenses is much greater. He has two kids to feed, clothe, and doctor. He must lay something aside to protect them in case anything happens to him. He must provide for their future education. It is quite evident Mrs. Bill must be an extremely good budgeter just to keep the household going, to say nothing of putting money aside for a rainy day.

We're not prepared to say what the answer is to this very common situation or how the tax burden could be more equably distributed among these groups. Even forgiving Bill all his taxes of $178.61 wouldn't do much good, although it would help. It is obvious, however, that if Congress ever gets serious about raising ten or sixteen billion dollars in new taxes it cannot look to the family of Mr. and Mrs. Bill to provide any appreciable share. It will have to find some method of tapping the multiple earnings of family groups like those residing in Bill's old homestead.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Albert Staehle

This job of making things do

When there's only so much to go round, what we have must be shared by all—that's the common sense reason for rationing.

It's the only way to assure enough for everyone—making sure that no one gets more than he should have while another gets less than he needs.

• • •

That same brand of fairness is behind the purchase-limits on IMPERIAL—you may not be able to buy all you'd like of this famed "velveted" whiskey. For there's only so much to go round.

With every distillery in America making war alcohol, no more whiskey is at present being distilled—and prewar stocks must last for a longer time than was planned.

So if you're asked to limit your IMPERIAL buying to one bottle at a time, remember—that *one* bottle is yours because some one else was not permitted to buy *two*.

Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grain
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

IMPERIAL ..."velveted" for extra smoothness

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

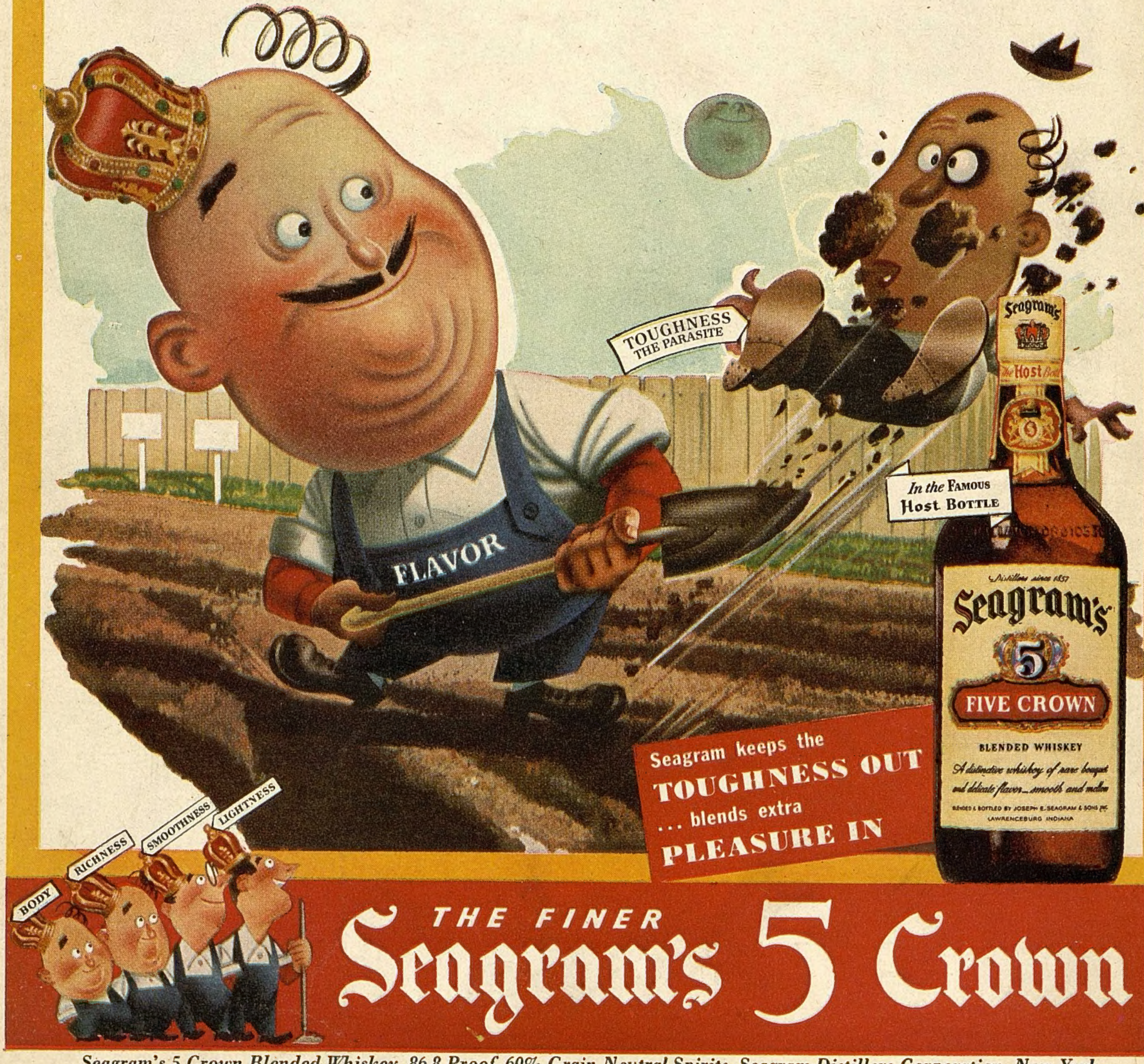
HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

"KEEP UP THE GOOD SPADEWORK!"

SAY THE 5 CROWNS

We've dug up one answer
To beating Japan, sir,
As Hitler no doubt has a hunch . . .

We may not pull triggers,
But boy, how we diggers
Are nourishing Uncle Sam's punch!


TOUGHNESS
THE PARASITE
FLAVOR
In the Famous Host Bottle
Seagram's
The Host Bottle
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and delicate flavor—smooth and mellow
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC.
LAWRENCEBURG INDIANA
Seagram keeps the TOUGHNESS OUT ... blends extra PLEASURE IN
BODY
RICHNESS
SMOOTHNESS
LIGHTNESS

THE FINER

Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York